

578. R 28
2

O B S E R V A T I O N S

MADE DURING A

T O U R

THROUGH PARTS OF

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.

K
I N

A SERIES OF LETTERS.

Richard Joseph Lubbock
T. B.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET, Adelphi, Strand, Bookseller to their
Royal Highnesses the Prince of WALES, Bishop of OSNABRUGH, Prince
WILLIAM, and Prince EDWARD.

M DCC LXXX.

O B E R V A T I O N S

M A D E D U R I N G

U O

T H R O U G H F A R T S O F

I N V E N T O R Y

A S S E S S M E N T O F

L O N D O N

Printed for T. B. CLARK & Co. by
Royal Highways the London & Westminster
William & Johnstone & Co. Ltd.
11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4

C O N T E N T S.

LETTER I.—Page 1.

EPISTOLARY introduction—*The cause of travelling traced to its source—Of man in an uncultivated state—In the first stages of society—In a more civilized condition—The advantages arising from travelling—The different classes of travellers described—Observations on the extent of the metropolis of England—Pleasures attainable in London—Reflections on the wretched situation of women of the town, and on their seducers—A story of uncommon resolution—Of the Opera, Pantheon, Play-houses, &c.*

LETTER II.—Page 13.

Observations on sundry places in a journey from London to Bath, Richmond, Windsor—Meditations on human nature, excited by a walk on the terrace of Windsor castle.

LETTER III.—Page 19.

The journey continued—Eaton college—The advantages and disadvantages of a public and of a private education pointed out, and the preference given to the former—Account of an abrupt secession upon some disgust of the scholars belonging to Eaton school—Maidenhead bridge—Cliefden house—The city of Bath—Its antiquity—Baths—Quality of the waters—Buildings—Amusements—Prior park, with a poetical description of it by Mrs. Chandler.

LETTER IV.—Page 32.

A tour from Bath through some of the southern parts of England—Mendip-hills—The city of Wells—Its cathedral, and public buildings—Instance of filial affection—Ancient tombs—The library—A literary imposition detected—Description of Okey-Hole, a famous cavern

a

near

C O N T E N T S.

near Wells—A paper manufactory—The ancient abbey of Glastonbury—The Torr—The celebrated holy thorn—Somerton and the extensive moor adjacent—Ivelchester, Yeovil, Shaftesbury.

LETTER V.—Page 45.

Wardour castle, the seat of lord Arundel—The paintings—The pleasure-grounds, terrace, &c.—Font-hill, the mansion of Mr. Beckford—His capital pictures and statues.

LETTER VI.—Page 52.

Stourton park, the residence of Mr. Hoare—Beautiful and romantic approach to it—Alfred's tower—House and paintings—Lawns, temples, grottos, &c.

LETTER VII.—Page 61.

Longleath, the seat of lord Weymouth—The town of Warminster—Description of that grand vestige of Druidism, Stonehenge—The hippodrome and barrows which lie adjacent—The city of Salisbury—Its cathedral—A singular custom of the ancient choral bishops—A remarkable anecdote relative to this collegiate church, from the State Trials.

LETTER VIII.—Page 68.

The ruins of old Sarum—An account of the statues, paintings, &c. at Wilton, the seat of the earl of Pembroke.

LETTER IX.—Page 81.

Longford, the seat of the earl of Radnor—Remarks on the park, house, furniture, pictures, &c.—Broadland, near Rumsey, belonging to lord Palmerston—The town of Southampton—Villa of Mr. Stanley in the New-forest—The city of Winchester—Its cathedral—Famous school founded by William of Wickham—Some accidental inconveniencies which arose to the author and his companions from the city and its vicinity being crowded on account of the assizes—Hackwood, the seat of the duke of Bolton—Silk manufactory at Overton—Bene-

C O N T E N T S.

volence of the proprietor, Mr. Stratwell—A catalogue of the choice collection of paintings at the seat of Mr. Methuen at Corsham, Wilts.

L E T T E R X.—Page 91.

Journey from Bath to Bristol—Ancient state of the city of Bristol—Remarks on the streets, exchange, &c.—The Hot-wells—The beautiful village of Clifton—Durdham downs—Blaze castle, the seat of lord Clifford at King's-Weston.

L E T T E R XI.—Page 96.

A passage from the Hot-wells down the river Avon, and across the Severn to Chepstow in Wales—Observations on Piercefield, the seat of Mr. Morris—The ancient and venerable abbey of Tintern—Curious remains of a tessellated Roman pavement in high preservation at Kerwent, between Newport and Chepstow—The town of Newport—Cardiff—The castle of Cardiff—The cathedral of Landaff—Red castle on the banks of the river Taff—Pontipriethe, a bridge consisting of one large arch over the last-mentioned river—The town of Caerphilly, with the ruins of its strong and capacious castle—The travellers return through Newport to the Hot-wells near Bristol.

L E T T E R XII.—Page 108.

The pleasures of the foregoing journey succeeded by misfortune—The death of Eliza—Some extempore lines bewailing her loss.

L E T T E R XIII.—Page 110.

The writer, in consequence of the accident related in the Twelfth Letter, leaves the Hot-wells and arrives at Thornbury, the castle of which he describes—Remarks on Berkley castle—Disgusting antiquity of the furniture—The parish church, with an account of the odd situation of its steeple—Remains of Beverston castle—The town of Tetbury—Source of the river Avon—Observations on the woods and park of earl Bathurst near Cirencester—The town of Cirencester—The Roman Fosse from Cirencester to Broad Campden—The church of Fairford—Its celebrated painted windows described—The seat of Mrs. Lamb,

C O N T E N T S.

near this town—Delightful prospect from Hampden common—The town of Cheltenham—The city of Gloucester—Its cathedral—Antiquity—Manufactures—The town of Tewkesbury, and its church—Crome Court, the seat of the earl of Coventry—Remarks on the house, gardens, shrubbery, buildings, views, &c.—Malvern wells and lofty hills—A sonnet applicable to the scene they present.

L E T T E R XIV.—Page 124.

The city of Worcester—Its cathedral—Process of the china and carpeting manufactories carried on there—Whitley, the seat of lord Foley—The house and pictures—The church, an elegant fabric—The salt springs of Droitwich—Enville, a seat belonging to the earl of Stamford—Remarks on the situation of the house—The cascade, pieces of water, pleasure grounds, views, and buildings—Hagley, the seat of lord Lyttelton—The house, bustos, and paintings—Reverential sensations on entering the apartment in which the late lord George Lyttelton died—The park—Hagley church, in which are the monuments of his lordship and his beloved Lucy, the subject of his excellent monody—A monumental pillar to the memory of Frederick prince of Wales—The seat of Thomson—The hermitage—An urn dedicated to Pope—Rural scenes.

L E T T E R XV.—Page 137.

The Leasowes, or Shenstone's Walks, once the residence of that admired poet—Approach to the house—Sylvan scenes, cascade, statues, walks, &c.—Extempore eulogium on the late gentle and humane proprietor—An extraordinary tower near Birmingham—The town of Birmingham—Immense numbers of its manufactories—Account of the principal one—The elegant mansion of the Reverend Dr. B——y, on the confines of Sutton wood—The genuine hospitality and unaffected courtesy of its owner—The effect of these virtues—Advantages arising from navigable canals—The town of Derby—Silk manufactory—Lord Scarsdale's superb seat near Derby—Magnificence

C O N T E N T S.

of the house—Capital pictures—Observations on the park—The author returns to Derby—An instance of tea being, contrary to the received opinion, the cause of health and longevity.

L E T T E R XVI.—Page 149.

Akover, the seat belonging to a gentleman of that name—Pictures therein—Ilam, the seat of Mr. Porte—An extraordinary union of two considerable rivers in his pleasure-grounds—Dove Dale—Arched cavern in one of the rocks, called Reynard's Hole—Buxton-wells—Poole's Hole, the first wonder of the Peak—Incrustations resembling various figures—Poetical extracts from Cotton relative to this subterraneous abode—Elden Hole, the fourth wonder of the Peak—Its unfathomable depth—Casualties occasioned by it—Mam Torr, or the Shivered Mountain—Descent into a lead mine, with a description of it.

L E T T E R XVII.—Page 161.

Peak's Hole at Castleton—Inhabited by many families—Progressive state of the spars with which these caverns abound—Stupendous appearance of the internal cavities—Combination of amazing scenes, and solemn incidents productive of the true sublime and beautiful—An agreeable contrast on the external summit of the Peak near the old castle.

L E T T E R XVIII.—Page 166.

Preparations for exploring the Three-mile cavern; an enterprize extremely hazardous, and seldom hitherto attempted—Perilous descent—Imminent danger from a sudden extinction of the lights—Difficulties attending the progress—Painful and laborious retreat.

L E T T E R XIX.—Page 171.

Chatsworth, a mansion belonging to his grace the duke of Devonshire—Observations on the house, furniture, gardens, &c.—Memorandum of a very capital picture in the duke's collection—The road from this place to Matlock romantic and picturesque—Pleasant situation of Matlock spa—Chesterfield—Sheffield—Remarks on the manufactories of that town—Doncaster—Whimsical inscription on a monument

C O N T E N T S.

near this town—Delightful prospect from Hampden common—The town of Cheltenham—The city of Gloucester—Its cathedral—Antiquity—Manufactures—The town of Tewkesbury, and its church—Crome Court, the seat of the earl of Coventry—Remarks on the house, gardens, shrubbery, buildings, views, &c.—Malvern wells and lofty hills—A sonnet applicable to the scene they present.

L E T T E R XIV.—Page 124.

The city of Worcester—Its cathedral—Process of the china and carpeting manufactories carried on there—Whitley, the seat of lord Foley—The house and pictures—The church, an elegant fabric—The salt springs of Droitwich—Enville, a seat belonging to the earl of Stamford—Remarks on the situation of the house—The cascade, pieces of water, pleasure grounds, views, and buildings—Hagley, the seat of lord Lyttelton—The house, busts, and paintings—Reverential sensations on entering the apartment in which the late lord George Lyttelton died—The park—Hagley church, in which are the monuments of his lordship and his beloved Lucy, the subject of his excellent monody—A monumental pillar to the memory of Frederick prince of Wales—The seat of Thomson—The hermitage—An urn dedicated to Pope—Rural scenes.

L E T T E R XV.—Page 137.

The Leasowes, or Shenstone's Walks, once the residence of that admired poet—Approach to the house—Sylvan scenes, cascade, statues, walks, &c.—Extempore eulogium on the late gentle and humane proprietor—An extraordinary tower near Birmingham—The town of Birmingham—Immense numbers of its manufactories—Account of the principal one—The elegant mansion of the Reverend Dr. B——y, on the confines of Sutton wood—The genuine hospitality and unaffected courtesy of its owner—The effect of these virtues—Advantages arising from navigable canals—The town of Derby—Silk manufactory—Lord Scarsdale's superb seat near Derby—Magnificence

C O N T E N T S.

of the house—Capital pictures—Observations on the park—The author returns to Derby—An instance of tea being, contrary to the received opinion, the cause of health and longevity.

L E T T E R XVI.—Page 149.

Akover, the seat belonging to a gentleman of that name—Pictures therein—Ilam, the seat of Mr. Porte—An extraordinary union of two considerable rivers in his pleasure-grounds—Dove Dale—Arched cavern in one of the rocks, called Reynard's Hole—Buxton-wells—Poole's Hole, the first wonder of the Peak—Incrustations resembling various figures—Poetical extracts from Cotton relative to this subterraneous abode—Elden Hole, the fourth wonder of the Peak—Its unfathomable depth—Casualties occasioned by it—Mam Torr, or the Shivered Mountain—Descent into a lead mine, with a description of it.

L E T T E R XVII.—Page 161.

Peak's Hole at Castleton—Inhabited by many families—Progressive state of the spars with which these caverns abound—Stupendous appearance of the internal cavities—Combination of amazing scenes, and solemn incidents productive of the true sublime and beautiful—An agreeable contrast on the external summit of the Peak near the old castle.

L E T T E R XVIII.—Page 166.

Preparations for exploring the Three-mile cavern; an enterprize extremely hazardous, and seldom hitherto attempted—Perilous descent—Imminent danger from a sudden extinction of the lights—Difficulties attending the progress—Painful and laborious retreat.

L E T T E R XIX.—Page 171.

Chatsworth, a mansion belonging to his grace the duke of Devonshire—Observations on the house, furniture, gardens, &c.—Memorandum of a very capital picture in the duke's collection—The road from this place to Matlock romantic and picturesque—Pleasant situation of Matlock spa—Chesterfield—Sheffield—Remarks on the manufactories of that town—Doncaster—Whimsical inscription on a monument.

C O N T E N T S.

ment in the church—The harvest considerably later here than in the southern counties—Another instance of longevity through abstinence from fermented liquors—Different sentiments of the faculty on this subject—The city of York—Its cathedral, castle, and assembly room—Account of a female dwarf—Other extraordinary instances of the casual deviations of nature in fashioning the human species.

L E T T E R XX.—Page 179.

Castle Howard, the seat of the earl of Carlisle—Its grand appearance—Inscription on an obelisk—Remarks on the house, statues, and paintings—The park, mausoleum, terrace, &c.—Scarborough—Its waters and amusements—Beverley—Hull—Thorne—An epitaph.

L E T T E R XXI.—Page 188.

Ruins of Hemsley castle—Duncombe park, a seat belonging to Mr. Duncombe—The house, paintings, statues, and bustos—The terrace superior to most others—The travellers lose their way from the intricacy of the road and darkness of the night—A ludicrous incident attending it—Thirsk—Ripon—Studley park, the seat of Mr. Aislaby—Agreeable and picturesque approach—Enchanting situation of the house—The park, gardens, &c.—Temples and other buildings judiciously placed, and views pleasingly diversified—The ruins of Fountains's abbey inconceivably venerable and grand—Hackfall, a rural spot belonging to the same gentleman, in a most simple, but not less pleasing stile—An assemblage of wild and variegated nature—The town of Richmond.

L E T T E R XXII.—Page 195.

*An elegant bridge over the Tees—Cataracts on that river—Another bridge of an uncommon construction over the same—Raby castle, a seat of the earl of Darlington—Observations on it—The city of Durham—Its cathedral—Authority of the bishop—Cocken, the seat of Mr. Carr—Ludlow castle, a mansion belonging to the earl of Scarborough—Finkley Abbey—The town of Newcastle upon Tyne—Trade of that place—Descent into a coal-pit—Description of it—Method of conveying the
coal*

C O N T E N T S.

coal to the wharfs—Alnwick castle, a magnificent and elegant building belonging to the duke of Northumberland—Courtesy of his grace—Appearance of the country from Alnwick to Edinburgh.

L E T T E R XXIII.—Page 203.

Description of the city of Edinburgh—The castle—Holyrood-house—Account of the murder of Rizio, the favourite of Mary queen of Scots, from Dr. Robertson—The University—The New Town—Journey from Edinburgh to Perth—Instance of the great hospitality of the Scotch gentry—The castle of Glamis, where Duncan is said to have been assassinated by Macbeth—A scene from Shakespeare relative to it—Birnam hill—Dunkeld, a winter seat of the duke of Athol—The grumbling brieck, or bridge—Taymouth, a seat belonging to the earl of Breadalbaine—Its beautiful situation—The hermitage—A further instance of the politeness and hospitality of the gentlemen of North Britain—Disinterestedness likewise diffused through the lower ranks—A pleasant ride by moonlight from Taymouth to Killin—The power of melody and innocence—The journey prosecuted from Killin to Daulmally, in the shire of Glenorchy—Visit to the minister of the last-mentioned place—Confirmation of the authenticity of Ossian's poems—Translation of an Erse poem—Sculptured stones rudely engraved some with hieroglyphics, and others with Celtic characters—A curious pebble, supposed by the Highlanders to be a charm against every evil—Instance of Highland curiosity—Inverary—Park and castle of the duke of Argyle—Uncommon humidity of the atmosphere on the borders of Loch-Fine—A remarkable elm-tree at Inverary—Road from that place to Tarbet, wild and rocky—A seat hewn into one of the rocks, with an inscription—Loch-Lomond, the largest lake in Great Britain; and Ben-Lomond nearly the highest mountain—Poetical description of the latter, by a traveller—Rob Roy's prison—Barbarous act of one of the Macgregors, a warlike clan—Gentlemen's seats, and ruins around the lake—A monumental pillar on the banks of Loch-Leven, inscribed to Smollet—Lines of that writer in praise of the Leven—The city of Glasgow—Carron, the celebrated iron foundery.

L E T-

C O N T E N T S.

L E T T E R XXIV.—Page 231.

Journey from Edinburgh to Carlisle—From that place to Penrith—The church of Penrith—A monument of great antiquity in the church-yard—King Arthur's round table—Maybrough, a place used by the Druids for their religious ceremonies—Lowther-Hall, a seat belonging to Sir James Lowther—Remarks on it—Carpeting manufactory carried on under Sir James's patronage—The lake of Uls—Another place of Druidical worship, near Keswick—Derwentwater—Comparison between this and the principal lakes in Ireland and Scotland—A vein of black lead at Barrowdale, near Keswick—Account of that mineral, from Dr. Campbell.

L E T T E R XXV.—Page 240.

The road from Keswick to Ambleside enchanting and picturesque—The lake and valley of Grasmere described by Mr. Gray—The lake of Windermere—Kendall—Lancaster—Liverpool, a flourishing mercantile place—Northwich—Descent into a salt-pit—Description of this greatest of subterranean curiosities in England—The duke of Bridgewater's navigation at Worsley; a wonderful and stupendous work—Manchester—Some account of its manufactures—The town of Leeds—Kirkstall abbey—Wentworth castle, a seat belonging to the earl of Strafford—Wentworth house, the residence of the marquis of Rockingham—Workshop manor, a prodigious pile of building, a seat of the duke of Norfolk—Welbeck, a seat of the Duke of Portland—Capital pictures in the latter—Mansfield—Nottingham—The castle—Woburn abbey, belonging to the duke of Bedford—List of the most capital pictures in it—The Author having concluded his Tour arrives in London.

O B S E R.

OBSERVATIONS

Made during a TOUR through PARTS of
ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.

LETTER I.

May 1778.

THE orders which I received from you at parting are now to be obeyed. You enjoined me to a promise of writing to you—and I now sit down to discharge the obligation. Hard task upon us both. Upon you, in the article of patience; and upon me, in that of perseverance. Pray heaven! we neither of us are tired. As in all professional cases, however, dignity must be observed; and as I am now in the stately character of an itinerary journalist, I must crave your indulgence while I throw, as into a prefatory epistle, a few scattered thoughts upon the subject of travelling in general.

Of all the active employments of civil society, that of travelling seems the most important. The mind, restless and eager in its pursuits, pants after novelty. Providence probably ordained, that man should not confine himself to one particular spot; or, if he did, that it should not be until he had, in the vigor of his youth, explored the numerous countries around him; and then, as a resting place for age, have fixed upon some corner, where, forgetting the toil and turmoils of his former days, he might slide with gentleness and peace into rest eternal. If we consider man, in a natural state of society, or rather in that state preceding the formation of any compact whatsoever, the want of food must have made him active and diligent. No one place could satisfy his desires. The inclemency of winter must have forced him to withdraw from the unsheltered plain, the heat of summer again have invited him to the field; an inundation have driven him to the hills, and a storm or irruption have urged him to the protection of the woods. Thus, in every situation, we see him compelled, by the wise decrees of fate, to persevere in that activity, whence health and all its blessed consequences arise. Man was not born to imbibe "nutrition, propagate, and rot." Heaven endued him with reason for better purposes. Whether those purposes have hitherto been answered, is a matter foreign to my present subject. Suffice it, that we are conscious of a free-will and agency in effect, essentially different from the instinctive qualities of brutes. That from that rational combination of ideas, we are capable of deriving benefit of and from all other animals in the creation. And that it, therefore, is our own fault, if we do not possess that happiness and comfort which liberal reason leads to the acquisition of.

From

From the man, therefore, in his rude and natural state, let us turn our eyes to him just when bursting from his ignorance. Necessity leads him to a junction with another individual, or a neighbouring clan. Similar danger cements an agreement of similar defence. Each to the other is bound separate and collective to the whole. Infant societies become thus stable and resolved, property usurps the place of every other consideration; and the whole moves by the established regulations of their compact. In this state, as in the first, man is still an active being. The reciprocation of wants begets industry—industry leads on the mind by imperceptible degrees to reflection. The regularity of seasons, and beauty of situations, are observed. And the body now proceeds, as inclination or caprice may lead, with as little difficulty, but with more curiosity, than the individual savage, naked and wandering in his primitive state of nature.

From a commixture of itinerary hords probably arose the first nation of the world. The example once set, others formed themselves in the like manner. The earth, the indisputable property of all, soon became parcelled amongst the different tribes. Gratification compelled them to seek the choicest spots. Activity, where all were equal, could lead alone to this. Roving was still, therefore, found as essential as in the beginning. Travellers pursued their way with as much avidity as ever; and with a clearer discrimination, as stability became attached to the idea of local, as well as of that of every other tenure.

From this central progress of society, till its last and most polished state, the journey is still observed to require the full ex-

eration of each of our mental and corporeal faculties. The laws and regulations, essential to the well government of a kingdom, spring not in all countries, and amongst every people alike. The Egyptians probably borrowed their customs from the east—the Grecians in their turn derived their knowledge from the priests and philosophers of the gods of Isis and Osiris. The Romans again in form applied to the Grecian code, for the fundamental principles of their civil and criminal jurisprudence: and to the Romans, and the remnants of old Greece, the western parts of Europe are now indebted for the knowledge which they possess.

These advantages, therefore, could never have been the general portion of mankind, had it not been for travel. Sages and legislators, avowing their own insufficiency, have deigned to borrow from others. Each community hath, by this means, assisted its neighbour with its inventions. Agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and mechanics have consequently improved; the joint endeavours of society have rapidly circulated, and happily concentrating in the same point, have produced those wonderful effects, which in the beginning were infinitely too sublime for the uncultivated comprehensions of mankind.

Having thus, in a summary manner, shewn you that Providence hath invariably planted the spirit of activity in the mind of man, and that in whatever situation he may be placed, travel is at all times necessary to him, I shall next proceed to range the several classes which are daily whirling round the world, in pursuit of those objects, which immediately occupy their se-

veral

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 5

veral attentions. First come your men of science, amongst whom may be found

Chemists and musicians,
Naturalists and tooth-drawers,
Astronomers and quacks,
Philosophers and taylorers,
Poets and friseurs,

and in short a thousand others coupled in as ludicrous a manner.

Next come your

Travellers of ton,
Children of wealthy families,
Heirs apparent of diseases, titles, and distinction,
Wadlers astray from the courses of Newmarket,
Almack's, and St. James's,
Spendthrifts, laughing at their creditors; and
Dillitanti, skimming the shores of knowledge
for a gaping world.

And, last of all, your

Travellers of compulsion, who proceed abroad
for health; and those of sentiment, who
search for happiness, and enjoy the blessing
wherever they can find it.

In this manner, therefore, may we rank the generality of those people, who roam at present through the civilized regions of all Europe. To us, however, a different task is fortunately assigned. Unoccupied by science, and driven by no necessity to our career, we shall cheerfully skip along the borders of the
fair

fair field; stop where our fancy leads us to expatiate, and wander as our faculties and imagination may uphold us for the moment.

All matters, as well in physicks as in philosophy, must derive their origin from a given point. The causes must precede the effects. Mathematically, therefore, to begin our journey, London shall be the birth-place of our travelling existence. To picture this scene however, and to do it justice, would require the efforts of a thousand pens. Nature hath aggregated, in its fostering bosom, the choicest collection of every thing that is contradictory upon earth; and yet the scene is lively. Politeness guards one from impertinence, the laws in general secure you from oppression, and pleasure is at hand whenever it is called for.

In searching into the rise and progress of the different nations of the world, one is naturally led to investigate the causes, whence the seeds of dissolution invariably arise. Many men, and those too of the clearest heads and most benevolent hearts, have attributed to large cities a principal share in the cause of this declension. Extensive towns, say they, drain the country of its inhabitants. The cottagers, unable to support themselves, sink under the pressure of labour and of poverty. Cleanliness, comfort, and relief from labour, banished from their doors, effectually stops the growth of population. The fields in time become uncultivated, agriculture deadens, and the whole becomes a desert.

Large

Large cities indisputably are hurtful to a state. Some capital towns, it is true, are requisite; but the metropolis, I should suppose, should neither contain too great a share of those hands, which might otherwise be more usefully employed, nor bear so manifest a disproportion to the bulk of the nation, as is exhibited by ours of London. On this principle, therefore, I think we may venture to pronounce, that London is too extensive. The head is too unwieldy for the body: and the evils, which it engenders, are so numerous and so general, that they rush in torrents into every corner of the country, and there, supplanting industry and content, taint the very vital principles of our political constitution.

Strange however as it may seem, that a matter, so pregnant with bad consequences, should not hitherto have met with the healing prevention of the legislature; the tacit consent which it gives to the daily increase of this huge leviathan, is an infatuation still more worthy of surprize. How far this spirit of toleration may carry the government is uncertain; this however is beyond a doubt, that if projectors are in a similar manner permitted to carry on their works, London in a few years will feel the want of those necessaries of life, which, coming from the country, cannot be expected while that country is deprived of its husbandmen and cultivators.

But if the metropolis is unwieldy, the magazine of pleasures which it provides is proportionally abundant and well filled. In enumerating what the generality of mankind deem pleasures, I shall confine myself merely to a consideration of those which are attainable by purchase, and not to those that arise from

from an innate satisfaction of the mind, or from a consciousness of rectitude, arising from reflection. Were meat, drink, and women the only objects of our desire, no place could furnish the vicious appetites with a greater profusion or variety than London. The taverns are commodious, well supplied, and assiduously attended. The Epicure there may feast himself luxuriantly on the primest delicacies of the season; while smiling wantons, as appendages to the feast, are ever ready to receive him, with at least the appearances of tenderness and affection. Miserable wretches! how feelingly are your misfortunes to be commiserated! Not a day passes, but you distractedly curse the very authors of your being. Cast off to infamy and shame, a few blooming graces support you for a while. The nipping frost at length comes and furrows o'er your cheeks. The canker of disease, probably in the hour of youth, anticipates the date of your existence; or want, that horrid fiend, follows you in distress, and gnawing your fair frames, exhibits you a dreadful example of the moral punishment of vice. Heaven, for some secret purpose, hath certainly ordained that we should be the tormentors of each other; else why, in every state, do we see such incessant pains to accomplish the destruction of our species? War, drenched in blood, stalks with unremitting rage throughout the different nations of the globe. Villainy skulks in every corner of our streets. While unguarded innocence, free from apprehension, falls a daily sacrifice to that curse of our existence, the semblance, not the reality of virtue.

On thinking on this subject, and especially on the cruel fate of women, I have often been astonished at the want of feeling, observable in the conduct of their seducers. Hard hearted monsters!

sters ! were they possessed of minds susceptible of even the smallest spark of goodness,——some pity, some remorse, at least, should shew them the baseness of their offences ; should teach them to shun a course so full of torment to those harmless beings ; or if their natures were still too hardened, pride, if nothing else, should lead them to protect from further ignominy those whom a mistaken fondness probably had ruined. But humanity is stifled, except in theory ; beauty and innocence are the devoted victims of destruction. Man prowls about more savage than the wolf in the search of prey. The gratification of a moment answers his desire ; and the more he can bring under the banners of prostitution, the more elevated does he place himself in his own estimation. We will not, however, suppose that all mankind are so diabolically actuated. Much goodness still exists amongst us ; and, however rare, there are some examples which shew man is not naturally depraved. Cyrus's generosity is to this hour admired ; and the continence of Scipio hath rendered him more glory than all the celebrity of his conquests. Virtue, however, lies concealed. The modesty inherent in it keeps it from the public eye. Vice on the contrary breaks from its confinement, and blazes to the world, sometimes as a terror, but often I fear as an allurements to its votaries.

Amongst a number of others, one story I recollect, which pleased me much. It was related to me by a friend, one for whom I had an affection, and in that solemn hour, when the soul fleeing from its earthly habitation pants for an existence imperviously concealed from man.

B

“ In

“ In our youthful days, my friend (said he, tenderly taking
“ me by the hand) thou canst not but remember my loved Aman-
“ da. Nature sure never formed a purer or more exalted mind.
“ The face of heaven however was set against her felicity. Paren-
“ tal violence in her fifteenth year forced her into the arms of
“ a wretch. It was not however until her nineteenth year that
“ I became acquainted with her. Time had already recon-
“ ciled her to her misery. The hand of necessity, though bitter
“ and oppressive, was quietly to be borne. She aimed at mirth,
“ but, alas! the struggle was oftentimes too visible. Crushed
“ in this manner, by the mistaken fondness of her father, I could
“ not but pity, the moment I beheld her. Compassion led
“ me to address her; grief had added sweetness to her manner;
“ my efforts banished misery from her countenance, and in
“ time she let me into the melancholy particulars of her tale. No
“ saying, my friend, is more literally just, than that pity is the
“ harbinger of love: in my case it too decisively was verified.
“ I loved her, forgetful of her situation; and I sought her hap-
“ piness, never once reflecting on my own. In this manner
“ rolled a pleasant year along. The purest intercourse of soul
“ had banished every idea of reserve; we lived but in each other;
“ while true to honour, she still proved faithful to her husband.
“ One fatal evening however, flushed with wine, and burning
“ with desire, I met her in an arbour in the garden. The night
“ was hushed, all was blissful silence, whilst the glimmering
“ rays of the bright luminary of the night twinkled wantonly
“ o’er those beauties which youthful ardor urged me to possess;
“ the trial was too much—Virtue tottered under the temptation.
“ I snatched a kiss. But, oh, my friend! how can I express
“ to you the feelings I experienced on finding her balmy lips
“ closely

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES, II

“ closely joined to mine. Decayed as I am, my blood still feels a
“ little of the ecstatic thrill. Suffice it that I was too enchanted
“ to think of reason, while she, loved girl, was almost equally
“ as senseless. The providence of goodness however interposed
“ to save her from destruction. Save me, my Eugenio, save
“ me from wretchedness, she cried. Oh! arm against yourself.
“ Nature is too susceptible within me. I cannot resist; but,
“ oh, my God! my honour I know is dear to you: I know
“ your heart——Mercy! mercy! mercy!——Awakened thus,
“ my friend, by loveliness itself, pleading for protection, I in-
“ stantly sprang from my delirium. The beauteous victim still
“ continued clasped within my arms. I loosed, however, with
“ suddenness, the bonds; and flying from the spot, accomplished
“ a victory which hath ever since afforded me the most heart-felt
“ satisfaction and delight.”

Here then is an example worthy of imitation, although I doubt if it will be followed; and were there no other, proves, at least, that there are some sparks of true virtue still existing in the world.

Next to the taverns and other such temples of amusement, come your more fashionable places of entertainment; such as the opera, pantheon, playhouses, &c. As to the first, it unquestionably is entitled to approbation. The music is deservedly admired, and the performers are of the first ability in their profession. On the contrary, the playhouses, from a dearth of good actors, have been gradually declining. Neither are the productions for the stage in general to be commended, although the true *Vis Comica* has been lately introduced with singular ingenuity by

some of our dramatic writers. The pantheon, indeed, is an elegant recreation. The best company honour it with their presence; and the brilliancy of it, adorned with the loveliest of the creation, is surely no where to be surpassed. Besides these, Bach's, and Rauzzini's concerts, are in universal esteem, and are, as you may believe, in every respect the ton.

Thus having taken a summary view of our winter amusements in the capital, I shall next proceed to those of the country, where I will either on my way, or at the places themselves, pick up such occurrences as I shall think best worthy of your observation. Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER II.

May 1778.

I HAVE hurried you away from London, my friend, in a manner less accordant with politeness, than with convenience. But, in fact, the scene was too complicated. I found my imagination too troublesome to indulge it in description; and the prevention of an evil, you know, is much more easy, as old C— used to tell us, than the stopping of it when it hath once began its progress. And moreover a reflection here and there is certainly much more lively and interesting, than a dry detail of such a world, pervaded in all its parts by the self same principles of interest and ambition.

To begin our journey therefore—from London, by way of a retrograde motion, in my route to Bath, I stopped at Richmond in Surry, a place so delightfully situated, that it is impossible to see it without pleasure and admiration. The town itself, it is true, is low, and void of prospect, as is Peterham, that stands as another arm to the little hill, which midway rears its head. But take it altogether, the vicinity of the park, the extensive views commanded by the hill, the beautiful windings of the Thames, and the innumerable villas which are lavishly scattered on its banks, and perhaps there is not a more beautiful spot in any corner of the globe. The park, which is certainly the most elegant, though not the most extensive, of any belonging to the crown, was made in the reign of Charles I. and enclosed with

with a wall said to be eleven miles in compass. The New Lodge was built by Sir Robert Walpole, earl of Orford.

On the ascent of the hill of Richmond are wells of purging mineral water, and on the top of it there is an alms-house for the support of ten poor widows. There is another alms-house endowed with above 100 l. a year, besides two charity-schools; one for 50 boys, the other for 50 girls. Richmond is between nine and ten miles from London.

From Richmond, having crossed the Thames, we proceeded to Windsor in Berkshire, twenty-two miles from London. William the Conqueror, charmed with the convenient situation of this place for hunting, first built the castle (which has been the residence of some one or other of our princes almost ever since) and had several lodges in its forest. This building hath undergone several alterations and amendments, particularly with respect to the platform which surrounds it, called the Terrace, added by Queen Elizabeth. This place was remarkable for containing the kings of France and Scotland at one time, as prisoners of Edward III. St. George's Chapel, in which the knights of the most noble order of the garter are installed, was begun by Edward III. so long ago as 1337, and is one of the most beautiful and stately Gothic buildings in the world. In the choir are the stalls of the twenty-six knights of the order, and the banners over them, with a throne for the sovereign. As the knights die, their banners are taken down, and their titles and coats of arms are engraved on little copper-plates, and nailed to the stalls, from whence they are never removed. This order, from its institution, has been reputed the most honorable per-
haps

haps of any in the world. A little before this institution Edward III. founded a college, in which were twenty-six alms-knights, to the honor of St. George and Edward the Confessor, and stiled them the Poor Knights of Windsor, all of whom were to be gentlemen, wounded in the wars, or impaired by indigence or age. They are now reduced to eighteen, with an allowance of 40 l. per annum each. From the terrace you enter into a beautiful park, of the finest green, which lies round the castle, and is called the Little or Home Park, to distinguish it from another adjoining of much larger extent. Windsor Great Park, as it is called, lies on the south side of the town, and opens by a long walk, in a direct line, to the top of a delightful hill at the distance of three miles. This park is fourteen miles in circumference, and is well stocked with deer, and a variety of other game. The forest is of great extent, computed at thirty miles, and was appropriated to hunting, and the keeping of the king's deer by William I. In this tract of land are several agreeable towns and villages, of which Workingham is the principal. Mr. Pope has rendered it immortal, by his delightful poem, intituled Windsor Forest.

“ Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
 “ Here earth and water seem to meet again.
 “ Not chaos like, together crush’d and bruis’d,
 “ But, as the world, harmoniously confus’d:
 “ Where order in variety we see,
 “ And where, tho’ all things differ, all agree.
 “ Here waving groves, a chequer’d scene display,
 “ And part admit, and part exclude the day;
 “ There

"There interspers'd in lawns, and op'ning glades,
 "Thin trees arise, that shun each other's shades.
 "Here in full light, the russet plains extend;
 "There wrapt in clouds, the blueish hills ascend.
 "Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 "And 'midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
 "That crown'd with tufted trees, and springing corn,
 "Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn."

In the apartments of the castle, which are commodious and elegantly furnished, are many capital paintings of the first masters; one in particular of the countess of Desmond, who is said to have lived within a few days of one hundred and fifty years of age. In a closet likewise is the banner of France, annually delivered, on the 2d of August, by the duke of Marlborough, by which he holds Blenheim House, built at Woodstock in Oxfordshire, in the reign of Queen Anne, as a national reward to the great Churchill for his many glorious victories over the French.

As I walked along the terrace of this ancient structure, ruminating on the many monuments of human vanity, which I had been examining, my mind naturally turned to that subject which we have frequently discussed; namely, the tenure on which we seem at present to possess the principles of our existence. Man! wonderful in his creation, and no less incomprehensible in the movements of his soul, puzzled me in every view that I could place him: look but around, said I to myself, and in one instance you will find him liberal; in another penury shall prey upon his vitals. Religion and morality,

blas-

blasphemy and fraud, shall actuate him by turns. Kindness and affection shall be at the one moment pleasing, and at the other disgusting to his senses. Strange contradiction ! but such is the animal, denominated human. How many pages, how many volumes have been written to prove the natural goodness, natural depravity, or the united influence of both these principles in the mind of man ! And yet, how wide, how very wide, are we still from a certainty on this head ! This day we are told, that God ordaineth every thing for the best, that whatsoever is, is right : that partial evil is a general good. The next comes a philosopher on a different hypothesis : the life of man, he tells you, is embittered by sorrows and misfortune. Disease and infirmity, by his creed, croud upon you with unremitting fury. The rage of nature is not more inveterate, than that of physical evil. In short, every thing is imperfect ; and whether from original sin, or from destiny, man is doomed to misery in this world, and to eternal torments possibly in the next.

Speculatively right, however, as the first of these doctrines may be, there is still too much of certainty and apprehension in the latter, to admit of every person's being an optimist. Discriminate and argue as we please, there is evidently an abundance of both good and evil amongst us. How to pursue the one, therefore, and to shun the other, should be the serious study of every individual of society. Coercion is of use, when dishonesty gets abroad ; but mischief should be prevented. Every man should determine on doing unto others, as he would be done unto himself. The voice of nature will always urge him to what is right. Let him but govern his

own passions, and the whole universe will move in harmony to his fight.

- " Oh happiness ! our being's end and aim !
- " Good, pleasure, ease, content ! whate'er thy name :
- " That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
- " For which we bear to live, or dare to die ;
- " Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies
- " O'erlooked, seen double by the fool and wife :
- " Plant of celestial seed ! if dropt below,
- " Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?
- " Ask of the learn'd the way, the learn'd are blind ;
- " This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind :
- " Some place the bliss in action, some in ease ;
- " Those call it pleasure, and contentment these ;
- " Know all the good that individuals find,
- " Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
- " Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
- " Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence."

POPE.

These blessings, my friend, may they ever be yours ! Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER III.

June 1778.

AT the distance of about two miles from Windsor Castle stands the College of Eaton in Buckinghamshire, 22 miles from London, and separated from Windsor by an old bridge over the Thames. It was founded by Henry VI. for the maintenance of a provost and seven fellows, one of whom is vice-provost, and for the instruction of seventy king's scholars (as those are called who are on the foundation) who, when fit, are elected, on the first Tuesday in August, to King's College, Cambridge, where they are provided for by scholarships and fellowships; but they are not removed till vacancies fall in the college, and then they are called according to seniority. The school is divided into upper and lower, and each into three classes. There is a master to each school, and four assistants to each master; there being seldom less than three hundred children here, besides those on the foundation, who board at the masters houses, or elsewhere within the college bounds.

The vast number of great men which not only Eaton, but the other public seminaries of learning in this country, have produced, hath often led me to the long disputed point, of which should have the preference, a public or a private education. To many men the advantages of a public school are evident beyond contradiction; much, however, as in most cases, may be advanced on both sides. Public schools, as society now

is regulated, are certainly possessed of many essentials in the point of education. The masters sought after for them are generally men of the first abilities. The diet of the pupils is carefully attended to, and their learning is seldom neglected, than the number of boys and the variety of their talents may at first give one reason to apprehend. A private tutor, undoubtedly, has it in his power to give more attention to his scholars education than the master of a large academy. He can watch over the progress of the understanding, and by constant care can take advantage of every effort of the mind, and turn it by culture to its proper end. The morals too he has rigidly under his inspection. The seeds of goodness planted in the breast will bring forth blossoms of benignity. Gentleness and truth will fix in his pupil's mind the loveliness of social virtue. The man will spring up in perfection; but the passions will have hitherto been silent, because they will not have had sufficient objects to stimulate them to action.

Could human nature be brought to that degree of goodness, which it is natural to suppose it never did, nor never will possess, but in the speculative opinions of a few philosophers, a private education would indisputably be the best; but as man is now the same that he probably was four thousand years ago, and as the active passions may properly be called the elements of life, something more general is required than what can possibly be picked up from the instruction of any one man, at once both the master and the companion. Moreover, a too close application, without the necessary recreations for a boy, is too apt to impress him with a disgust to study when he becomes his own master, or, what is worse, to enamour him with his books, and thereby to ruin

ruin his health, and otherwise deprive him of those comforts which he was naturally calculated to enjoy. On the other hand, the man who has been early sent to school; on his first going there enters into a world in miniature, similar to that in which he is doomed to move. The whole circle of the passions is there to combat and be combated with. Love, hatred, jealousy, revenge, ambition, courage, cowardice, in short every sentiment of the human heart is found amongst them in their different degrees. The dispositions of his fellow-creatures are thus experimentally made known to him. He sees the delights of goodness, as well as the turpitude of baseness. Pride makes him emulate his superiors. He feels an exultation in rising to be foremost of his class. His incitements to virtue are equally as strong. Applause attends him in every step of his career. Self becomes pleased in the exertion; and he rises to be a man with the knowledge of his books, and, what is of much more consequence, with a knowledge of his species. In another light likewise the advantages of a public are apparently infinitely superior to those of a private education. The mingling together draws forth the exertion of their bodily as well as their mental faculties; their nerves in this manner become strong—by feats of strength they gradually acquire a greater degree of courage: their little spirits become imperceptibly inured to resent an injury, and to protect the oppressed. Exercise gives an invigorating principle to their whole system; and they break into the world with health, with spirit, and with understanding, fit to encounter the innumerable vicissitudes which are incident to their existence.

Many

Many more are the arguments which could be advanced in support of a public education; but these are sufficient for us, who are converts to the discipline of a college. Before I quit Eaton, however, I cannot refrain from mentioning to you an affair which happened there some years ago, and which afforded matter of amusement to the sternest greybeards in the kingdom. It was this. The scholars from some caprice, or from some real cause of dissatisfaction, seceded in a body from the college, and publicly declared a determination never to return, unless their grievances were redressed. In vain did the masters expostulate with them; in vain did they threaten chastisement to the refractory. All the boys were engaged in the same cause, and each was determined to support the character he had assumed. At length, however, a negociation commenced, and a select number of the principals were deputed to the masters, as plenipotentiaries extraordinary. Every thing being thus adjusted, and the ambassadors arrived at Eaton, a categorical demand was made on their part for the redress of those rights which they declared to have been infringed. The masters, however, could not, consistent with their dignity, accede to these propositions. They canvassed them article by article, but without coming to any satisfactory determination. All they would agree to was a general amnesty. The envoys, thus disappointed in their expectations, pressed for their audience of leave, and returned to their constituents, who one and all rejected the terms with indignation.

The next measures to be pursued were thereupon immediately debated; when it was unanimously resolved, that each scholar should repair to his respective home. Never could surprize
2 have

have been more great than was that of their parents, when they saw their children return in this manner from their college. Anger, however, soon gave way to more laughable ideas, when they became acquainted with the story; but more especially the latter part of it, wherein they found their children had conducted themselves with all the ludicrous gravity and precaution of an executive power of a state. Hard fate, however for our young heroes!—their cruel fathers returned them to their masters, who, soon forgetting the consequence and dignity which they had but lately acknowledged in them themselves, most daringly trespassed on the laws of nations, and punished the whole body as if they had never appeared in a respectable capacity.

From Windsor, where we dined, we struck into the high Bath road, and halted again at Maidenhead Bridge. The distance of this place from Taplow, a small village to the northward of it, is about a mile. Here is a house belonging to the earl of Inchiquin, which, from its appearance, has more the air of an old monastery than the habitation of a nobleman. From his lordship's garden, however, at Taplow, you enter immediately upon the grounds belonging to his seat at Cliefden. This place, which is in Buckinghamshire, five miles north-west of Windsor, is remarkable both on account of its beautiful situation, and because it was the ordinary residence of the late prince of Wales, father to the present king. The house was built by George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, in the reign of king Charles II. and in much the same style with her majesty's palace in St. James's Park, built by the same person. The house and gardens, however they may have been praised, are certainly far from elegant. The former consists of two stories, neither

Many more are the arguments which could be advanced in support of a public education; but these are sufficient for us, who are converts to the discipline of a college. Before I quit Eaton, however, I cannot refrain from mentioning to you an affair which happened there some years ago, and which afforded matter of amusement to the sternest greybeards in the kingdom. It was this. The scholars from some caprice, or from some real cause of dissatisfaction, seceded in a body from the college, and publicly declared a determination never to return, unless their grievances were redressed. In vain did the masters expostulate with them; in vain did they threaten chastisement to the refractory. All the boys were engaged in the same cause, and each was determined to support the character he had assumed. At length, however, a negociation commenced, and a select number of the principals were deputed to the masters, as plenipotentiaries extraordinary. Every thing being thus adjusted, and the ambassadors arrived at Eaton, a categorical demand was made on their part for the redress of those rights which they declared to have been infringed. The masters, however, could not, consistent with their dignity, accede to these propositions. They canvassed them article by article, but without coming to any satisfactory determination. All they would agree to was a general amnesty. The envoys, thus disappointed in their expectations, pressed for their audience of leave, and returned to their constituents, who one and all rejected the terms with indignation.

The next measures to be pursued were thereupon immediately debated; when it was unanimously resolved, that each scholar should repair to his respective home. Never could surprize
2 have

have been more great than was that of their parents, when they saw their children return in this manner from their college. Anger, however, soon gave way to more laughable ideas, when they became acquainted with the story; but more especially the latter part of it, wherein they found their children had conducted themselves with all the ludicrous gravity and precaution of an executive power of a state. Hard fate, however for our young heroes!—their cruel fathers returned them to their masters, who, soon forgetting the consequence and dignity which they had but lately acknowledged in them themselves, most daringly trespassed on the laws of nations, and punished the whole body as if they had never appeared in a respectable capacity.

From Windsor, where we dined, we struck into the high Bath road, and halted again at Maidenhead Bridge. The distance of this place from Taplow, a small village to the northward of it, is about a mile. Here is a house belonging to the earl of Inchiquin, which, from its appearance, has more the air of an old monastery than the habitation of a nobleman. From his lordship's garden, however, at Taplow, you enter immediately upon the grounds belonging to his seat at Cliefden. This place, which is in Buckinghamshire, five miles north-west of Windsor, is remarkable both on account of its beautiful situation, and because it was the ordinary residence of the late prince of Wales, father to the present king. The house was built by George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, in the reign of king Charles II. and in much the same stile with her majesty's palace in St. James's Park, built by the same person. The house and gardens, however they may have been praised, are certainly far from elegant. The former consists of two stories, neither

neither magnificent nor convenient; and the latter of parterres and circumscribed avenues of close-set trees, which impress one with an idea of a place allotted for the dead, more than of one set apart for the recreation of the living. The situation altogether, however, is fine, particularly the back front, which on one side looks upon a highly cultivated champaigne country, and on the other upon an extensive wood, which runs along a hill that is washed by a beautiful winding of the Thames. The capabilities of this place, according to the language of a celebrated gardener, are certainly very great; and the present earl of Inchiquin, it is said, has appropriated a large sum towards the bringing it into order. The two houses are distant from each other about two miles and a half, with a walk of communication charmingly continued through the wood on the hill.

After having viewed Cliefden we returned to our inn, from whence we prosecuted our journey to Bath, stopping but for fresh horses, or such necessary refreshment as travellers generally stand in need of.

Bath is 107 miles from London. This city took its name from some natural hot baths, for the medicinal virtues of which this place has been long celebrated and much frequented. This city was famous among the Romans for its salubrious waters. Upon the spot where the cathedral now stands, a temple is said to have formerly been dedicated to Minerva, who was the tutelar deity of those springs, and from thence the ancient Britons called this city *Caer Palladur*, i. e. The City of the Water of Pallas. It was afterwards called by the Saxons, *Accman-nesceaster*, which signifies the City of Valetudinarians; and upon

upon Lansdown Hill, near this city, there are still to be seen the remains of a fortification, thought to have been thrown up by the Saxons in the year 520, when they defended themselves against the victorious king Arthur. This city stands in a valley, upon the north bank of the river Avon, and is encircled by hills in the form of an amphitheatre. It is surrounded by walls, which, though slight and almost entire, are supposed to be the work of the Romans. Bath contains five hot baths, called The King's Bath, The Queen's Bath, The Cross Bath, The Hot Bath, and The Leper's Bath. There is also a cold bath.

The King's Bath is sixty feet square, supplied by many hot springs that rise in the middle of it. In this bath there is the figure of an ancient British king, called Bleyden the Soothsayer, with an inscription importing, that he discovered the use of these springs 300 years before the Christian æra.

The Queen's Bath is separated from the King's Bath only by a wall. It has no spring; but receives its water from the King's Bath, and is therefore less hot.

The Cross Bath had its name from a cross that formerly stood in the middle of it. Its heat is also less than that of the King's Bath; because it has fewer springs.

The Hot Bath was thus called from having been formerly hotter than the rest; but was not then so large as it is now.

The Leper's Bath is formed from the overflowings of the Cross Bath, and is allotted for the use of poor people.

The Cold Bath is supplied by a fine cold spring. The hot springs were fenced in by the Romans with a wall, to separate them from the common cold springs with which this place abounds; and there is a tradition, that they also made subterraneous canals to carry off the cold waters, lest they should mix with these. As this city lies in a valley, surrounded with hills, the heat of these waters and their milky detergent quality are ascribed to the admixture and fermentation of two different waters distilling from two of those hills, one called Claverton Down and the other Lansdown. The water from Claverton Down is supposed to be sulphurous or bituminous, with a mixture of nitre; and the water from Lansdown is thought to be tinged with iron ore. These waters, so justly celebrated, are recommended in various disorders, particularly in those denominated chronic.

The town itself is remarkably elegant and clean, especially those buildings called The Crescent and The Circus, inhabited by the first people of consequence who reside there. The former of which is probably one of the most beautiful structures in the world. The rides about Bath are likewise agreeable when you once ascend the downs; but the hills up to them are so steep and wearisome, that it requires no small degree of resolution to take that exercise which the physicians invariably recommend. No place in England, in the proper season, affords so brilliant a circle of good company as Bath. The aged, the young, the infirm, and the hale, all resort to this vortex of amuse-

amusement. Ceremony beyond the essential rules of politeness is totally exploded : every one mixes upon an equality ; and the entertainments are so wisely regulated, that although there is never a cessation of them, there is never a lassitude from bad hours, or from an excess of dissipation. The constant rambling about too of the younger part of the company is vastly enlivening and cheerful. In the morning the rendezvous is at the Pump-room, from that time till noon in walking on the parades, or in the different quarters of the town ;—thence to the Pump-room again.—From the Pump-room to a fresh strole, and then to dinner, and from dinner to the rooms, where dancing or the card-table concludes the evening.

Every thing being regulated at Bath, with respect to the accommodation of strangers, there is no danger of imposition, if one will but take the trouble of purchasing a small pamphlet, which clearly points out the different customs and usages of that town. This will be had at York-house, the best hotel in the place, where a traveller had better continue a day or two, in order to determine on that quarter where he would wish to have his lodging.

Elegant as the society at Bath indisputably is, one cannot avoid enjoying the ludicrous description which is given of it by Anstie in his New Bath Guide.

“ If a broker or statesman, a gamester or peer,

“ A nat’raliz’d jew, or a bishop comes here,

“ Or an eminent trader in cheese should retire,

“ Just to think of the business the state may require,

D 2

“ With

“ With horns and with trumpets, with fiddles and drums,
“ They’ll strive to divert him as soon as he comes.”

On one side of the road to Claverton Down is Prior Park, a seat of the late Mr. Allen, situated almost on the summit of Charlton Hill. This place has been celebrated by Mrs. Chandler, in a poem addressed to Mr. Allen on the beauties of Prior Park.

“ Thy taste refin’d appears in yonder wood,
“ Not nature tortured but by art improv’d ;
“ Where cover’d walks, with open vista’s meet,
“ An area here, and there an open seat.
“ A thousand sweets in mingled odours flow,
“ From blooming flow’rs which on the borders grow.
“ In numerous streams the murmur’ing waters thrill,
“ Uniting all obedient to thy will ;
“ Till by thy art in one canal combined,
“ They thro’ the wood in various mazes wind ;
“ From thence the foaming waves fall rapid down,
“ In bold cascades, and lash the rugged stone ;
“ But here their fury lost, the calmer scene
“ Delights the softer muse and soul serene :
“ An ample basin, center of the place,
“ In lymph transparent holds the fleecy race ;
“ Its glassy face, from every ruffle free,
“ Reflects the image of each neighbouring tree ;
“ On which the feather’d choirs, melodious throng,
“ By love inspir’d, unite in tuneful song.

“ Their

“ Their tuneful song th’ echoing woods resound,
 “ And falling waters add a solemn sound ;
 “ Sure ’tis the Muses haunt ! ’tis hallow’d ground.”

Having seen every thing curious in and about Bath, I shall next direct my course towards the more southern parts of the island.

LETTER IV.

June 1778.

HAVING, as I informed you in my last, determined on the route we should take into the more distant parts of Somerset and Wiltshire, we proceeded on as far as Pensford, a small inconsiderable town, situated on the river Thew. From Pensford we next continued our journey to Catterworth; where after long waiting, and much trouble, we got fresh horses. Near this place is Bow Ditch, where there are still the remains of a Roman camp almost in a circular form; and, being on the summit of a hill, commands a fine prospect. Within a small distance are likewise some tolerable coal-pits, together with the remains of a place of druidical worship. From Catterworth, however, we still proceeded on our way to Chutenham, a small indifferent-looking village, and from thence to the Mindep Hills, distant from it about three or four miles.

Never did travellers begin a jaunt with more ill omens than attended us; the morning was darkened with heavy lowering clouds, which promised a continuance of rain that had already drenched the country. The places we had planned for observation were in general exposed to every inclemency that possibly could affect us, and to mend the matter the major part of our little society consisted of ladies. Fortune, however, befriended us when we least expected it; for scarce had we come in view of these delightful hills, covered to
a vast

a vast extent with heath and fern, and charmingly scattered over with sheep and a variety of other cattle, than the clouds began to wear away. A threatening fog at first began to gather round us; but this was soon dispersed, and by the time we reached the summit the sun had taken possession of the day, and every thing began to wear a face of re-animated beauty. The clouds, however, that still were rolling down the hills, prevented us from knowing the beauties of our situation. We stopped, however, in expectation, and in about five minutes were most amply rewarded for our trouble. On the one side, picture to yourself the towering hills, whose sides we now were traversing, and whose loftiest brows were slowly declining; while on the other, the highly cultivated lands of Somerset, smiling in all the luxuriance of art and nature, burst in upon our view. Believe me, I do not exaggerate when I say, we all of us were lost in admiration. The unfavourable outset we had made, had prepared us sufficiently for this pleasure; nor were we backward in enjoying it in its fullest extent. Proceeding on, however, but slow, and cautious of not losing a single beauty which might present itself, we descended from the hills.—On the right and in the front having hills, woods, and dales delightfully intermixed; and on the left the town of Wells, with a bold romantic prospect of the tower of Glastonbury at some distance. To Wells, therefore, we next proceeded.

Wells in Somersetshire is sixteen miles from Bath, fifteen from Bristol, and one hundred and twenty-seven from London; it is situated at the foot of the Mendip Hills: it is a clean and pretty town. John de Villula, the sixteenth bishop of this see, removed his residence and spiritual authority to Bath; but the
contest

contest between this church and that of Bath being afterwards compromised, it was determined that the bishops should thereafter be stiled Bishops of Bath and Wells, and that the canons of each should, on the vacancy of the see, appoint deputies to elect the bishop, who was to be installed in both churches. Its church, at first a monastery, was built by Ina, king of the West Saxons, and in the year 905 was erected into an episcopal see. The west front of the cathedral, which has been much admired, seems certainly to have been magnificent, being an entire pile of statues; but the taste being rudely Gothic, it does not strike a common observer with either elegance or simplicity. The cloisters adjoining to it are spacious and fair. The chapter-house is a rotund supported by a pillar in the middle, and the vicars dwellings in the close are commodious. The bishop's palace is neither elegant nor grand, although it in general has the reputation of being both. The walls and the mote undoubtedly give it the air of a castle; but altogether it presents a most unfavourable appearance to a traveller. The deanry is a fine house, and there are likewise good habitations for the prebendaries. The cathedral is, however, by much the finest building in the place. The outside carries a venerable and awful look, and the inside is carefully attended to both with respect to neatness and conveniency. On one side of the altar stands a monument of bishop Still in his episcopal robes and on the other an emblematical representation of Miss Kidder who in the year 1703 fell a remarkable instance of filial affection. This young lady was daughter of a bishop of that name, who with his wife were both crushed to death in the town of Wells by the falling of a chimney, which accident so afflicted the young offspring, then no more than sixteen years of age, that
gri.

grief disordered her senses, and she died distracted a few months after. She is represented in the attitude of looking at two urns, supposed to contain the ashes of her parents, which are placed before her.

In one of the isles is shewn you the tomb and representation of bishop Beckington, who in an impolitic fit of religious phrenzy attempted to fast the whole Lent. It is said to be well authenticated, that for an extraordinary number of days, some say thirty-nine, he absolutely did refrain from food. His punishment, however, was certainly what he was entitled to. He fell a victim to his presumption. Scattered up and down this church are likewise many ancient monumental figures, dug out of the ruins of Glastonbury abbey, but transplanted hither, as being more modern, and consequently more fashionably hallowed ground. One in particular of friar Milton. The windows too of this cathedral are curious, although that of the chapel is rather too much darkened by the profusion of glass with which it is filled.

Thus having carefully observed the body of the cathedral, we next ascended to the library by a flight of stairs, which gave me the idea of a prison, more than that of a church. The library, like most of those of orthodox societies, is filled with folios of law and of polemical divinity. The fathers, however, apparently sleep in quietness on the shelves, nor are they disturbed but when an explanation is wanted of some point too knotty for our modern capacities. Turning over some of those remnants of human imposition, I was suddenly called away by the voice of one of the ladies, who with much exultation told me of a

E

book

book which had been put into her hand by the person who was our guide, and who (with palpable conviction as to the truth of what he said) informed her, it was the Wonder of all Wonders; nothing less than a book composed, printed, and bound before the invention of paper, of which we so much boast. How such a matter as this could possibly exist, or if it did exist, how it could have found its way into the library of Wells, was a point which I could not determine. I went, however, to the place where this precious relique was laid; but, lo! what was my surprize, when instead of a bundle of the papyrus, bound together according to the custom of the Egyptians; or of the Palmira, according to the Hindoos of this day, either of which might possibly have puzzled the poor fellow; I was absolutely presented by him with an octavo in the Chinese language. Never did I laugh more heartily in my life than at the extravagance of this literary imposition. Our guide, however, would not believe me when I told him what it was; neither could I reconcile him to the doctrine, until I offered to procure for him a hundred similar productions, and to submit them all, if he pleased, to the learned of the diocese for their decision. This gained me at length some credit; and he then, with tears in his eyes, vowed he would throw it aside, and never more obtrude it upon the credulity of the public. But that which rendered this matter still more amusing, was the waggery of the scientific donor, a reverend priest and professor of Theology, who had written his name and character in the first page, together with the dates of the day and year on which he had presented so valuable a monument of antiquity to the cathedral.

Thus

Thus having concluded our observations at Wells, we next proceeded to a famous cavern in one of the Mendip-Hills, called Okey-hole, one of the greatest natural curiosities in England. The distance of this cavern from Wells is about two miles, and the road to it is good. Having arrived at the bottom of the hill, we enquired for a guide, and having procured one, whose age and visage would have condemned her to the flames a century ago, we followed her up a narrow path of a cliff, whose perpendicular height could not be less than 200 feet; the old witch herself bearing a lanthorn in one hand, and a bundle of lights in the other. This ascent however was wonderfully fine and romantic; for at the bottom, which was just discernible through trees, we could perceive the glimmering of a transparent water, flowing with rapidity along, while an equally tremendous cliff erected itself on the other side. Being arrived at the distance of about fifty yards from the place where we left our carriage, we found ourselves close at the entrance of this mighty cavern. I do not recollect whether you ever were in a situation of this kind; but there is something certainly trying in every preparation that is made, contrary to what we have been generally used to. This was observable not in the faces, or in the words and actions of the ladies, for they were all of them resolute and determined; but, somehow or other, it was evidently to be observed in the general tenor of every thing which passed. The first order we received from our regenerated Hecate, was to leave our hats behind us. Handkerchiefs were then tied round our heads, and a lighted taper given to every one of the party. Thus prepared to encounter the gloomy horrors of the scene, we next formed ourselves in the order in which we were to enter. First went our tottering conductress, next your humble servant, then the

three ladies, and after them the servants. Proceeding in this manner to the door (some careful person having placed a door there) the first thing which struck us was a bleak humidity issuing from the cavern. On we went, however, resolved to combat heats or colds, or any thing else that might befall us. On entering the cave we discovered a vast number of large stones, confusedly scattered about, over some of which lay the path-way of our journey. As you advance however the cavern widens, and continues so till you come to about thirteen steps, which you descend into a narrow passage, in which they shew you the tomb, as they call it, of the Old Witch of Okey, who resided here. This tomb is a misshapen piece of the rock, incrusted. From the passage you enter into the kitchen, and from the kitchen into an immense cavern called the Church, many parts of which are upwards of forty feet high. Here the footing is rather indifferent; for the rocks being irregularly scattered, and on one side the river Axe winding itself along, you scarce can find room to creep along the borders of the other. Nothing can be conceived more truly awful than the appearance of this tremendous chasm. The spar too, which is brilliantly placed along the confines of the river, while the chrystal drops, like diamonds, hang pendant all around it, are beauties which you would highly be delighted with, especially when drawn into an assemblage, with the incrustations of the altar, the hanging hare, the cave and cave tub, and a large piece of a rock, which leans towards the river, without a name. After the church and its wonderful beauties, the next objects of admiration you come to are the arm-chair and the cooler, both of them fine incrustations; the former appearing in the rural garden stile with ribs, and the latter surrounding a small body of most delicious water. From the passage which immediately

diately leads from this, you next descend eight steps, and continue on till you come to another figure of spar, denominated the Lyon's Head, and situated in the corner of a prodigious cupola, called the Servants Hall. This hall has every appearance of being the most lofty of any of the chasms. We could not ascertain the exact height of it; but the best computation we could make brought it to be about fifty feet. From hence we proceeded to what is stiled the Great Hall, passing in our way the hall chimney, a narrow cavern of considerable height. This hall has infinitely the largest area in the cave, bearing the exact resemblance of a rotunda, and being in its centre about the height of twenty-five feet. The cieling too is exquisitely even; and the echo, as may be supposed, prodigiously clear and awful. Here indeed we might say, that we experienced the whole effect of the sublime and beautiful. As we advanced we had gradually met with new and more surprizing objects; here the whole seemed to be gathered together in one place.

Exploring about with silent admiration, and reflecting on the wonderful operation of those parts of matter, which by a convulsion must certainly have formed this cavern, I next determined to ascertain the truth of what I had heard advanced, relative to the body of water, which was winding at our feet, and which was denominated in former days the source of the river Axe. Our guide, however, soon determined me in this point, by saying, that when the Axe was low many people had traced it from the place where we then stood to a considerable distance beyond it; that it did not rise even in the hill in the body of which we were, but that it had its source in a neighbouring one,

one, from whence it proceeded through other caverns into that of Okey.

Satisfied in this point, and highly delighted with every thing else that we had met with in the cave, we next returned in the same manner we had entered; nor did we do this sooner than was necessary, for the humidity and coldness of the place, together with the unwholesomeness of the air, rendered a change of climate absolutely necessary. Take it all in all, however, no man of curiosity should enter Somersetshire without seeing Okey-hole; nor should he, to do that in perfection, enter it without torches, candles being too small, as we experienced, to afford a sufficiency of light for the innumerable objects with which one is surrounded.

Returning from the cave by the same path-way we ascended, we at the bottom of the hill stopped at a manufactory of paper, worked by the waters of the Axe; not knowing to whom this place belonged, we carelessly talked of it as we passed before the door; nor did we dream of any hindrance to our progress, when we were suddenly accosted by an elderly looking man, who told us, "Many people made free with what was not their own; that our guide had no right to promise us a sight of the paper-works, as they did not belong to her; that we were, however, welcome to see them, if we were so inclined." Amazed by the oddity of so extraordinary an address, I did not immediately reply to him, as I could have wished. I however begged his pardon for our presumption, attributed it to our ignorance of his being the proprietor, and apologized for the guide in the best manner I was able. Kind language goes far with all sorts of animals.

animals. The old hunks, tickled with the compliments which were paid him, instantly shook off his moroseness, and attended us himself. To those who have never seen a paper manufactory the first appearance must be highly entertaining. In the first instance, in cutting the rags and pieces of cloth garbled from every cellar in the kingdom; in the next, in grinding them to a proper consistency of fineness; in the third, in forming the sheets with a liquid appearing like starch; and so on through every stage until the last package.

Wearied, however, a little with what we had already seen, and reflecting on that which was yet to be observed, we thankfully quitted our new-acquired friend, and getting into our carriages proceeded on to the village of Glastonbury, distant from Wells about six miles.

Without paying any regard to monkish fables, or the ingenious tricks of selfish ecclesiastics, I will just inform you of such points as immediately relate to the famous abbey of this place, which for riches and grandeur, if not superior, was at least equal to any in England. Glastonbury was early in repute among the West Saxons, as appears from Nennius and Geoffrey of Monmouth, who both tell us that our great Arthur was buried here; and Giraldus Cambrensis, who lived in the time of Henry II. says, he saw his coffin dug up. King Ina, the West Saxon, founded the abbey, and it continued to receive so many donations, that in the time of Canute the Great they obtained a charter, whereby every person, even the king himself, was excluded from coming within any part of its bounds without leave from the abbot. Some notion may be
formed

formed of the ancient grandeur of this famous monastery from what yet remains of the different buildings. There were constantly one hundred monks residing in the cloisters, and the abbot had seldom less than three hundred domestics, many of whom were sons of the principal nobility. Its revenues exceeded those of Canterbury or Durham. This magnificent abbey was built in a peninsula near the river Bry, called the Isle of Avalon, and ever since the dissolution of religious houses, the chief support of the town has consisted in the great numbers of people who have resorted thither to visit the ruins; but the inhabitants having removed many of the stones to repair their houses, the number of travellers have of late years decreased. The church was a prodigious large pile of building, and great part of the walls of the choir are still standing. Two of the great pillars that supported the middle tower are still remaining, but mostly overgrown with ivy, and part of the high altar in the choir, where the West Saxon kings were buried, is still to be seen; but in the same ruinous condition as the church. Indeed such are the devastations made by the devouring hand of Time, and the depredations committed by avarice, that the chapel of St. Mary, on the north side of the church, has been converted into a stable, the manger being placed on the altar. Near this chapel of St. Mary's was another built by king Edgar; but the walls are totally destroyed, nothing but the foundation being left, except some small turrets which have been placed in the spaces between the windows. The floor was of stone, and in a vault underneath many of the Saxon nobility were buried in coffins of lead, which have been since taken away by the people and melted into cisterns. The only thing that now remains of this magnificent structure, and which was erected to bid defiance to

to

to the ravages of time, is the abbot's kitchen, built entirely of stone. This place is likewise converted into a use for which it never was intended, and probably in a few years may experience the same fate as the rest. As many pilgrims visited Glastonbury, the abbots built an inn for their reception, where they were furnished with all the necessaries of life; it is still standing in the town, and known by the sign of the George, having the arms of the Saxon kings over the gate.

On a hill called the Torr, adjoining to the town, was a church dedicated to St. Michael, where Richard Whiting, the last and most celebrated abbot, and whose hospitality was so great, that he often entertained five hundred horsemen at a time, was hanged by order of Henry VIII. together with two of his monks, for having dared to let fall some hasty expressions, when the king's commissioners arrived to seize upon his revenues. The walls of this church are now fallen to decay; but the tower is still standing, and serves as a land-mark for sailors.

Having said thus much of the present and ancient state of Glastonbury, it remains that you should be made acquainted with the story of the celebrated Thorn, which in the dark and ignorant ages of Popery was denominated Holy. The monks tell us, that when Joseph of Aramathea arrived at this place, and preached the gospel to the natives, he took up his residence on the hill now called Torr, where many people flocked to hear him, and, as may be reasonably supposed, in general doubted of his mission. But the holy man, to vindicate himself from the imputation of imposture, struck his stick into the ground, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, prayed that God would remove their unbelief by some signal act of his power. The prayer was

no sooner heard than answered ; for, behold a miracle ! the staff immediately took root, spread out its blossoms, and the obstinate Britons embraced the faith of Christ. In the reign of queen Elizabeth, however, a puritan, not having the fear of God before his eyes, hewed down one of the trunks of this holy thorn, and having brought his destroying axe to the other, aimed a dreadful blow, but did not escape with impunity ; for no sooner had he struck than one of the chips flew into his eye, while the axe itself fell on his leg and wounded him in a terrible manner. The last attack that was made on it, however, was in the civil wars between Charles I. and his parliament, when the remaining trunk was hewn down by the soldiers of Cromwell, who considered it as a relic of idolatry ; but some branches having been engrafted on other roots, there are still remaining three of the trees for the observation of the curious. The tree, it is true, is of a remarkable species in this country ; but it is common to a degree in the Levant and Asia Minor. It differs, says Mr. Miller, from our common hawthorn by putting out its leaves very early in the spring, and flowering twice a year ; for in mild seasons it often flowers in November and December, and again at the usual time of the common sort ; but the stories which are told of its budding, blossoming, and fading on Christmas-day, are ridiculous and without foundation. The whole of this place of Glastonbury is undoubtedly worth seeing. One cannot, however, but regret the inattention which is paid to the ruins, probably unknown to the proprietor ; for besides what I have already mentioned, there is every where and there stacks of wood and hay, together with an intolerable quantity of brambles, briars, and such-like impediments to curiosity ; and the country people have even assumed to themselves the privilege of taking away the stones and rubbish to mend the roads. Care should no doubt be had to the
comforts

comforts of the living ; but some little regard should be paid to reliques of the dead.

Departing from Glastonbury, we next proceeded to Somerton, situated on a branch of the Parret. It is a post-town, and was once the most celebrated in the county, which from hence took its name. It is a healthy place though so near the moors, for it lies on a hard soil ; but in wet winters people have been known to come from the Parret in boats to the very doors. It is remarkable for having in its neighbourhood a moor of 20,000 acres of ground for grazing cattle gratis to such as have a right to common. From Somerton we next continued our journey to Ilchester, or Ivelchester, 129 miles from London, situated on the Ivel. Some say the castle was built there by the Romans to curb the Britons after Boadicia's insurrection, and that the Roman fofs-way passed through this place. That Roman coins have been dug up here is certain, and that it was a populous and important place about the time of the conquest. This town is noted for having been the birth-place of Roger, the famous friar Bacon. From Ilchester we next proceeded to Yeovil, called Evil or Ivil, a very neat and handsome little town, situated on the branch of the Parret, 123 miles from London. Nothing remarkable occurred to us during this little progress from Glastonbury. A fine view, however, presented itself on leaving Somerton ; but it soon vanished, and the remainder of the road was but indifferent. From Yeovil our next stage was Milbourne Port, a small inconsiderable town on the borders of Somerset, and from thence to Shaftesbury in Dorsetshire. This place stands upon a hill, in the post-road to Exeter, 14 miles from Salisbury, and 102 from London, and has a prospect both into Somerset

and Wiltshire. It is supposed to have been built in the eighth century, and to have been enlarged by Alfred. King Edward the Confessor lies buried here. All in all, however, it has but a miserable appearance, the houses are old and dirty, and the streets are narrow and ill paved. Here we continued one night, resolving to prosecute our journey when we should have rested a little from our labour.

LETTER

LETTER V.

June 1778.

INFINITELY more refreshed than we had reason to expect from the appearance of our inn, we early next morning set off for Wardour Castle, a seat of lord Arundel's in Wiltshire. The entrance of the grounds by the road we came from Shaftesbury was wild and picturesque. On the left a deep glen, with a wood boldly ascending from it, and spreading its arms along a neighbouring hill, while our right was shaded by a shrubbery, that in a few years will probably have every advantage that attentive cultivation can give to it. Proceeding along this road which has a gentle winding round a hill, you next open to the new house, which is yet unfinished, although it has been building seven years. The appearance of this house, from the distance I am now speaking, is truly magnificent, and the grounds are seemingly swelled and disposed of to advantage. The situation of this edifice is, however, too low. In many points of view it appears buried. Moreover, the descending to an object diminishes its magnitude, whereas the rising to it increases it in proportion. The next object, as you advance, is the ruin of the old castle, distant about one thousand yards from the road. This pile has still the appearance of ancient magnificence. In the civil wars, however, it was rendered conspicuously remarkable by Blanch, daughter of Edward earl of Worcester, and relict of Thomas lord Arundel, who died in the garrison of Oxford

ford attending king Charles I. this lady having held out the castle with only 25 men against the parliamentary army of 1300, and surrendered it at last only on honourable terms. Terms, however, which were not kept, as both she and her children were iniquitously imprisoned, and despoiled of a property estimated at five-and-twenty or thirty thousand pounds.

The new house, which is now erecting, is at least a mile from the old castle. The plan is heavy, and in my opinion externally void of elegance: the inside, however, repays for the want of beauty on the out. The rooms are large and well disposed, and the furniture simply magnificent. The stair-case is grand, and the offices on the ground-floor both handsome and convenient.

In running over a description of the different places I may see, I shall not confine myself to minute accounts of any thing, more especially of pictures; but generally indulge myself in such manner as my own judgment may be affected in the observation. The breadth of the mansion-house is 115 feet, and that of each of the wings 116 feet, making in all, but with very little sweep, 347 feet. The ball or grand drawing-room, as it is styled, is 54 feet long, 27 broad, and 27 high; and a smaller one adjoining it of those dimensions which answer the connexion. The views from this latter room are, however, better than those from the large one, especially from the side-window. The music-room is pretty, with an elliptic, or, what is generally termed, a flat arch. These all are as yet unfinished. The common dining-room has every appearance of neatness and of elegance: it is well proportioned, and the furniture is happily chosen.

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 47

chosen. Among the other pictures in this room are the following :

A storm and a moon-light, by Verney.

A portrait, by Vandyke, most highly animated.

Some family-pieces, by Sir Peter Lely.

A Hugo Grotius, by Rubens. And

A St. Michael leading Peter out of Prison, by Michael Angelo.

From the music-room we next entered into the saloon, which opens upon the grand stair-case that is yet in hand. This room has no paintings worthy of observation, excepting one of the lady Arundel, who defended the castle. This picture, I own, rivetted my attention, and the more especially as her countenance beams the utmost softness and humility.

In the library, which is a handsome room, are two paintings :

Of Etna and Vesuvius in the rages of an eruption, by Voltaire. And

A duke of Saxony, who when living must have been most hideous, by Giorgione.

The corridors leading from the common hall to the apartments in the wings are vastly elegant and grand. Passing through one of these we came to a bed-chamber, in which were two paintings :

Of

Of an old man, and probably of his dearly beloved, by Rembrandt, which are in excellent preservation.

And one of Joseph interpreting the dreams of his fellow-prisoners, by Bart. Murellio.

Lady Arundel's dressing-room, the next in order, is handsomely fitted up. The chimney-piece of old Mosaic, brought from Italy, and the paintings, such as are worthy of admiration. Especially,

Three snow-pieces, by Foschi.

St. Cecilia, by Trevisani.

Cardinal Pole, by Holbein. And

A groom with a horse, by Rembrandt.

A closet adjoining to this room has likewise many curious articles in it; particularly,

A beautiful Mary and child, probably by Raphael.

A holy family, well coloured and finely grouped.

The descent from the cross. And

A representation of the Graces, most exquisitely finished in ivory.

Between this and the next apartment is an anti-chamber, in which are the following capital performances:

Our Saviour taken from the cross, by Spagnolett.

A holy family, by Albani.

A head, by Camanci.

A country lad playing upon a bagpipe, by Michael Angelo Carravagio. And

A Regulus quitting Rome, the artist unknown.

From

From this apartment we next entered into the dressing-room of lord Arundell, where we found the following performances :

A head, by Mengo.

A head of St. Francis, by Albani.

A crucifixion, by Pomerani.

A Madona, by Carlo Dolce.

And many others by the most celebrated masters.

And here we concluded our progress ; not but that we passed through a variety of other rooms, and that the whole range of the other wing, as yet unfinished, was yet to be explored. What we had already seen, however, satisfied us.

We next continued our observations to the pleasure-grounds. Here indeed we were highly entertained. On entering the shrubbery, a little to the right of the house, we opened a fine view of the old castle of Wardour, whose sides and back were closely surrounded with groves, erecting themselves along the hill. Proceeding onward through a variety of windings, we continued down a hill, one side of which we found we had just ascended : these windings are elegantly formed. We next arrived at the bottom of a vale, most rurally picturesque, from the sides of which a wood arises to the very summit of the hill ; and from this vale, through the bosom of the wood, advanced to what is called the Terrace. The beauties of this walk, as we were given to understand before we left the house, have met with general admiration : nor am I indeed surprized at it ; for they are certainly such as afford the most pleasing sensations to the imagination.

Quitting Wardour Castle we next continued our journey to Font-hill, a seat of Mr. Beckford's in Wiltshire. On getting into these grounds there is nothing remarkable that strikes a traveller. A shrubbery is continued on the left, which leads you into a narrow road, walled in on each side and shaded with trees, which seemingly terminates at a river. On coming to the end of this road, however, you suddenly turn to the left, which leads you to the back-front of the house. The appearance of this building, when you approach it, is certainly grand. The whole is of stone dug out of quarries not half a mile distant, and the plan is elegant and superb. The entrance of it is likewise handsome, as are all the rooms that are to be seen. The stile of furniture, it must be confessed, is rather too gaudy. The whole, however, is rich, and has been fashionable in its day. Amongst a variety of paintings the following are the best :

The witch of Endor, admirably done, by Salvator Roza.

Our Saviour on the mount, by Claude Lorraine.

Two pieces of still life, by Pouffin.

Socrates, in the act of swallowing poison. And

Archimedes, by Rembrandt.

A descent from the cross, by Zuccarelli.

Abraham offering up his son Isaac, by Rubens.

A Belshazar's feast, by the same master.

A Mary Magdalen, by Rubens, with prodigious animation.

Our Saviour in the Pharisee's house. And

The woman taken in adultery, by Pouffin.

A beautiful holy family, the master not known. And

Two landscapes, by Hולםberg.

From

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 51

From viewing the house, in which besides the pictures there is,
An original statue in marble of Marcus Aurelius,
A full-length figure of the late Mr. Beckford, by Moore, and
Several chimney-pieces, finished in an elegant manner, by
the same artist;

we next proceeded into the shrubbery: nothing worthy of observation is to be met with, either of nature or art, in these improvements. The shrubbery continues round the park for nearly three miles in the same regular zig-zag. The grounds, however, though not variegated are pretty. The river is not inelegantly shaped, and the whole conveys the idea of care and cultivation. One observation, however, I forgot in its proper place, and that is, the prospect from the house in front, which is so dreary, that in winter it must absolutely be dreadful. Probably with some pains Mr. Beckford might obtain permission to plant a wood along the skirts of the hill, and thereby screen the object I complain of. From Font-hill our next stage was Hindon, where we dined; and from thence in the evening to Stourton, where we slept; resolved upon giving a whole morning to Mr. Hoare's improvements.

LETTER VI.

July 1778.

AWAKENED by the choristers of the grove, and briskly arising from our beds of sloth, happy expressions, are not they? we soon were ready for those beauties, which every account had given us reason to expect in the improvements of Stourton Park. The morn, however, was ushered in with deluges of rain. Mark the poetic rise—The wind was high, a dreary gloom was passed along the fields; in short, every thing promised as unfavourably as our most adverse stars could possibly entail: but the momentary disappointment was only to enliven us the more to joy. About ten o'clock the atmosphere began to clear; Sol burst from his fetters of confinement; and the whole country in an hour bore all the vivid colourings of spring. At eleven o'clock, therefore, suppose us getting into our carriages with a guide on horseback, who having heard of our arrival had planted himself in waiting early in the morning. Properly prepared, off then we set, opening to our view almost immediately from the inn—A beautiful cross transplanted there from Bristol, an elegantly winding river, with an airy bridge thrown across it, an obelisk erecting its head above the trees, and the pantheon, all charmingly scattered to the right, while the left presented the temple of Apollo, and an inspiring grove, gently ascending to the summit of the hill. From this view, passing along, we came to the venerable remains of a mouldering arch, thrown over the road, and then proceeded along the borders of an arm of the

rivulet to the opposite banks of a beautiful cascade, happily formed in the bosom of a wood. Still continuing our progress along a winding road, through flowery meads, swelled into the most variegated appearance, we next opened a prospect from an eminence of woods and water, summer-houses and pavilions, all most charmingly diversified and picturesque. Then passing thro' a grove, and along the borders of some fields, we next came to an extensive wood, with cottages interspersed in it, and with Alfred's tower rearing its awful form on the very summit of its brow. Proceeding onward, we got into the wood, crowned in all the charms of luxuriant nature, while to the left, a little monastery shewed its slender spires through the verdant foliage of the trees. From hence we descended almost imperceptibly into a valley, whose sides on either hand were covered with fern, heath, and a vast variety of shrubs; and thence proceeding onward, we entered the bosom of a gloomy wood, formed for "midnight contemplation," which led us by a gentle ascent to a rustick pile, called the Convent, in which is,

A good painting, dug out of the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey. And,

An antient drawing of our Saviour,

From the convent, we next descended the other side of the hill, and then entered into an extensive wilderness, which led us to the summit of the brow, on which the tower is placed, approaching to it on a verdant carpet to the right, bounded by a grove of firs; and to the left by an expanse which seems to have no end. Alfred's Tower, as this building is called, is of a triangular

angular form, of modern date, and built in brick. The height perpendicularly is one hundred and fifty-five feet; and the number of steps to the top of it two hundred and twenty-one. Nothing can be conceived more striking than the prospects from every side of this structure, round one turret of which, for the benefit of the view, a gallery has been railed in the securest manner. Over the portal, on the outside, is this inscription:

“ Alfred the Great, A. D. 879, on this summit erected his
“ standard against Danish invaders, to him we owe the origin of
“ juries, and the creation of a naval force. Alfred, the light
“ of a benighted age, was a Philosopher and a Christian, the fa-
“ ther of his people, and the founder of the English Monarchy
“ and liberty.”

Leaving the tower, we continued along a meadow, till we came to the head of the river Stour, which has a little building placed around it, called Peter's Pump, carried thither from Bristol. This river gives the name of Stourton to the neighbouring village, as well as to a lordship of very old creation. From its source it winds in a gentle stream through a valley, which, from the spot where we saw it, gave it a most beautiful appearance. Still proceeding on our journey, we next entered upon a lawn, exquisitely green, and on either side bounded by a grove, which led us to an avenue on the brow of a hill; to the left formed by a regular range of trees, and to the right by clumps of holly. This avenue, when we came to the end of it, afforded us some delightful views. In the vale, the natural windings of the river are carefully embanked, and terminated by the temple
of

of Apollo ; and along the opposite hills, the nodding groves which we had already seen. From the avenue we again entered upon a continuance of the lawn, at the end of which is the obelisk, encircled by a range of elms ; and from thence through another avenue to the house, which though a good one, has far from the appearance of any thing magnificent or grand. The lawn, however, before it, together with the prospect, is most enchantingly fine and picturesque.

In the hall, on your first entrance, there is an

Animated painting of Carlo Moratti, represented in the act of drawing the likenesses of the Marquis Palvoginio, and esteemed the best of his works.

An Augustus and Cleopatra, by Minx.

A Henry IVth. of France, and Madame D'Etrés. He clad in armour, in the character of Mars, and she in that of Venus ; done in the school of Paul Veronese.

As also several good bustos.

And in the drawing room are

A highly finished landscape, by Mr. Bampffield.

A view of the middle of St. Peter's, by Paul Vanneni.

Two fine paintings, by Wotton.

And a marble representation of Bacchus, by Ryfbrack.

In the cabinet room,

A Grecian lady, by Angelica Kauffman.

The departure from Egypt, by Carlo Moratti.

The

The meeting of Jacob and Esau, by Roza de Tivoli.

A holy family, copied from Raphael.

A holy family, by Carlo Moratti.

A morning and evening, by Luccotelli.

A cabinet of Pope Sixtus V. heavy, and rich, though not elegant.

A holy family, from the school of Raphael.

An antique amber cabinet.

The marriage of St. Catherine, a most beautiful and highly coloured painting, by Barocci of Urbin.

“ And heavenly choirs

“ Their Hymenean sung,

“ Glory to God in the highest,

“ And on the earth peace,

“ Good will towards men.”

In the state bed chamber,

Noah sacrificing, on his descending from the Ark, by Imprioli.

Rachael and Laban, by the same master.

In the dressing room to that chamber,

A setting sun and a moon-light, by Verney.

A landscape, by Dominicini.

A night-piece, with a fire, by Rembrandt.

A landscape, by Gasper Poufin.

The temptation of St. Anthony, by Tennailly.

Our Saviour restoring the blind to sight, by Sebastian Ricci.

And

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 57

And 79 miniature pictures, many of them of English Monarchs, found in the cabinet of Pope Sixtus V.

In the library,

A fine marble bust, by Ryfbrach.

And a fine painting of Venus, Mars, and Cupid, from Corregio.

And in an adjoining bed-chamber,

A small picture of Gobelin tapestry.

And some copies from Raphael.

In the palm-tree room,

An exquisitely finished piece of Elisha, restoring the widow's son to life, by Rembrandt.

Penelope, by Angelica Kauffman.

David, with Goliath's head, by Mola.

The Triumphs of Bacchus and Ariadne, by Domini-
cini.

A view of Naples, its bay, and mount.

Vesuvius, by Peter Antonio.

A Bacchanalean subject, by Titian.

A Virgin and child, by Leonardo de Vinci.

St. John's head in a charger, by Carlo Dolci.

The rape of the Sabines, by Nicholas Pouffin.

And an exquisite painting of our Saviour, the Virgin,
and St. John, from Raphael.

In the saloon,

The judgment of Midas, between Pan and Apollo, by
Sebastian Bourdon.

H

The

The departure of Helen with Paris, from Guido.
 Dido upon her funeral pile, a copy from Giorgino.
 And Hercules and Minerva, from Paul Veronese.

And here ends the chapter ; not but that many other paintings are well worthy of observation. These however are the best, in my opinion, and therefore here, as every where else, you are not to expect an account of any others.

Pleased with the paintings, and satisfied altogether with the stile and furniture of the house, we next entered upon a verdant lawn, at the end of which is an avenue of high trees, which leads to a beautiful terrace in a circular form, from whence we had a view of the temple of Apollo.—From this place we proceeded up another avenue, leading directly to the obelisk, and thence descending, we suddenly opened a most enchanting prospect of a pavilion immediately beneath us, of the pantheon rising on the banks of the beautifully winding river, and of the thick groves which spread themselves behind it. Still descending, we next came to the pavilion, happily erected on a mound, from either side of which an embowered walk continues to the river ; along the banks of which, and at the foot of the pavilion-hill, we still proceeded till we advanced upon a bridge, formed of one arch, in wood, wonderfully light and easy of ascent. Leaving this bridge, we next entered into a shrubbery, which leading along the confines of the river, at length brought us to a most romantic grotto, in one apartment of which to the right are these lines :

“ Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,

“ And to the murmur of their waters sleep,

“ Oh !

“ Oh ! spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave,

“ And drink in silence, or in silence lave.”

POPE.

The figure of the nymph herself is elegantly formed, and the water tinkling round her, with the gloom and stillness of the place, has an effect that is melancholy and pleasing to the imagination. A river god is likewise placed in another apartment, with a wave translucent pouring from his urn. Quitting this grotto, which is in the truest stile of rural simplicity, we next ascended a flight of steps into the shrubbery, which leading us along the borders of the river, at length brought us to the pantheon, where we found collected in one view the choicest assemblage of beauties.—In the front, an elegantly formed piece of water, with a cavern of Neptune, a temple dedicated to Flora, and a deep wood ascending every way around it. On the left, the pavilion on the terrace; and to the right an ancient cross, in imitation of Egyptian granite; a handsome stone bridge; the temple of Apollo; the murmuring cascade, which in the beginning of our perambulation we had admired; and a profusion of groves properly diversified and adapted to their situations.

Leaving the pantheon, we next crossed the stone bridge, from whence we had a different view of many of the same objects, with the addition of the pantheon. Still proceeding, however, we next ascended the ruins of the old arch, which I formerly mentioned, and thence wandered to the Druid's cell or hermitage, formed with the roots and branches of old trees, and thence passing through a grove, arrived at the temple of Apollo, a small rotunda, situate on the declivity of a hill.

Leaving therefore this little edifice, dedicated to the god of poetry and of music, we next proceeded through a subterraneous passage to the temple of the goddess Flora, and soon after put an end to an excursion of about ten miles.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

July 1778.

HAVING thus conducted you through the enchanting beauties of Stourton Park, you must next bear me company to Longleath, a seat of lord Weymouth. Here we have a different scene. The approach to this castle through the park, with the shrubbery to the left, is grand, and the appearance of the structure itself is venerable and superb.

But the almost constant residence of this nobleman in London has prevented Longleath from receiving that degree of improvement, which he otherwise most certainly would have bestowed upon it. The paintings are in general tolerably good, especially a head of the unfortunate Jane Shore; this picture, indeed, is worthy of admiration, not so much for its execution or design, as for the beauty, humility, and resignation, which are divinely worked into the countenance.

In passing through the grounds of lord Weymouth, one is surprized at the vast capabilities which they possess. Very little is required: Nature has done her share, not indeed in the wildest, or in the grandest stile, but in such a way as will make Longleath beautiful if it is properly attended to. Trees indeed in
clumps

clumps are already planting, and in time it is probable the old canals, the most glaring vestiges of exploded taste, will be either turned into more natural forms or be entirely filled up.

From Longleath we took our departure for Warminster in Wilts, six miles from Frome. This town stands on the Deveril, near the source of the Willy-bourne, and had formerly certain privileges, which exempted it from tax or tribute. From Warminster we continued our route to a small village called Deptford, and thence to Stone-henge.

Stone-henge, about six miles from Salisbury, is reckoned one of the greatest wonders of this island. The learned have taken great pains about this remarkable piece of antiquity, which certainly fills the mind with a vast degree of astonishment. Antiquaries have been greatly divided in their opinions with regard to this famous structure : at present they seem to acquiesce in the opinion of Dr. Stukely, that it was one of the grand temples of the British druids. Stone-henge is situated near the summit of a hill, and consists of the remains of two circular and two oval ranges of rough stones having one common center. The outer circle is 108 feet in diameter, and in its perfection consisted of thirty upright stones, of which there are seventeen still standing and seven more lying upon the ground, either whole or in pieces. The upright stones are from eighteen to twenty feet high, from six to seven feet broad, and about three feet thick ; and, being placed at the distance of three feet and an half from one another, are joined at top by imposts, or stones laid

laid across, with tenons fitted to mortises in the uprights for keeping them in their due position. Of the imposts, or cross stones, there are six still standing, each of which is seven feet long, and about three feet and an half thick. The upright stones are wrought a little with a chissel, and something tapered towards the top; but the imposts are quite plain: all the uprights are fixed in a kind of sockets dug in a chalky soil, with small flints rammed in between the stone and the socket. The inner circle, which never had any imposts, is somewhat more than eight feet from the inside of the outward one, and consisted originally of forty stones, the general proportions of which are one half the dimensions of the uprights of the outer circle every way. Of the forty original stones which composed this circle, there are about 19 left, and of these only 11 standing. The walk between these circles is 300 feet in circumference; and from this walk the structure has a surprizing and awful appearance to the beholders. At the distance of about nine feet from the inner circle is the outward oval range, which is supposed to be the principal part of the work, and by most writers is called the Cell or Adytum. The stones that compose it are stupendous, some of them measuring 30 feet in height. This range consists of five compages, being formed of two uprights, with an impost at top like the outer circle; and of these compages three are entire, but somewhat decayed. The inner oval is composed of 20 stones, each about six feet high; and near the eastern extremity of this oval is a stone of coarse blue marble, about sixteen feet long and four feet broad, which lies flat upon the ground, is somewhat impressed into it, and is supposed to have been an altar. This work is inclosed by a ditch about 30 feet broad, and upwards of 100 feet from the outer circle. Over this trench there are three
entrances,

entrances, the most considerable of which faces the north-east. At each entrance on the outside of the trench there seems to have been two huge stones, set up in manner of a gate, and parallel to those on the inside two other stones of a smaller size. The whole number of stones of which this structure consisted is computed to be just 140.

About half a mile north of Stone-henge Dr. Stukeley observed a hippodrome, or horse-course, across a valley. It is included between two ditches running parallel east and west; they are 350 feet asunder: it is 100,000 feet long. The barrows round this monument are numerous and remarkable, being generally bell-fashion; yet is there great variety in their diameters and their manner of composition. These were single sepulchres, as appeared from many that were opened. About Stone-henge, likewise, there are a vast number of these barrows. The heads of oxen, deer, and other beasts have been dug up in and about the ruins, together with arches, wood, and other undoubted reliques of sacrifices. In such barrows as have been opened, skeletons or the remains of burnt bones have been found. In one of them was an urn containing ashes, the collar-bone, and one of the jaw-bones, which were still entire: it was judged that the person there buried must have been about fourteen years of age, and from some female trinkets, and the brass-head of a javelin, it was conjectured to be a girl who carried arms. The trinkets consisted of a great number of glass and amber beads of various shapes, sizes, and colours, together with a sharp bodkin, round at one end and square at the other. Many other barrows have been opened in which various articles have been found.

From

From this place we next continued our journey to Salisbury, a city which has risen out of the ruins of Old Sarum, distant 83 miles from London. It is a large, clean, well-built town, situated in a valley, and watered by the Upper Avon on the west and south, and by the Bourne on the east. The streets are generally spacious, and built at right angles. The cathedral, which was built in 1258, is, for a Gothic building, one of the most elegant and regular in the kingdom. It is in the form of a lanthorn, with a beautiful spire of free-stone in the middle, which is 400 feet high, being the tallest in England. The length of the church is 480 feet, the breadth 76 feet, and the height of the vaulting 84 feet. A remarkable story is told with respect to this church, which for its singularity deserves to be noticed. This was the custom of choral bishops. What gave rise to this institution was the discovery of a stone-monument representing a little boy, habited in episcopal robes, a mitre on his head, and a crozier in his hand. This, which was buried under the seats near the pulpit, was taken from thence and placed in the north part of the nave, where it now lies defended by iron cross-bars. Mr. Gregory, prebendary of Winterborne Earles, after a vast deal of trouble in searching old statutes and MSS. found that the children of the choir anciently elected a chorister bishop on St. Nicholas's-day; from that to Innocents-day he was dressed in pontifical robes; his fellows were prebends; and they performed every service, except the mass, which the real bishop, dean, and prebends usually did. They made processions, sung part of the mass; and so careful was the church that no interruption nor press should incommode them, that by a statute of Sarum it was pronounced

I

excom-

excommunication for any to do so. If the choral bishop, continues Gregory, died within the month, his exequies were solemnized with an answerable pomp and sadness : he was buried, as all other bishops, in his ornaments. At his feet is a monster, supposed to be a dragon, being part, perhaps, of his family-arms ; or, as others imagine it, refers to the words of the Psalmist : “ Thou shalt tread on the lion and on “ the dragon.”

Another remarkable anecdote, with respect to this church, is to be met with in the State Trials. In one of the windows, in which were some fine paintings, the six days work of the creation, in four different lights or partitions, were exquisitely represented : in several parts of it were figures of God the Father, portrayed in blue and red vests, like little old men, the head, feet, and hands naked ; in one place fixing a pair of compasses on the sun and moon ; in others were some blunders committed in point of chronology ; as the Godhead was figured creating the sun and moon on the third day, whereas it should be the fourth ; and the trees and herbs on the fourth day instead of the third ; the fowls on the third day instead of the fifth ; and the creation of man (from whose side the woman literally rises) on the fifth instead of the last ; and the rest of the seventh day was represented by God the Father in a deep sleep. The superstition of this piece raised the spleen of one Henry Sherfield, recorder of the city of Sarum, who irregularly and violently broke this window in a fit of enthusiasm ; for which he was summoned into and tried in the Star-chamber, 6th February 1632 ; was found guilty, and fined 500l. and

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 67

to make an acknowledgement of his offence before John lord bishop of this diocese, and such persons as he should think fit to have present. Salisbury, besides the cathedral, has many other public buildings. It is, however, situated too low. The soil is exceedingly moist, and the Avon runs through its streets in canals lined with brick.

LETTER VIII.

July 1778.

FROM Salisbury we next set out to visit the remnants of Old Sarum. This place stands at the distance of one mile north of the city of Salisbury, and was formerly the see of a bishop, who had a castle and a cathedral here; but king Stephen quarrelling with bishop Roger, seized the castle, and put a garrison into it, which was the first occasion of the ruin of this antient city; for not long after bishop Poor translated the episcopal seat to the valley below it, where the city of Salisbury now stands, and founded a cathedral there. Old Sarum is now reduced to the single remnant of a wall, and yet it sends two members to parliament, who are elected by the proprietors of certain adjacent lands. This town is as antient as the old Britons.

From Old Sarum we next proceeded to Wilton, the celebrated seat of the earl of Pembroke. Wilton is three miles distant from Salisbury. From whom I had derived my information, or how I came to be imposed upon, I know not; but I honestly confess, I had formed an idea of this place which scarcely can be exceeded by imagination. But how was I disappointed! a dirty road conducted us until we reached the fabric, substantial in appearance, but devoid of every principle of elegance or taste.

We

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 69

We however alit, and after the purchase of a catalogue, and the entrance of our names in the porter's book, proceeded to the investigation of this wonderful collection of antiquities.

In the court before the grand front of the house stands a column of white Egyptian marble out of the Arundel collection; the shaft weighs betwixt sixty and seventy hundred weight, of one piece; the height is thirteen feet and an half, and the diameter twenty-two inches. Julius Cæsar had set it up before the temple of Venus Genitrix. The statue of Venus standing on its top, lord Arundel valued much, as being the only one cast from a model made at Rome, proportionable to some parts remaining of the broken antique.

In the front of the house, on each side of the entrance, are two statues of black marble, out of the ruins of the palace of Egypt, in which the viceroys of Persia lived many years after Cambyfes had conquered Egypt, and returned to Persia.

In the porch (built by Hans Holbein) leading into the vestibule, is,

The busto of Hannibal.

In the vestibule,

The bustos of Theophrastus and Caligula.

Affinius Pollio, with an elegant turn of the neck, and strong expression of the muscles.

Julia, third wife of Augustus, of incomparable fine

Greek sculpture. And,

Cælius Caldus.

Here

Here are likewise two columns of the Pavonazzo or Peacock marble, both of them with holes in the capitals, which served for urns.

In the great hall,

The statue of Didia Clara; the drapery of her cloathing fine.

The statue of Antinous, the favourite of Hadrian, a beautiful youth.

The busto of Cleopatra, the sister of Alexander the Great, and the wife of Antipater.

A sarcophagus (or tomb) adorned in the front in alto-relievo.

Portia, the wife of Brutus, with an uncommon ornament, a medal of Brutus about her neck.

A small statue of Æsculapius.

The busto of Julia Mammæa, mother of Alexander Severus.

A small antique statue of Meleager, with vast expression of muscles.

A busto of Nero.

A sarcophagus, thought to be the tomb of Terence the poet.

A busto of Lucilla, the wife of Ælius, very fine sculpture.

The statue of Mercury, with his symbols, his petasies and purse.

A copy of the Venus of Medicis, by Wilton.

A copy of the Apollo of Belvidere, by the same hand.

Placed upon a sarcophagus, the figures of Hercules, and his

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 71

his friend Pæan, greatly admired for the expression of the muscles.

The statue of Livia, wife of Augustus.

An alto-relievo, two Cupids; one looks angry at the other, whose bow he has broke, which makes the other whimper.

An alto-relievo, the ornament of a pedestal belonging to a victor.

An alto-relievo, Saturn, a small one, but of most beautiful work.

Alto-relievos. Britannicus, and Britannicus's Junia, both of Egyptian jasper, on a ground of the antient green marble.

A basso-relievo, an old Greek Mosaic tessellated work.

This is very singular, and it is doubted whether there is any other relievo in Mosaic work.

The head of Remitalces, king of Thracia, as big as the life, in porphyry.

An alto-relievo, the story of Clælia.

An alto-relievo, Silenus drunk.

An alto-relievo, Galatea riding on the sea in a shell.

A very antient consular chair, called Sella Curulis.

At the bottom of the brown stair-case,

A coloss statue of Hercules; a tomb discovered by some travellers near Athens, and presented to cardinal Richlieu, all of white marble, and reckoned a great curiosity.

Standing upon the tomb, a coloss bust of Alexander the Great.

A small

A small tomb, supposed for children.

Saturn, with a child, smiling, in his hands.

The statue of Jupiter Ammon.

The statue of Bacchus, and a shepherd playing on the flute, admired for the action of his fingers.

Passage to the old billiard room,

The statue of Marcus Antonius the orator, very much admired.

The father of Julius Cæsar when governor of Egypt.

And a statue of Bacchus, of very fine antient sculpture.

The old billiard room,

A table of petrified shells, used by the antients in sacrifices; upon which is a picture of Cecrops and his wife, in memory of instituting marriage.

The statue of Pomona, sitting.

A square urn of the emperor Probus and his sister Claudia.

The statue of Andromeda chained to the rock.

The busto of Didia Clara.

An equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, made at Athens, and highly esteemed.

A fine Greek statue of a river, represented by a beautiful Naiad recumbent.

The busto of Semiramis.

A statue of Ceres. The statue of Adonis.

The busto of Marcus Junius Brutus, of the best sculpture.

The

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 73

The busto of Griphirra, daughter of Ptolemy Evergetes.

A picture in the same room.

Lady Rockingham, by Sir Peter Lely.

In the white marble table room,

The statue of Isis, of Thebean stone, heavier and harder than marble, and very antient.

The bustos of Hesiod and Phædra.

A white marble table, ten feet and eight inches long, four feet and six inches wide, four inches thick ; and on it a dying gladiator, by Verepiri.

New dining room. Pictures.

A nativity, by Triga.

A fruit-piece, by Michael Angelo Carravaggio.

A boy gathering fruit, by Michael Angelo.

Pacci di Campi Doglio.

An old woman reading, by Rembrandt.

A landscape, by Vernet.

Two whole lengths of Francis II. and Charles IX. of France, by Fred. Zuchero.

A carpet and boar's head, by Maltese.

Christ in the Virgin's arms, by Carlo Moratti.

Over the glasses,

The bustos of Curius Dentatus and Otho. And

Over the chimney-piece,

The bustos of Lord Verulam and Sir Isaac Newton.

Between the windows,

Two red Egyptian granate tables, four feet eleven inches long and three feet seven inches wide each.

In the chapel room,

A small statue of Apollo.

The bustos of Titus Livius, of Seneca, of Socrates, of Plato, Homer, Aristotle, Anacreon, Martin Folkes, Esq. and Sir Andrew Fountaine; the two last by Roubiliac.

Pictures in this room.

Buildings perspective, and figures, by Sabas and Marco Ricci.

Venus leading Cupid and the Graces to see Vulcan and others forging arrows heads for Cupid, by Alexander Turco, Veneroffe.

A drawing of St. Andrew going to the cross, by Guido Rheni.

Leo the Xth. by Raphael.

Vandyke's picture, by himself.

The bustos of Libertas, Domitian, and of Sulpitia the poetess.

In the hunting room,

The bustos of Antonia, Berenice the mother of Alexander Severus, Titus, Faunus, Jupiter, Sappho, and Tullia.

The statues of Fauns, of Cupid when a man, breaking his bow after he had married Psyche.

A table of antique oriental alabaster, of one solid piece,
and of great value.

In the cube room,
The bustos of Massinissa, and of Trajan, in Parian
marble.
Of Metellus, and of Marcellus the Younger.
On a table of jasper agate, which is highly beautiful,
is a statue of Diana of Ephesus.
An alto-relievo of Pyrrhus the son of Achilles, in
porphyry, and greatly admired. And,
A busto of Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, with a noble air.

Pictures in this room,
Mrs. Killigrew and Mrs. Morton, celebrated beauties,
by Vandyke.
Henry earl of Pembroke, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.
Our Saviour and the woman of Samaria, by Guiseppe
Chiari. And,
Dedalus and Icarus, in the cieling, by Guiseppe Ar-
pino.

In this room is likewise
A table inlaid with specimens of one hundred and thirty-
five different sorts of antique agates and marbles.

Pictures, bustos, and tables in the great room,
The celebrated family picture, by Vandyke.
A half length of Charles I. and of three of his children,
by the same master.

A red Egyptian granate table, four feet nine inches long, and one foot ten inches wide; on it a nuptial vase, representing the whole ceremony of a Greek wedding.

A lapis lazuli table; on it a Roman urn.

The bustos of Marcus Brutus, of the best Greek sculpture.

Of Caius Cæsar, on green antique marble.

Of Lucius Cæsar, on an agate table.

Of Julius Cæsar, in oriental alabaster.

Of Antinous, of Horace, in porphyry.

Of Marcus Aurelius, of Antoninus Pius. And

Of Cicero, on touchstone, with the cicer or vetch on his face.

The following bustos are all of white marble, placed on jasper, and antique marble.

Cassandra, daughter of Priam.

Ammonius, Augustus.

Prusias, king of Bythia.

Scipio Asiaticus, Caracalla, and Vitellius.

In the lobby, pictures and bustos.

The decollation of St. John.

Variety of fruits, by Michael Angelo.

Neptune and Amphytrite, by Lucca Giardano.

A nativity, by Taddeo and Fred. Zuchero.

Two pictures composed of different sorts of marble, called Pietra Comeffa.

Ceres, by Parmegiano And

A Flemish

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 77

A Flemish school by Gonfales.

The bustos of Marcus Modicas, the only one known
with an epitaph on it.

Of Appolonius Tyanæ. And of Mago, the famous
Carthaginian.

The collonade room,

A Madona, by Carlo Dolce.

St. Sebastian shot with arrows, by Scarcelina di Fer-
rara.

A harvest home, by Rubens.

Christ taken from the cross, by Albert Durer.

Midas's judgment, by Philipo Lauro.

A nativity, by Theodora.

A Magdalen, by Elizabetha, daughter of Sirani.

A drawing of Raphael.

A drawing by Corregio.

The four seasons, by Murillo.

A seraglio, by Otto Veni.

The half length of a gentleman, supposed to be Prince
Rupert, by Vandyke.

The busto of Drusilla.

The busto of Horace, the consular of Commodus, and
of Polemon.

On a table, the produce of Mount Edgecumbe.

Morpheus, the god of sleep, in black touchstone.

In the corner room,

Saint Dominico, by Corregio.

The head of Mieris, by himself.

Bacchus,

A red Egyptian granate table, four feet nine inches long, and one foot ten inches wide; on it a nuptial vase, representing the whole ceremony of a Greek wedding.

A lapis lazuli table; on it a Roman urn.

The bustos of Marcus Brutus, of the best Greek sculpture.

Of Caius Cæsar, on green antique marble.

Of Lucius Cæsar, on an agate table.

Of Julius Cæsar, in oriental alabaster.

Of Antinous, of Horace, in porphyry.

Of Marcus Aurelius, of Antoninus Pius. And

Of Cicero, on touchstone, with the cicer or vetch on his face.

The following bustos are all of white marble, placed on jasper, and antique marble.

Cassandra, daughter of Priam.

Ammonius, Augustus.

Prusias, king of Bythia.

Scipio Asiaticus, Caracalla, and Vitellius.

In the lobby, pictures and bustos.

The decollation of St. John.

Variety of fruits, by Michael Angelo.

Neptune and Amphytrite, by Lucca Giardano.

A nativity, by Taddeo and Fred. Zuchero.

Two pictures composed of different sorts of marble, called Pietra Comeffa.

Ceres, by Parmegiano And

A Flemish

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 77

A Flemish school by Gonfales.

The bustos of Marcus Modicas, the only one known
with an epitaph on it.

Of Appolonius Tyanæ. And of Mago, the famous
Carthaginian.

The collonade room,

A Madona, by Carlo Dolce.

St. Sebastion shot with arrows, by Scarcelina di Fer-
rara.

A harvest home, by Rubens.

Christ taken from the cross, by Albert Durer.

Midas's judgment, by Philipo Lauro.

A nativity, by Theodora.

A Magdalen, by Elizabetha, daughter of Sirani.

A drawing of Raphael.

A drawing by Corregio.

The four seasons, by Murillo.

A seraglio, by Otto Veni.

The half length of a gentleman, supposed to be Prince
Rupert, by Vandyke.

The busto of Drufilla.

The busto of Horace, the consular of Commodus, and
of Polemon.

On a table, the produce of Mount Edgecumbe.

Morpheus, the god of sleep, in black touchstone.

In the corner room,

Saint Dominico, by Corregio.

The head of Mieris, by himself.

Bacchus,

Bacchus, with a bowl in his left hand, by Polidore Caravaggio.

A whole length of Democritus laughing, by Spagnolette.

Narcissus seeing himself in the water, by Poussin.

An assumption of the Virgin, by Rubens.

A Madona, very fine, by Carlo Moratti.

A piper, by Georgione.

Four children representing our Saviour.

An angel, St. John, and a little girl, by Rubens.

Mars and Venus, by Vander Warf.

Christ lying on straw in the manger, by Vandyke.

The three kings offerings, by Paul Veronese.

The Virgin and Joseph teaching the child to read, by Romanelli.

A landscape, by Claude Lorraine.

A nativity on copper, by Rubens.

A half length of Titian, by himself.

The conversion of St. Paul, by Lucca Giordano.

The bustos of Pertinax and of Solon.

In the closet adjoining,

The soldiers dividing Christ's garments, by Annibal Caracci.

The Virgin, exceedingly fine, by Carlo Dolci.

Two boys playing with a bird, by Poussin.

St. Jerom, by Guilio Cambi Veronese.

A young woman holding a bundle of schalken.

Our Saviour, about two years old, by Paolo Mathei.

An old man, felling sweet-meats, by Fran. Halls.

On

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 79

On the chimney-piece,

Two young faces in bronze.

Abraham's steward putting on the bracelet on Rebecca's
arm at the well, by Pietro Bambini.

Eight small bustos upon gilded mark truffles.

In the windows of the geometrical staircase are

An antique mask, a bifrons of Janus, which was in
the temple of Janus at Rome, and a curious fossil.

Beneath

The urn of Horace, with some good figures on it in
basso-relievo, and a statue of Shakespeare, by Schee-
makers.

In the stone hall,

An alto-relievo of two figures, representing painting
and sculpture.

An alto-relievo of a priestess carrying a sheep to sacri-
fice.

The statue of Apollo, of the finest Greek sculpture.

The busto of Cato Major.

The statue of Pandora.

The statue of Sabina, wife of Hadrian, fine drapery.

The front of Meleager's tomb cut off from the rest, of
fine Greek marble.

Cleopatra, with the asp, in a covered vase.

A very high alto-relievo of Marcus Aurelius and Fau-
stina, as large as life.

A far-

A sarcophagus, and on it the head of Sesostris, in red Egyptian granite, found amongst the pyramids.

Besides which there is

A fine black marble table eleven feet nine inches long, four feet two inches wide, and two inches thick.

In the new billiard room,

A statue of Manilella Scantilia, wife of Didius. And

In the bugle room,

The bustos of Lucius, Vitellus Pater, Galba, Olympias, and Collatinus.

And here we finished.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

July 1778.

WEARIED not a little with the survey of these curiosities, many of which are exquisitely beautiful, we at length dragged ourselves into the gardens, in the hopes that more rural subjects would dispel that heaviness which a close investigation of every bust and picture had unavoidably impressed us with ; and there, having refreshed ourselves, we proceeded on to Longford, the seat of Lord Radnor. Here, indeed, we were highly delighted. The park and grounds, on entrance, carried the comfortable appearance of neatness and attention. All was in order ; nor was the house behind hand in this perfection. Never was furniture more happily disposed, or so much elegance and simplicity combined. Unfortunately, however, the house is situated too low, and the ground too flat, to admit of a variety of improvement. Altogether, however, it is undoubtedly a charming place. In the breakfast room are the following paintings, all fine, as are indeed all the pictures in this house :

A Titian's head, by himself.

The painter's son (a pentimento discernible) by Rubens.

Peter de Jodes family, by Vandyke.

A boys and a girls school, by Francesco Scippio. And Naomi urging Ruth to return, by Bartolemeo Murillio.

L

In

In the lobby next the gallery,

A martyrdom, by Philipo Lawri.

Groupes of boys and girls, in chiaro ofcura, by Vandyke.

A Noli me Tangere, and a Christ with the woman of Samaria, by Placido Constanzi.

A Madona, by Saltina Ferato.

Nathan saying unto David, "Thou art the man," by Rembrandt.

Two scripture pieces, by Romanelli.

A Pieta, by Sebastian Bourdon.

St. Jerome at his devotions, by Guido.

Three holy families.

Samuel anointing David, by Vandyke. And

Socrates with the bowl of poison, by Spagnolette.

In the picture gallery,

The landing of Æneas, by Claude le Lorain.

St. Sebastian suffering martyrdom, by Sebastiano de Piambolo.

A Madona reading, by Carlo Maratti.

The passage of the Red Sea, by Nicholas Poussin.

Jupiter and Europa, by Romanelli.

Ægidius, celebrated by Erasmus, by Hans Holbein.

A Magdalen, by Guido Rheni.

Erasmus, by Hans Holbein.

Joseph admonished in a dream to fly into Egypt, by Pietro de Cortona.

A setting sun, Claude le Lorain.

An Ecce homo, by Carlo Dolci. And

A beautiful chimney-piece, in marble, by Ryfbrach.

In

In the velvet withdrawing-room,
The Virgin, Child, and St. John, by Ludovico Caracci.

In a bed-chamber,
King William III.

In a circular room, hung with beautiful tapestry,
A small sleeping Venus, in marble, by Rysbrach. And
A beautiful chimney-piece of white marble, by Moore.

In short, take Longford altogether, and it cannot but be admired by every person who has the good fortune to visit it, either for curiosity or amusement. Rumsey, which was the next place we proceeded to after we left Longford, is situated on the river Test, which pours itself into Southampton-bay, and is 78 miles from London.

Adjoining to this place is Broadland, a seat of Lord Palmerston's. The entrance into this nobleman's grounds is immediately from the high road. The park is flat and extensive, planted at irregular and proper distances with clumps of trees, which, in a few years, will give it a much more cultivated appearance than it has at present. The house, as well as the improvements, are from designs of the ingenious Mr. Browne.

In the parlour is
A fine figure of Venus in marble.
An elegant marble chimney-piece with three urns of
beautiful white marble on it.

Endymeon reclining, and Cupid recumbent, both marble, exquisitely finished and very old.

In the drawing-room,

Morning and evening, by Claude le Lorain.

A strolling musician, and some Flemings at cards, by Lenan.

A landscape, by Pouffin.

Briseius forced from Achilles, by Mr. Hamilton at Rome.

A landscape, by Pouffin.

A landscape, by Swanaret.

The children in the wood, by Reynolds.

A landscape, by Salvator Roza.

The iron foundery at Derby, by Mr. Wright.

The Prodigal's return, by Guerino. And

A landscape, by Burgain.

Highly, however, as these pictures are executed, there is an elegant simplicity in the furniture, which affords not a less degree of satisfaction to those who are not Amateurs of painting. All was neatness and unpretending beauty; nor were little matters less attended to, than those which might be supposed to fall more immediately under observation. Of these was the dairy, placed at the end of a shady walk on the banks of a little rivulet, whose sides were covered with the drooping willow, and whose appearance altogether modestly proclaimed the attention of its owner; the apartments rurally fitted up, and the whole ornamented with little bustos and statues of exquisite workmanship. The Test too, winding along the park, and affording a scope for a most pleasant walk.

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 85

From Broadland we continued our route to Southampton, situated in Hampshire, between the rivers Test and Itching, at the distance of 78 miles from London. Southampton is, at present, surrounded by a wall built of hard stone, resembling those little white shells, like honeycombs, which grow on the back of oysters. The principal street is one of the broadest in England, and near three quarters of a mile long, well paved on each side, and ending in a commodious quay. Upon the whole, Southampton seems a pleasant, healthy village; and the country around well cultivated, some gentlemen's seats being immediately in its neighbourhood. It is, likewise, much resorted to in Summer for the benefit of sea bathing. From Southampton we made an excursion into the new forest, and visited the villa of Mr. Stanley. This place we were much disappointed with; the house is poor, and the furniture not of an unsuitable complexion. The grounds, however, are good, and seemingly well adapted to a much more elegant mansion.

The next place we came to was the antient city of Winchester, the capital of the Belgian Britons, and, after the decline of the Roman empire, the chief residence of the west Saxon kings, as well as that of the English monarchs, after the dissolution of the Heptarchy. During the wars between Charles I. and his parliament, this city suffered considerably from depredations made on the antient monuments by the soldiers, who considered them as reliques of idolatry; but it recovered again at the Restoration, the king and his courtiers often making journies thither, and spending some time in the place. The bishopric of Winchester is one of the richest in England, if not in Europe. The cathedral is old and large, but no wise beautiful; and is famous
for

for being the burying place of the west Saxon kings, and for having the remains of William Rufus interred near the high altar. On the south side of this city, William of Wickham founded and endowed one of the noblest colleges for grammar learning that was ever established by any subject in Europe. Winchester is pleasantly situated in a vale on the banks of the river Itching; and the plains and downs, with the small rivulets in the valley, make it of estimation in the minds of those who are fond of an extended prospect.

At this place, however, like other vagrants, we found the stern inconveniences of justice. The assizes were near at hand, and the judges expected; so that it was morally impossible to get an inn, or tavern, in the town to accommodate us for a night. Driven by necessity, therefore, we were compelled to prosecute our journey with more than half-foundered horses to Abresford, situated on the river Itching, and near one of the Roman highways, part of which remains; but here, as at Winchester, ill fortune attended us; no beds were to be had; lawyers snored in every apartment of the house; so that we were once again obliged to content ourselves with our carriages, and, at that uncomfortable hour of the night, to continue our route to Alton, a neat market town on the road from London to Winchester, where, as good luck would have it, we met with admittance, and tolerable accommodation.

Leaving Alton the next day at noon, we paid a visit to the Duke of Bolton's seat at Hackwood. The park at this place is extensive, and filled with groves of fine old oak, through which are many pleasant shady walks. The house itself is indifferent, although the back-front is not inelegant.

From

From Hackwood we next proceeded to Basingstoke, a town pleasantly situated on rich, fertile ground, and formerly in the middle of agreeable woods. From thence our journey continued to Overton, a small town, distant from Basingstoke eight miles. Adjoining to Overton, we stopped to observe a silk manufactory carrying on at that place by Mr. Stratwell. Nothing in the whole progress of our tour afforded us near the satisfaction that this manufactory did. The first process was carried on by children of six and eight years of age, and consisted entirely in winding from the skein upon the bobbin; the second, was the putting the threads together to be twisted, by others of a somewhat more advanced age and by women; the third, in twisting four threads together by a tram-mill; and the fourth and fifth, in sorting and making it up ready for the weaver. The mechanical part of the work was certainly curious, and worthy observation; but the little creatures, who so innocently, and yet so advantageously, were employed for themselves and their families, were the parts which rivetted our attention. They amounted in all to about 140; independent of which, Mr. Stratwell, who originally projected this manufactory from a benevolent desire of employing so many unprotected beings, and of saving them perhaps from infamy and want, constantly maintains, in an adjoining building, another little groupe of about fifty: these, likewise, he protects from their infant state. Women he appoints to take care of them; and they are fed and clothed, at his expence, until they are capable of work, when they are entered at the looms, and receive a regular stipend for their daily labor. Delighted at this unusual, but sensible exertion of charity, we begged the permission of the people to let us see the children. We were accordingly admitted into a room, where

we observed a party of them gathered round their old mistress, decently dressed, with health and cheerfulness speaking in their countenances. The sight was affecting—we could not refrain from expressing it; and we thereby gained the blessings of the venerable matron. “God bless you!” says she, “they are poor, it is true, but still they are lovely little innocents. God protects them; and sure I am, he will reward their generous benefactor with peace and happiness hereafter!” Happy man! thought I, the feelings of thy own heart must afford thee ample recompence in this life; and, in that to come, blessings attend thee and all thy generation! Amen, intuitively whispered my companions. So on we went till we arrived at Whitchurch, an antient borough pleasantly situated on the skirts of the forest of Chute, 58 miles from London.

From hence, still continuing our route through Andover, Luggershall, and Everley, we at length reached the Devizes, where we remained one night, that we might have the whole morning for observing the choice collection of paintings of Mr. Methuen at Corsham. To Corsham we accordingly repaired the next morning, where we were highly delighted with the following performances of some of the best masters:

In the parlour,

A Saint Sebastian, by Guido.

Two landscapes, by Nicholas Poussin.

Two fruit pieces, by Michael Angelo.

An old man's head, by Rubens.

A tinker at breakfast, by John Baptisto Wenix. And

A Susanna and the elders, by Giozeppe Chiari.

In

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 89

In a withdrawing-room,

A head, by Guido ; and a slave, by Cotti.

In a bed-room,

A most exquisitely finished fruit-piece ; the curtain and
carpet, by Malteze ; and the fruit, by Michael Angelo.
And Henry II. on his pilgrimage, by Chiaroferri.

In the withdrawing-room,

The dawning of the morn, by Claude le Lorain.

A virgin and child, by Carlo Cignani.

Hernando Cortez, by Titian.

The nativity, by Pascolini.

A man's head, by Correggio.

Two flower-pieces, by Verelst.

A St. Sebastian, by Tilippe Lauri.

Our Saviour taken from the cross, by Rubens.

A head, by Carlo Vinci.

Our Saviour and Nicodemus, by Guercino.

Our Saviour and the woman of Samaria, by the same
master. And

A Virgin, Child, and Saints, on wood, by Parmigiano.

In the long-room,

David and Abigail, by Sir Peter Paul Rubens.

The Temple of Bacchus, and setting sun, by Claude
le Lorain.

The ordination of St. Denis, patron of France, by St.
Clement the Pope, by Eustache le Sueur.

M

Women

Women at work by candlelight, by Jacomo Baffon.
 Charity and her three children, by Vandyke.
 Tobias and the Angel, by Michael Angelo.
 Our Saviour betrayed, by Vandyke.
 Venus dressing, by Paul Veronese.
 Vulcan at his forge, by the blacksmith of Antwerp.
 The marriage of St. Catherine, by Guercino.
 A consultation, and a mathematician, by Spagnoletta.
 A hunting-piece, by Rubens and Snider.
 The baptism of our Saviour, by Guido, most animated.
 A dead Christ, by Annibal Caraccio.
 The murder of the innocents, by Vandyke.
 David with Goliath's head, by Leonello Spado.
 Our Saviour at supper at the Pharisees house, by Carlo
 Dolce.
 A Turk's head, by Rembrandt. And
 A beautiful chimney-piece, in marble, by Skimmicar.

Exclusive of the pictures, there is nothing to be seen at Cor-
 sham. The house is a good one, though neither grand nor ele-
 gant; and the grounds, though they may be pleasant, are nei-
 ther sufficiently extensive nor improved to merit the observation
 of a traveller. Quitting Corsham, therefore, we next proceeded
 to Bath, where we rested ourselves a few days.

LETTER

L E T T E R X.

July 1778.

AT Bath, having concluded our journey into Somersetshire, we next proceeded to Bristol, where we resolved upon remaining some time for the benefit of the waters. Bristol, 115 miles from London, is the second city in the British dominions for trade, wealth, and the number of inhabitants. Though it lies in the two counties of Somerset and Gloucestershire; yet before it was made a county of itself, which was in the reign of Edward III. it was by the parliament-rolls reckoned in Somersetshire. Bristol does not make any great figure in history before the Norman conquest, only we are told that one Harding, a natural son of the king of Denmark, was governor of Brightstow, in the reign of Edward the Confessor; and it was from this place that Harold failed in 1063, when he went to suppress the Welsh, who made several inroads, and committed dreadful ravages on the borders. The river Avon runs through the city.

When we consider Bristol as a place of trade and riches we are greatly surprized to find the houses so meanly built, and the streets so narrow, dirty, and ill-paved. This is in some measure owing to an ill-judged parsimony; for the houses being mostly built in the same manner as those in London before the fire 1666, with the upper stories projecting in the streets, are patched up

and repaired from time to time.—But this is a very impolitic measure; for besides the expences attending the different repairs, and the low price of the rents, were a fire to happen in Bristol it would be attended with as dreadful consequences, in proportion to the number of inhabitants, as it was in London. Their method used in carrying goods through the city, although suited to the inconveniencies of the place, is the most clumsy that can be thought of; for instead of carts, which they alledge would break down the pavement over the cellars, they use sledges or sleds, which rubbing continually against the pavement renders it smooth, and in frosty weather slippery and dangerous. Another instance of their unaccountable prejudice is with respect to their Exchange, which the merchants will not transact their business in, although an act to build it was procured with much labour and expence, and although by their meeting in the open street they are constantly exposed to the inclemency of the weather. The whole expence of this building, erected at the public cost, and in fact of no benefit whatsoever, amounted to 50,000 l. The public nuisance of their glass-houses is likewise another instance of their intolerable obstinacy: the city, from the continual smoke arising from them, being constantly darkened and in dirt, while the inhabitants are almost suffocated with noxious effluvia. Bristol suffered considerably from an earthquake in 1574.

On the north of the Avon, and issuing from St. Vincent's Rock, is the celebrated spring of mineral water. The properties of this water are very different from those of Bath. They are generally supposed to possess a cooling and a healing quality, to strengthen the stomach, promote an appetite, and assist digestion.

gestion. They are not, however, recommended in all cases, neither are they to be played with, any more than the more violent mineral waters that are to be met with in this kingdom. On a rising ground on the back of the wells is the beautiful village of Clifton, where there are lodgings provided for the reception of company, and where we took up our abode. The prospect from this hill is romantic and delightful to a degree, inasmuch that from the purity of its air and its situation, it has frequently been called the Montpellier of England. Clifton has at all times the preference of any place of residence in or about Bristol; for it not only is convenient for the wells; but it is so happily situated with respect to Durdham Downs, that, without hill or trouble, valetudinarians are in a few minutes conveyed to them, and thereby enjoy an advantage equal, if not superior in effect, to that of the waters. Indeed this the physicians themselves acknowledge; for as one of them said to me, "It is of no consequence whether the benefit accruing to invalids proceeds from the water or from the downs, they both of them are undoubtedly great restoratives; and it is more than probable, that the downs may be entitled to the merit of a moiety of the cure at least." This being the case, therefore, the downs are constantly crowded with people of every denomination. The sick drive thither for health, and the unailing for amusement.

At the extremity of Durdham Downs is a preposterous building of a gentleman called Cook, and properly denominated his folly. It seems to have been erected in the extravagance of caprice. Its form is that of a tower, and its use nothing but as a monument of the imbecility of human nature. From

Durdham Downs a very pleasant road leads directly to King's Weston Downs, which command a fine prospect over the Severn, and have adjoining to them Blaze Castle, and a seat of lord Clifford. Blaze Castle has nothing remarkable about it, save a similar, though in some respects rather a better view than that from the downs. Lord Clifford's, however, has many advantages. The grounds are well swelled in lawn, and the trees, excepting here and there, are not inelegantly planted. The house itself is indifferent; and, like every one of Vanbrugh's, heavy. In it are the following pictures:

In the hall,

Many of the Southwell family, and their friends, particularly one of Dr. Harvey, who first discovered the circulation of the blood.

In lord Clifford's dressing-room,

A whole length, by Sir Peter Lely.

Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex, by Hans Holbein.

An old man's head and its companion, by masters unknown.

Charles II. by Sir Peter Leley. And

Lewis Watfon, earl of Rockingham, by Sir Peter Lely.

In the drawing-room,

Joseph and our Saviour, by Guido.

St. Cecilia, by Dominicini.

St. John, by Raphael.

Susanna and the elders, by Sir Peter Paul Rubens.

St. Jerom, by Aug. Caracci.

St. John,

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 95

St. John, by Giorgione—A head, by Titian.
Two painters, by Baracci. And
The portrait of an old prelate, by a hand unknown.

In the antichamber,
A hermit, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. And
An old pilgrim, by Seman.

In the dining-room,
Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex, by Sir Godfrey Kneller.
And Lady Elizabeth Cromwell, by the same master.

In the lady Clifford's dressing-room,
Two hermits, by Pollinberg.
Evening and morning, by Claude le Lorain.
Our Saviour entombed, by Michael Angelo. And
Our Saviour and the shepherds, by Lucca Giordano.

Besides these there is nothing else worth attending to at lord Clifford's, but the prospect down and across the Severn into Wales, which is rich and picturesque.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

July 1778.

HAVING, as I have already told you, visited all such places in the neighbourhood of Clifton as were worthy of observation, we next proceeded down the Avon from the Hot-wells at Bristol to King's Road at the entrance of that river from the Severn. Nothing can be conceived more highly romantic, than some of the views from the winding of the Avon. At one moment stupendous rocks seem tottering o'er your head, at another a wild valley opens to your view. Sometimes the eye becomes charmed with a highly cultivated country; and at others delighted with shipping and the appearances of traffic and industry. On our arrival, however, at King Road, we found ourselves too late to save our tide to Wales, and were therefore under the necessity of dropping with the stream to a small neck of land in Somersetshire, where in the hospitable bosom of a cavern, and in charming spirits, we regaled ourselves till the tide of flood told us it was time to prosecute our voyage; hurrying, therefore, into the boat with all the expedition that a rocky shore, over which we were obliged to clamber, would admit of, we cheerily plied the oars, and in the space of about four hours reached Chepstow in South Wales.

Chepstow, 133 miles from London, is situated near the mouth of the Wye, over which it has a bridge, and was formerly a place

place of great note. Part of the walls and castle still remain, the latter in tolerable good repair. The name is of Saxon original, and denotes it to have been a town of trade and commerce. The Old Venta Silurum is about four miles from it, and some affirm it rose out of the ruins of that ancient city. It is the port for all the towns that stand on the rivers Wye and Lug; ships of good burthen may come up to it, and the tide flows here in a violent manner, rising commonly six fathom or six fathom and an half at the bridge. As half of it is in Gloucestershire, and the other half in Monmouthshire, it is maintained at the expence of both counties. A beautiful Roman pavement was discovered here in 1689. Chepstow, if ever it was a populous and beautiful town, has now very little the remains of either; the houses are poor and dirty, the streets narrow, and the Inns so wretchedly bad, that travellers would do right to continue there no longer than merely to procure a change of horses.

Two miles distant from Chepstow is Piercefield, the seat of Mr. Morris. On the entrance of this gentleman's ground, the eye is hurt by a long strait walk, which has neither clumps of trees nor avenues to confine or variegate the scene. The house too is but indifferent, and so whimsically placed, as not to admit of a determination with respect to its front until it is examined nearly. The lawn, however, which reaches towards the river, is beautiful, and so carefully swelled and planted as to afford a most delightful field of pasture. On one side of this lawn, and to the back of the house, is the shrubbery, at the entrance of which you have a fine view of the old castle of Chepstow. Here, however, you get involved in the serpentine windings of

N

the

the wood, and continue so until you come to a grotto in an artificial hill, from whence you have a most romantic view of Land-caught Clift, the rivers Severn and the Wye. Still proceeding in the shrubbery you next ascend a small eminence, which opens an enchanting prospect of the town of Land-caught. This town, or rather village, as it consists but of a few cottages, is famous for producing the fine Stire cyder, and for forming a whole parish by two farms. Next you come to a spot which affords a wild and most extensive view. On the one side Land-caught village, with a beautiful ascent from the river Wye, rearing its little head with the cliff of the same name, serving as the back ground to the picture. On the other Chepstow, with its ivy-mantled towers, the lordly Severn receiving its tributary rivulets, and the distant but fertile regions of Gloucester and of Somersetshire. Still continuing in the shrubbery, which by the way has too much regularity and sameness to be pleasing, you at length come to a cave excavated in a rock, from the mouth of which the report of a gun, or any other violent percussion of the air, is heard to reverberate around the neighbouring hills and cliffs, and thereby to form a continued echo, until at length it gradually loses itself in the distant woods. I will not pretend to determine how far this shrubbery may answer the expectations of other visitants—as for my part, I must confess, I was disappointed. If extent alone, with a number of trees, can render a place worthy of admiration, it certainly possesses those advantages, with the additional ones of good prospects here and there. Nature has indisputably thrown together all those points, which, taken either separate or together, form pleasing views : and yet the whole has such a sameness that the imagination wearied, as well as the sight, pants for
for

for a scene more variegated and enlivened. Most people are pleased with the effect of wood and water properly diversified, and they are certainly warranted by the true criterion of taste ; a plain meadow, however, has to me beauties, which I have never been able to discover in the finest artificial improvements that I have seen. And never did this unfashionable predilection so feelingly impress itself as on our quitting the shrubbery and entering an extensive field ready for the scythe, and wildly interspersed with trees. This meadow adjoining to the shrubbery extends itself to the high road, and from the top of it, where a turret has happily been erected, yields one of the finest prospects discernible from Piercefield. From the meadow you again enter into a small shrubbery, which leads you to a spot railed in, called from its frightful eminence the Lover's Leap ; the perpendicular height of which, and perpendicular it may justly be styled, is computed at 300 feet. At the bottom is a beautiful wood, spreading itself along the sides of the adjacent hills, with the Wye washing its banks in an elegantly formed curvature.

After viewing Piercefield we returned to Chepstow, where we diverted ourselves till supper with walking about, and in company with a mob of all denominations in admiring some active feats of a rope-dancer in the market-place. The accommodations in this town, as I have already observed, are very indifferent. We were, however, obliged to take up our abode there for that night ; but early the next morning, mounting our carriages, we set out for the abbey of Tintern, a most beautiful ruin, situated in the bottom of a vale, about six miles from Chepstow. Never did the eye behold a more venerable object than this abbey presents on the entrance of the great door. The ruthless hand

of Time has effectually dismantled it of such decaying materials as originally composed a part of its beauty and its strength. Nothing remains now but the walls, some of the arches, and the stone casements of the windows: but yet such is the charming simplicity of the whole, spread with a verdant turf, while festoons of ever-green tendrils, climbing through the interstices of the Gothic pillars, throw an awful solemnity round its head, that I easily could conceive the fervor of enthusiasm which frequently pervades the mind in dwelling on a subject of this nature. This abbey, dedicated to God and St. Mary of Tintern (as an inscription informed us) was founded by Walter Fitz Richard de Clare, lord of Cærwent and Monmouthshire, in the year 1131. William earl of Pembroke and marshall of England, who married the daughter and heir of Richard de Clare, surnamed Strongbow, gave divers lands and privileges to the abbot and monks, who were of the Cistercian order, obliging them to pray for his and his wife's souls, and for those of his wife's ancestors. Roger Debigot, duke of Norfolk, added to these benefactions. It has been famous for the tombs and monuments of several great personages; principally the above-named Richard de Clare earl of Pembroke, called Strongbow, and Walter earl of Pembroke, who in the dispute between the houses of York and Lancaster was taken prisoner in Banbury fight, and beheaded. The length of the abbey from east to west is two hundred and thirty-one feet, and the breadth from north to south one hundred and fifty-nine feet—pillars twenty-four, windows eighty-four.

The

The road from Chepstow to Tintern, or at least from the commencement of the cross road, is very narrow, rugged, and steep: it still however is rendered pleasing by the romantic hills, covered with trees, which immediately run up from the road to a considerable height on either side. In all events, a traveller of curiosity would amply be repaid for a fifty miles tiresome journey, by the views of so much simplicity and elegance.

Returning from Tintern we struck into the high Newport road, and in the parish of Kerwent, about five miles from Chepstow, stopped to observe an ancient relique, which we were given to understand was Roman. We accordingly repaired to the garden where this curiosity was to be seen, and were there conducted to the door of a small room, erected by itself, with neither tables, chairs, nor any thing else for us to repose ourselves: neither could our conductress, who was an illiterate Welch girl, say to us much more in English, than to desire us to walk in. On our entrance, however, we soon perceived the object of our enquiry. It was a tessellated Roman pavement in the highest preservation, round which the room had recently been built. Though possibly upwards of sixteen hundred years ago from its first being laid, the colours were yet incomparably brilliant. The borders, together with the ornamental compartments of the center and the sides, were perfect, and astonishingly clear; and an uniformity ran through the whole (but at one end, where there were a few rows of plain Roman brick) which indicated it to have been either the flooring of a very long and narrow room, or of one of the same size of that which is now built around it. The general opinion is, that this beautiful piece

of Mosaic was the entrance to a bath. However this be, it is certainly a valuable relique, and well worthy of the care which Mr. Lewis, on whose estate it is, pays to it. One thing, however, is to be regretted, and that is, that Mr. Lewis did not erect the room a little larger, and within it run a rail, which should prevent idle people from picking up little bits of the pavement as matters of curiosity. Being but small, if this is continued, the whole will vanish by degrees, and in a few years the name, and nothing else remain of so precious a remnant of antiquity.

After having amused ourselves with this tessellated carpet, not so much for its singularity, as for its being the production of that wonderful people the Romans, we next proceeded through a delightful and highly cultivated country to Newport, a small town, situated on the river Uſk, between the mouth of that river and the Cærlleon, sixteen miles from Chepstow. The road from Chepstow to this place is excellent, and the prospects on either side most beautiful and picturesque. Newport contains nothing worthy of remark, except its bridge, every plank of which is so loosely laid, that a traveller has the unpleasant apprehension of falling at every step into a stream, sixty or seventy feet beneath him. The inns too are very indifferent. From Newport we still continued our route through Monmouth, and from thence into Glamorganshire, where we again halted.

Cardiff, the town at which we put up, is tolerably well built, on the river Taff, and is esteemed one of the most considerable in South Wales. Both the assizes and county courts are held in it, and the river is navigable for vessels of burthen. This place,

place, however, has nothing in it worthy the attention of a traveller. The castle, it is true, carries the appearance of having been in former times a large and stately edifice. It was built by Robert Fitz-Haimon, a powerful Norman baron, about the year 1100, and has been famous for the captivity of Robert duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, by order of his brother Henry I. and for the death of Robert earl of Gloucester, natural son of Henry I. who died there 1147. But the situation of the castle itself is so low, and the whole country around it so devoid of prospect, that a worse spot for either health or pleasure could not have been picked out. By what tenure this castle is now held by lord Cardiff, we could not discover. It must, however, be somewhat singular, else his lordship would not, one would suppose, lavish such considerable sums, as he now does in repairs and alterations: neither are those alterations such as will bear the test of judgment; for however antiquated the habitable part of the structure might have been, an uniformity of parts would certainly have continued much more pleasing than modern doors and windows, patched into Gothic sides. The largest apartment of this castle seems to have been the magazine raised in the centre of the ground, on an artificial eminence: it is an exact polygon of twelve sides, of a diameter of seventy-four feet. The Inn at Cardiff, called the Red House, was by much the best we met with in our tour through Wales.

From Cardiff we next proceeded to Landaff, a place of great antiquity, as appears from its having been the seat of a bishop about the time the Romans left the island. At present, however, it is but a small decayed place, without any thing worthy of notice,

notice, excepting the cathedral. Distant from Cardiff about two miles.

Passing through Landaff, we next proceeded along the beautiful borders of the Taff to an old ruin on the side of a romantic hill, called Red Castle. The prospects from this castle, distant but seven miles from Cardiff, are wonderfully fine and picturesque, especially from the windows of an arched room in the center of it. Much of it however has already tumbled down, and the remainder seems to totter. The path-way to the castle is carried in serpentine windings, through a shrubbery, charmingly wild in its present appearance, but probably in its younger days the effect of art and cultivation. Still continuing our journey along the verdant confines of the Taff, we next arrived at the celebrated bridge of Pontipriethe, commonly called New Bridge. This bridge, erected at the expence of two brothers, has but one arch, the span of which is one hundred and forty feet, and the height thirty-six feet perpendicular. The Taff runs through it, and sometimes with such rapidity, that it has been twice or thrice completely washed away. Small as this object itself may be, in comparison with other bridges, both in England and on the continent, it still, however, has the advantage in the extensiveness of its arch. The river too that winds on either side of it, transparent as a mirror, and hung with variety of trees, together with the multiplicity of hills which surround it, covered with green, and bearing marks of cultivation, are assemblages of such wild and variegated beauties, that we could scarcely tear ourselves from a scene so charmingly romantic.

The

The next place of observation, according to our plan, was *Caerphilly*. From *Pontipriethe*, we therefore set out, and after measuring some part of the road, which we had already travelled, we next turned off into a cross road, so rugged, steep, and difficult of ascent, that we were under the necessity of dismounting from our carriages, and of walking to the summit. Our descent, however, on the other side rewarded us amply for our fatigue, being delightfully pleasant the whole way to the village of *Caerphilly*. This town is situated among the hills, on the banks of the river *Rimney*, where there are still the remains of a castle, which for strength and magnificence exceeds not only all others in Wales, but also in England, except that of *Windsor*. The hall is seventy feet in length, thirty-four broad, and seventeen high. The ascent to it is on the south side, by a large stair-case eight feet broad, with a vaulted roof supported by twenty arches, rising gradually, and the entrance is near the west end, opposite to which on the north is a chimney ten feet broad, with two windows on each side, built in the same manner as those in Gothic churches, only that they are continued in length from the floor to the roof of the building. Many curious figures are carved on the sides of these windows, and there are seven triangular pillars, placed at equal distances on the side of the walls, each of them being supported by three bustos. Some have imagined that this was a Roman work, but nothing can be more extravagant, as the whole of the architecture is Gothic, and it was, no doubt, the principal residence of one of the kings of South Wales, although history is silent as to the time when it was built. The situation of this stupendous edifice, the strength of the walls, and the lofty rooms give us

some notion of the customs of the inhabitants, and the sumptuous manner in which those princes lived, in what is termed their barbarous state of society. Some coins have been found here, but none of them of any great antiquity, being either British, or such as seem to have been struck about the time the Romans left the island. The circumference of such parts of this castle as can be traced, is computed at two miles and three quarters. Many of the walls, however, and some of the roofs even, are still remaining, especially one half of a high tower, which has declined about eleven or twelve feet from its original situation, and now goes by the name of the Hanging Tower, from its extraordinary position. The stairs in this castle likewise, as well as in most of the other Gothic structures that are in England, are nearly geometrical. The cement is infinitely stronger than any of modern composition; and the whole erected with stone, instead of brick, as was the custom with our forefathers. The old name of this castle was Sanghennith, distant from Landaff five miles. Thus having got to the end of our excursion into South Wales, we returned by a different road, through Glamorganshire to Newport, where we embarked in our boat, and after a five hours row across the Severn, at length arrived at King Road, and from thence proceeding up the Avon, landed at Bristol Hot-Wells, highly delighted with our journey.

One or two remarks, however, escaped me in their proper place. The first was, that the tessellated pavement was discovered in the planting of a fruit-tree. The second, that

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 107

the people in Glamorganshire, particularly the women, dress themselves in a stuff, resembling in every respect the Highland plaid. And, lastly, that the very lowest of the peasants are affable and courteous.

Adieu.

LETTER XII.

August 1778.

LITTLE did I imagine, that, at the back of pleasure, misery was coming with giant strides to overtake us on our journey. Alas! how transitory is all human happiness!—Thou knewest, my friend, the kind Eliza —, gentle creature!— Misfortune had reared her in her school; the bitterest cup of keen affliction had been administered to her from her birth;—she was indeed the child of sorrow! Wretchedness, however, could not warp the texture of her mind; in every trial she rose superior to her sex. But the time, alas! was nigh, when all these struggles could avail her nothing. Sickness, that bitter fiend, accumulated on her head each complicated ill; nature supported it awhile: she at length, however, sunk; and, in the arms of her friends, winged her flight into those regions where peace eternal will reward her for her sufferings: she died yesterday. The following extempore on her death you will read with every allowance. It was presented to —, an amiable creature, who stays but for the last act, and then she leaves us:

Cease, lovely Choristers, your playful notes,
No more in rapture warble thro' the dale;
Let plaints and sadness swell your little throats,
And dying murmurs pant along the gale.

For

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 109

For now, alas! the hour is come,
When joy and happiness are fled;
When comfort flies each village home,
And peace reposeth with the dead.

The morn was fair, the meads were gay,
Each spring-tide flow'r its blossom rear'd,
When first Chleoris came this way,
And with sweet smiles our bosoms cheer'd.

Each infant babe she'd fondly kiss,
On each she'd lay her kind command;
On all she'd pour the cup of bliss,
And stretch the charitable hand.

With heart like this, with soul sincere,
This Fair-one sickened in her bloom;
Her fate, ah! stop, thou silent tear,
Remorseless, snatched her to the tomb.

What then avails this boast of man?
This meteor beauty of an hour?
Since all alike have fixt their span,
And none elude the tyrant's pow'r.

The scene at length is closed. This morning we interred her in the cathedral of the city. And now, my friend, adieu. I too will leave this desolated spot. Where you will hear from me next, is more than I can tell you. In all events, it will be in the prosecution of my tour the most likely way of dissipating melancholy.

L E T T E R

LETTER XIII.

August 1778.

IN consequence of what I told you in my last, here I am, my friend, in company with ———, arrived at Thornbury in Gloucestershire, a town situated on the eastern banks of the Severn on a rivulet which runs into it, and distant 120 miles from London. This place is supposed to be of great antiquity, and was formerly endowed with many privileges. That, however, which alone is worthy of observation, is the remnant of an old castle, or rather palace, began by the great Duke of Buckingham in the reign of Henry VIII. but left unfinished, that nobleman having fallen a victim to the enmity of Cardinal Wolsey. Great part of this elegant structure is still standing, and in high preservation. It has mostly been built with square stones, and parts of it in a more elegant and airy form than in general is to be met with in our modern buildings. The whole has a beautiful appearance of nicety and precision; the walls and windows are wonderfully slight, though durable, and the rooms are of a just proportion. One part of this ruin is still inhabited; and, on one side, an echo rebounds from the opposite wall, which has a surprising, and, at the same time, a curious effect. In short, this castle is well worthy of observation, not only for the elegance of the building itself, but likewise for the prospect of the Severn and South Wales, which it commands in an eminent degree.

Leaving

Leaving this place, we next proceeded to Berkley, another borough in Gloucestershire, distant 113 miles from London. This in every respect is inferior to Thornbury; nor is the castle, though so much talked of, and so much admired for being kept in repair, in any wise comparable. The castle was erected in the reign of Henry II. and is still, in general, perfect. It was not, however, in its first design either elegant or grand; but whatever it might have then been, it is now destitute of even the commonest pretension to magnificence. Neither are the grounds or the prospects to be spoken of; the whole, indeed, is as indifferent as a place can be. How travellers can be so infatuated themselves, or how they can venture to impose upon the credulity of the world, in loading objects with praise that are in every respect unworthy of them, is to me astonishing. Some people, indeed, are delighted with mouldering chairs and a faded tapestry; and, perhaps, in so doing, they shew the exquisite perfection of their gusto. But, in the name of common sense, what is there to be admired in an old oaken, japanned bed, daubed with gold, the work of some needy upholsterer in 1330? or of one of a similar complexion, honoured by the very mortal limbs of Charles I.? or of that on which Sir Francis Drake composed himself in a crazy old ship, or Lord Berkeley flumbered on in his cruizes in the channel? These are venerable reliques to be sure, and ought to be preserved, together with the archives, in the museum of the family; but, truly, they are unworthy the observation of a common person. Two things, I confess, are good in the castle; the first is,

An animated portrait of Mary, wife of James I.

And

And the second,

A drawing-room, furnished with the handy works of the celebrated L— B—.

“ Why, before I was of your age, I had finished, with my
 “ own fingers, a complete set of chairs, and a fine screen in
 “ tent stitch ; four counterpanes in Marseilles quilting, and the
 “ Creed and the Ten Commandments in the hair of our family.
 “ It was framed and glazed, and hung over the parlour chimney-
 “ piece ; and your poor dear grandfather was prouder of it,
 “ than of e’er a picture in his house.”

LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

Adjoining to the castle almost, is the parish church, a respectable looking building. Unfortunately, however (at least so I conceived it to have been) the parishioners found a church was not the thing without a steeple. A steeple was, therefore, agitated in a vestry, and it was solemnly resolved it should be erected. How vain are all the determinations of us mortals ! the church could not bear the steeple ; what was then to be done ? Oh ! who could bear to pray without a steeple !—Well then, the steeple was at length determined on ; but where do you think ? Why, at the distance of about 20 yards only from the edifice it was intended for. Whimsical as this may seem to you, the fact is indisputably true.

From Berkley we proceeded on towards Tetbury, stopping within two miles of it to take a view of the ruins of Beverston castle. This castle is reputed old, and possibly may have been strong ;

strong; a moat furrounds it. Some Roman antiquities have been dug up here, but they have not been deemed a sufficient proof of its having been a Roman station. Tetbury is situate between Sodbury-Chipping and Cirencester, at the distance of 99 miles from London. It is a populous town and healthy, but, in dry summers is very deficient in the article of water. The Avon has its source in the vicinity of Tetbury. Continuing at this place all night, we next morning early visited Magdalen meadow, the place whence this river is supposed to issue; and, to our great surprize, found that the stream was dried up, as it in general is in the summer season. How far this, therefore, can be called the source of the Avon, I will not pretend to determine: the idea, however, is laughable enough, that it should be so called without there being a sufficiency of water in the channel even to wet one's finger. The spring, indeed, is always at work; but then it does not overflow its own little basin, until the rainy months of the year. It has, however, acquired the name under the sanction of hoary-headed authority, and that is enough.

Leaving this spot, we next entered upon the high road; at the third mile-stone of which from Tetbury, mounting our horses, and directing our carriage to Cirencester, we turned to the left, and, after a short progress, found ourselves in the extensive and really beautiful wood of Lord Bathurst, through which there are elegant lawns for seven or eight miles together. If, at any time, strait walks can be pleasing or agreeable, it is at the moment a man finds himself in the midst of an unknown place, and that he is thereby presented with a clue to extricate himself from the difficulties by which he is surrounded. This we found to be the case in the wood and park, of which I am

now speaking; for having undertaken the journey without a guide, we most probably should have been entangled, had we not followed the exact directions that were thus afforded us. There are, however, too many avenues in the wood of Cirencester, according to modern taste: had there been fewer, and some of them diversified with a more liberal distribution of clumps, it would have been rendered a most charming place. As it is, indeed, it possesses a vast degree of beauty; nor do I ever remember to have enjoyed a more pleasant ride, in any of the countries I have traversed over. The house in which Lord Bathurst resides, is immediately adjoining to Cirencester; nor is it remarkable for any thing more, than that of having been the abode of the old lord, who was justly esteemed the favorite of the Muses.

“ The sense to value riches, with the art
 “ T’ enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
 “ Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu’d,
 “ Not sunk by sloth, nor rais’d by servitude;
 “ To balance fortune by a just expence;
 “ Join with œconomy, magnificence;
 “ With splendor, charity; with plenty, health.
 “ Oh! teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil’d by wealth,
 “ That secret rare, between th’ extremes to move
 “ Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.”

POPE.

Cirencester, or what is commonly called Cicester, is an ancient and well inhabited town. When the Romans were in this island, they settled a colony at this place, and fortified the town
 with

with strong lofty walls and a castle, the remains of which are still to be seen; and many antiquities, such as medals, chequered pavements, and implements of war, have been dug up at different times. On searching after some of these, we found that all of them, excepting a small piece of Mosaic work, had fallen into decay, or had been entirely lost, from the ignorance of the people. We visited, however, the Mosaic work; where, instead of any thing in perfection, we found a fragment of it most unaccountably placed, as a threshold to a door leading from the hall of an indifferent house to the kitchen. The injury which it must have received, in such a situation, is evident; but that which on enquiry we found to be still worse, was the obstinate boorishness of the proprietor of the spot where it was discovered, who, divested of every principle of taste or consideration, most unpardonably demolished a whole pavement of it, together with the remains of an elegant Roman bath, although earnestly entreated to keep them in preservation.

From hence we took our departure for Fairford, stopping in our way to take a view of the old Fosse, or Roman highway, which, at an immensity of trouble, has been continued from Cirencester to Broad-Campden, on the borders of Oxfordshire. Fairford is situated on the river Coln, 81 miles from London, and is noted chiefly for its church, which is possessed of a remarkable fine collection of painted glass. The figures and countenances of some of these paintings are admirably executed, and the drapery in general is flowing and well softened. The perspective, likewise, is tolerably good, especially in the representation of an old castle in one of the back grounds. Hell, with its appendages, is, however, the best performance. The devil

really cuts an awful figure ; large eyes, gaping mouth, and all the other infernal marks by which he is represented ; while the animated characters around him shew the plenitude of his power, and the different species of punishment with which our mortal imperfections are punishable. In one quarter, shrews hurdled away in wheelbarrows ; in another, a party driven away in a cart. Here a harlequin monkey, branched about the head, just emblem of a petit maitre ; and there, a Dives gnawing his own existence, and panting after wealth. The whole group, in short, is exquisitely ludicrous, and the colouring, glowing and full of richness.

Quitting this company, we proceeded to a seat adjoining to the town, belonging to a widow-lady of the name of Lamb. Modern compilers have loaded this place with praise for its improvements ; but we found none of them. The æra of ill taste is discernible throughout. On the one side, a row of methodistical yews, starched and prim as the enlightened Whitfield-lites ; and on the other, a sluggish stream tortured into the resemblance of an inverted J. Much, however, might be done at this place ; Nature has not been deficient, and in reality she wants but the assistance of a little art to make her appear in all the pride of beauty and perfection.

From Fairford we again returned to Cirencester, and from thence proceeded towards Gloucester. Nothing remarkable occurred to us in the route, excepting a prospect which most delightfully opened itself on Hampden Common, about the 101 mile-stone from London. Nothing, indeed, could surpass it in richness, or beautiful imagery. On the right a deep vale highly diversified
and

and picturesque, and on the left another valley of a more considerable extent, with a grand romantic winding of the Severn, and a range of lofty mountains serving as a back ground. The village of Stroud too, which in a short time presents itself, has all the appearance of a happy situation, while a river of the same name runs along its skirts, and for the extent of upwards of twenty miles affords the most ample conveniencies to the manufacturers settled along its banks.

The distance from Stroud to Gloucester is about eight miles, hilly most of the way. Not having, however, arrived at this place till late at night, and the next day being Sunday, when it was impossible to see any of the manufactories, we resolved upon setting out for Cheltenham, distant from it about 10 miles, and famous for its scorbutic mineral waters. The road to this inconsiderable town is as bad on the side of Gloucester as it is possible to conceive. Rugged for the first seven or eight miles, and a complete heap of sand for the remainder, insomuch that it inevitably must be the bed of a river in the rainy season. Cheltenham is situated on a flat, marshy soil, and surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. The springs have the reputation of being salubrious, and the air of being healthful. Altogether, however, it is but a poor place. No rides, no amusements, nor any walks, excepting about the Spa, where there are one or two strait malls terminated through a vista of elms by the steeple of the church. Here, however, having met with some of our friends we passed the day, and in the evening returned to Gloucester.

Gloucester is a large and populous city, situated on the banks of the Severn, and distant from London about 102 miles.

it

It was formerly remarkable for being dirty : it is now, however, quite the contrary. The streets are new-paved, and the signs, which hung over passengers heads, are entirely taken down or placed against the houses, in like manner with those in London. This kind of improvement is highly commendable in the inhabitants : it shews a care likewise in the magistrates, which it is to be lamented is not more generally prevalent. The cathedral, although greatly spoken of, is but an inelegant, heavy pile of building. The outside is handsomely ornamented, but the inside is clumsy to a degree. The roof, which is generally handsome in Gothic structures, is here very indifferent, and the supporters of it are so far from being elegant or light, that the pillars measure at least, one with another, eight feet in diameter. In the time of the Romans Gloucester was a Roman station, and governed by a pro-consul. And Camden says, that the famous Roman way, called Ermin-street, which begins at St. David's in Pembrokehire and reaches to Southampton, passes through this city. Formerly it had many manufactories ; but Bristol hath since supplanted it, and there is now nothing remaining of that kind worthy of observation, excepting that of pins. In this small branch it is astonishing the number of people who are employed : for, independent of the digging the ore out of the earth, the smelting it, and afterwards the forming it into wire, in which state it arrives with the pin-makers, there are at least fourteen or fifteen other different processes.

Tewksbury, the next town we visited, is situated at the conflux of the rivers Severn and Avon, and is distant from London 102 miles. It is a large, clean, and well-inhabited town, and has a church erected in the year 715, which is in high preservation

vation and is the largest in England, that is not cathedral or collegiate. The pavement of it, however, like that of many other churches that we have met with, is very indifferent. Strange ! that people, who pride themselves upon the beauty of their places of worship, should be so very inattentive as to neglect that which as a first object must necessarily strike the eye of every beholder. The only manufactory now carried on at Tewksbury is stocking-weaving.

From Tewksbury, proceeding on our journey, we arrived at a seat of lord Coventry in Worcestershire, called Crome Court. The entrance of this place at present bespeaks nothing extraordinary. It has powers, however, of being rendered as much the contrary as one would desire. On getting to the park-gate, the first object you are struck with is a part of a sheet of water, which at a great expence is carried on for the distance of a mile and a half, apparently with too much regularity. The rule and compass should never be discernible where that element is concerned. It afterwards, however, winds and spreads itself with elegance along the park, and in some views is really charming. The house, which though heavy, has the look of a modern building, is large, but situated too low. The rooms are handsome and convenient ; especially a drawing-room hung and furnished with Gobelin tapestry, the finest perhaps in England. Excepting which, and a most expressive picture,

Of a Mr. Coventry, the master unknown,
there is nothing else worthy of remark in the house. The grounds are elegant, and kept in the nicest order. On leaving the house, you continue through a shrubbery filled with a choice assemblage of plants to a small building on an eminence,
called

called the Rotunda, from whence you have a prospect of hill, wood, and dale, and of every beauty that can give richness to a scene. Nature, indeed, has in this view poured a profusion of her bounties. You next enter into a continuance of the shrubbery, which still affords a pleasant variety, until you arrive at a neat modern-built church, in the Gothic stile. Here it diversifies again, and opens a somewhat more extensive prospect. A church, however, was not the building which should have been erected here: this was the place for the house. No situation could have afforded more conveniency, nor could the eye have wished for a more commanding view. The expence, however, was perhaps too great. His lordship found the mansion where it now stands, and therefore contented himself with altering a few of the rooms, and in general with giving it a fashionable exterior. Leaving the church, you again enter a shrubbery, which is much inferior to the preceding; but at the end is adorned with green-houses, amply stocked with a variety of exotics. From the green houses, where a botanist would find field sufficient for amusement, you pass through a nursery of young trees of all denominations, and come at length to a machine, which, by the labour of one horse, supplies the river with water in the summer season. Leaving this, you descend on one side of the church into another shrubbery in the same degree of order, but superior in beauty to that which commences at the house; and about the center of it come to another green-house, considerably larger than the former, and serving the purpose of a portico upon the removal of the plants into the open air. Thence proceeding you pass under the high road, and enter upon a highly delightful and picturesque walk along the borders of the river. Here indeed Mr. Brown has exerted his taste and judgment with the utmost

utmost success ; for instead of a marshy disagreeable piece of ground, as he found it, he has now worked it into a beautiful sheet of water, with several islands irregularly interspersed. To one of these islands, where a small pavillion is erecting, there are two bridges, over both of which we passed. And thence for a considerable way wandering on the confines of the river, and encountering fresh beauties at every step we advanced, we at length arrived at a small boat, which, worked by the aid of pulleys, carried us across the water, and lodged us within a few paces of our carriage. Altogether, this feat of lord Coventry's is well worthy of observation. Much pains have evidently been taken in the laying out of the grounds, and the care and attention which is paid to the keeping of them in order is not sufficiently to be admired.

Quitting this place we next proceeded to Upton, a small town situated on the banks of the Severn, 109 miles from London, and from thence continued our route to the Malvern Hills. Here, as at Cheltenham, we found a party of valetudinary friends. The spring at Malvern is perfectly transparent and cool. The chemical faculty reckon it good in many cases, especially where a disease has made no greater lodgment than to be merely cutaneous. One house accommodates the whole of the company ; they, however, pass their time agreeably enough : the terrace along the hills affords them a delightful walk : the spa is wholesome, and the air is exquisitely pure.

On the approach to the Malvern Hills, they appear of a much more considerable height than they really are : still, however, they are lofty ; and, being situated in the midst of a level

level country, strike one with a degree of grandeur, which in any other situation they would be divested of. Every thing is judged of by comparison. Shenstone, if I mistake not, had a view of Malvern from the Leaflowes. Tender hearted being! — had he but approached them in the manner we did, he certainly would have realized the beauty of his own imagery, in “ my hills are “ white over with sheep :” the summit was wholly covered with them. The evening itself too was still, and in short every thing breathed the air of harmony and of love.

Ye caverns, with moss cover'd o'er!
Ye meadows of Spring's vernal hue!
Ye birds, who fond skip on the shore!
My plaints I must murmur to you.

Blithe Damon, the gay and the fair,
Once woo'd and obtain'd my young heart,
And, in rapture, would often declare,
That my virtues first pointed the dart.

With pleasure some moons fled by,
Which saw neither sorrow nor care,
Our lives with each other did vie,
And the contest was equally dear.

Ah! had we thus charmingly liv'd,
In reciprocal change of regards,
Still might we 'gainst Fortune have striv'd,
Content with our frugal awards.

But,

But, alas ! my young shepherd is fled,
Is fled from my love-straining arms,
And chaunts to young Daphne, 'tis said,
And tunes his lov'd pipe to her charms.

Ah ! what have I then but to wail !
Ah ! what have I then but to moan !
Fond complaints won't with Damon avail,
He heeds not the heart that's his own.

These lines you may remember; they were a juvenile effort, in humble imitation of one of the sweetest bards that ever sung. Take them then with all their imperfections on their head. To alter them would but be to rob an old piece of lumber of its value—the inestimable rust and verdigrise of age.

Q 2

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

August 1778.

POETICALLY inspired when I last wrote to you, I now feel myself a little fallen off, and therefore in the poor hanging-strings of prose must tell you that we are safe and sound lodged in the old and venerable city of Worcester. This town has been long famous in the annals of this country; Romans and Saxons have successively flourished in it, and of later days it has been signalized by the brisk engagement of Oliver Cromwell with his royal opponent supported by the Scots. The number of the inhabitants at this time is considerable. The streets are large and well built, and the cathedral is in high preservation and of great antiquity. Like many others, however, of the first centuries, it is in the heavy Gothic stile of architecture, superior though, I must confess, to that of Gloucester. The whole nave is paved with large square stones, and an uncommon degree of neatness is observable through every part of it. The monuments in this church are few in comparison with those in other churches. One there is, however, well worthy of observation, erected to the memory of bishop Hough, by Roubilliac. Besides this there is nothing else worthy attention in Worcester, excepting the manufactures of China and of carpeting. On visiting the first we found a degree of suspicion to run through the overseers. The materials of which
the

the ware is composed they tenaciously keep to themselves, even from the workmen who are employed in the forming of the utensils. We however could pick out, that soap-stone and glass make two of the principal ingredients. Neither could we precisely learn the different processes that it undergoes. The following were all that we could come to the knowledge of, possibly the whole ; but I will not pretend to say.

The grinding the materials ; the sifting them when formed into a liquid ; the drying that liquid by a furnace into a consistency like dough ; the treading of it and turning it, a laborious operation ; the rough forming it into utensils by means of a wheel ; this appeared the most curious. It was thus ; a man with a round piece of ebony before him, which turned horizontally by means of a small hand-wheel which was kept in motion by a boy, fixed a lump of clay upon the wood, and then with his fingers moulded it into form almost as quick as thought : these lumps were, however, first compressed and squeezed into proper sizes for his use. The chipping, pairing, and giving these utensils their first polish ; the forming and putting on of handles, spouts, and ornaments ; the moulding of cream-ewers, and such like vessels ; the baking, which is done twice ; the painting or printing, the latter of which is kept a secret ; the dipping or glossing it in a whitish liquid ; and the burning in the colours. Beyond this, if any thing else was to have been learnt, we were necessarily compelled to remain ignorant. Every part is, however, curious, and merits the nicest attention. One hundred and sixty men are employed in this manufactory in the city of Worcester.

Leaving

Leaving this house we next went to the carpeting manufactory. This, though probably simple, was much more complicated to our ideas than any that we had yet seen. The first operations were easy enough; such as the spinning from the wool; the twisting of silk and worsted together by a mill; the dying of it in colours; the winding it round bobbins in single threads; the winding three or four threads together; the putting the threads into the looms; and lastly, the weaving of it. But how the threads were formed into patterns, or how those patterns could be wrought, was more than we could comprehend, although the people shewed us, and to the best of their ability endeavoured to dissipate the stupidity of our senses. Seriously speaking, there is something wonderfully curious in this business. Use, however, makes the greatest blockheads complete at an art which would puzzle the clearest heads, much less one of the consistency of mine.

Quitting then those places, where the poorest animal outwitted us in every thing, we next proceeded to Whitley, a seat of lord Foley's. This place disappointed our expectations. From the elegance of this nobleman's town residence, and from Whitley's having been the constant residence of his forefathers, we expected to have found something superb. But the house is indifferent: it is large, but far from being magnificent. The rooms are low, and some of them so bedaubed with gold, that they immediately tell you they are not the taste of the present times: in one of them are two good pictures.

One of John Lacy, in the characters of Parson Souple, Sandy, and Monf. Device. And in another,

I

A. well

A well executed painting of Flora.

Nymphs and Shepherds. And

A father Dominic.

The church, which is annexed to the house, is really an elegant building; the whole of it is beautified at a great expence; the sides, white and gold; the cieling divided into handsome compartments, with good scripture pieces, and the glass windows exquisitely painted by an artist of the name of Price, who executed them in the year 1719. Uncommonly handsome as this edifice may be, it still, however, carries a disadvantage which those who are not uncommonly orthodox would dislike. It unfortunately is the parish church, so that the graves and tombstones, are absolutely in the area of the house. This I mentioned to the old lady who conducted us through the apartments, but she shaking her head and staring at me with surprize, very camly replied "If people are shocked at the sight of mortality, " it is very easy for them to shut the windows."

The grounds belonging to this place are evidently neglected. From the first indeed, they seem to have been laid out with an indifferent taste. Much, however, might be done, though it is more than probable, it will not be in this lord's time, as he has never resided here since his accession to the estate.

From this place we next proceeded to the Severn, which we crossed in a ferry-boat, and thence passing through Ombersley, and along the borders of some improvements at Westwood, we next arrived at Droitwich, a town remarkable for salt springs, distant one hundred and fifteen miles from London. On visiting these

these springs, we found that the brine was thrown up from pits, some of which were one hundred and sixty feet deep. To transport this article with facility, a canal has been cut from Droitwich to within one mile and an half of Worcester, where it joins the Severn. The pay of the poor creatures who work at these springs, and whose persons and families bear evident marks of poverty and distress, is no more than a shilling a day one with another, although for this they are almost constantly debarred of rest, working incessantly both day and night.

Leaving this place, we continued our route to Bromsgrove, a fair and populous town, distant from London about one hundred and twenty-three miles. The next day passing by Hagley, we proceeded on to Enville, a seat of lord Stamford's in Staffordshire. This house is unfortunately situated too low, it has neither prospect nor airiness, and is, in fact, buried at the side of a hill. Had the present possessor razed it entirely to the ground, and erected another on some more chosen spot, instead of the additions and improvements, which at a considerable expence he is making, it would have perhaps been as little extravagant to his pocket in the end, and would most assuredly have rendered his residence more pleasing. He, however, knew best what he was about. It is only hard, that the sins of the fathers should thus visit the children unto the third and fourth generation. In the front of the house, in the true old style, spreads a large triangular piece of water, which instead of a beauty, is in every respect the reverse. From a pavilion, called the Boat-House, on one side of this pond, there is a good view of a cascade tumbling down a valley, well planted with a variety of trees. Passing from this along the banks of the water, which in almost any other shape, might

might have been made delightful, you are conducted into a shrubbery, which winding along the stream, formed by the cascade, and afterwards by the cascade itself, affords a wild and romantic assemblage. Still continuing in the shrubbery, you a little after come to another fall devoid of every of the essential beauties of the first, and forming a pool (for I can give it no other name) which is really disgusting. Behind this, however, the grounds begin to swell in a most pleasing manner; the woods carefully to spread, and the whole to form an agreeable variety. But still you are without prospect; nor are you at first better rewarded on ascending the hill, for though extensive, the scene is far from being diversified. The next object however you meet with, after leaving the cascade, is an indifferent building in the wood, called the Chapel, from whence you see the glimmering of the water, which has been already described, through the foliage of the trees. At length you get to what is denominated the High Meadow, from every side of which the eye may wander through the most variegated and commanding prospects. This view indeed is charming. It is only to be wondered at that some kind of turret has not been erected on it, to draw, as it were, the objects into a central point of sight. Leaving this meadow, we next descended into another part of the wood, to a rotunda which has neither prospect nor elegance to please. Here, however, the walks begin to widen, and to carry the appearance of some kind of attention (which by-the-bye the other walks do not) and still encreasing, as you approach towards the bottom, conduct you at length to a billiard room, built in the Gothic style, and afterwards to a lawn, interspersed with trees, and a variety of shrubs. On the whole, Enville has certainly some beauties, but it is still capable of a variety of improvement.

R

Having

Having thus visited Enville a little, I will confess, from the accounts I had heard of it, to my disappointment; we next returned to Hagley, where every thing appeared in so different a style, that you must exert your patience, while I attempt to conduct you through the beauties of that terrestrial paradise. The mansion at Hagley was newly built by the late lord Littleton, whose memory must ever be revered. It is large and commodious, and most exquisitely fitted up. Nothing tawdry, nothing expensive, but all conceived with the happiest taste, and most admirably executed. In passing through these rooms, I could not but feel a glow of veneration at every step we took. Here, thought I, that great man sat and contemplated; there he studied the history of men and manners. In short, every corner painted him to my imagination, and I could not but bless the fate of him, who with all these objects in his mind, could exultingly say, This was my father. On entering the hall, the first thing which strikes you is an artless simplicity and neatness. Presumption seems to have been entirely banished from the house. On two pedestals in the hall are the marble bustos of

Rubens and Vandyke. And

On one side, the bustos of Heliogabalus and Maximin.

In the saloon, from whence you have a beautiful view of the park, is the original picture

Of Charles I's family, by Vandyke.

And in the drawing-room, which is exceedingly elegant, and furnished with English tapestry, are the portraits

Of

Of his friends and co-patriots, lord Bath, lord Chesterfield, lord Cobham, lord Hardwicke, and Mr. Henry Pelham.

From this room you next enter into the long gallery, which of all the rooms I have seen in England is the most to my fancy. It is completely furnished with chairs, tables, and brackets of carved work, done by an artist in the neighbourhood of Hagley. It is really elegant, breathing at the same time rural simplicity and ornament. The following are some of the pictures with which it is adorned.

Oliver Cromwell and the duke of Monmouth.

A virgin and child, by Vandyke.

Lord Broucker, by Sir Peter Lely.

Countess of Exeter, by Vandyke.

Sir Charles Lyttelton, by Sir Peter Lely.

Sir William Fairfax, by Old Stone, And

John Lyttelton, by Zuccaro.

In an adjoining parlour.

Lord keeper Lyttelton, by Wright.

Judge Lyttelton, a copy, by Paine, from a picture in the Middle Temple Hall.

Miss Hester Lyttekton. And

Sir Richard Lyttelton, by Pompeia Baptista.

From this room we next entered the library, the Sanctum Sanctorum, fitted up, as you may suppose, with the choicest collection of books, and ornamented with the marble bustos of Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, left to the late

lord in a legacy by Mr. Pope, together with the finely executed pictures

Of Pope himself and his dog Bounce.

Of Mr. Thomson and Mr. West.

Passing from this room, we scarcely fancied any other worth looking at, although they are all admirably proportioned, and well fitted up. The following are the best pictures in the collection.

In the scarlet bed-chamber,

A portrait of lord George Lyttelton, well executed, by Reynolds.

In the Indian dressing-room,

Lot and his two daughters, by Giardano.

In the dressing-room next the saloon,

David with Goliath's head, copied from Guido.

A Madona and child, by Rubens. And

A dead Christ, by Vandyke.

Leaving the lower floors we next ascended to the bed-chambers, which we found elegantly arranged and furnished; but what was our astonishment, when all of a sudden, and in one of the humblest apartments of the range, our old conductress told us that here her good lord had died. Awe and reverence immediately seized hold of us. We contemplated in silence the place in which so good a man had winged his soul to immortality.

The

The floor seemed hallowed as we trod. Speech became absorbed in thought; we softly withdrew, and felt what it is not possible to describe. After this, nothing more could possibly be seen. We therefore descended; but as we passed along, a certain something enticed us into an apartment incrustated with spar, and shells, and a variety of minerals and fossils. It seemed the secret cell of some minister of goodness. It stopped us for the moment, but onward we continued.

Charmed thus with the house, we next had the park to ramble through and admire. But here indeed I must beg your indulgence. My pen is inadequate to the task. It foils the very life and faculty of description. Conceive, however, to yourself, a beautiful enamelled lawn, swelled in all the elegance of art and nature, for a distance of about four miles; while hill, dale, and grove, delightfully interspersed, render it as perfect an elysium as possibly can be conceived. The tender fawn here finds a brow for play, and the little lambkin skips about with joy. The church, which is the nearest object to the house, is totally concealed from it; a close embowering wood shades it entirely from the sight. In this, however, are the simple monuments of George lord Lyttelton himself, and of his beloved Lucy. The first a plain stone, with this inscription:

“ This unadorned stone is placed here at the particular
“ desire and at the express direction of the late right hono-
“ rable George lord Lyttelton, who died 1773.”

And the second is a simple monument in marble, with a Latin inscription, and these lines written by his lordship on his Lucy's decease.

“ Made

- " Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes ;
- " Tho' meek, magnanimous ; tho' witty, wife ;
- " Polite as all her life in courts had been,
- " Yet good as she the world had never seen ;
- " The noble fire of an exalted mind,
- " With gentlest female tenderness combin'd.
- " Her speech was the melodious voice of love ;
- " Her song the warbling of the vernal grove ;
- " Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
- " Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong ;
- " Her form each beauty of her mind expressed,
- " Her mind was virtue by the Graces dressed."

Leaving the church, you next ascend a finely sloping hill, with trees on each side, forming a beautiful amphitheatre, at the top of which is a monumental pillar, with an inscription to the memory of the late prince of Wales. No place could surely be adapted better ; the form of the woods, and the age of the trees, give it a vast appearance of solemnity. All is stillness and quiet around ; while a few mournful cypresses spread their modest branches immediately beneath it. From this spot, sacred to gratitude, you next proceed through various ways, each displaying some new beauty, till you arrive at the seat of Thomson. This is a spot dedicated to the poet ; the inscription on it bespeaks an approbation of the man and of his works. Thomson was dear to the old lord ; in his life-time he experienced it, and at his death his lordship manifested it to his family. Hence you ascend a summit that brings you to a tower erected on the brow of a hill, carrying the mouldering appearance of antiquity,

quity, and commanding a most extensive prospect. The whole indeed of the heights in this park afford a vast assemblage of objects; a fertile and highly cultivated country in every quarter, interspersed with woods, and bounded by the Clent hills, the Malvern hills, the Black mountains in Wales, the Wrekin, and the Radnor Tump. Nothing in short can exceed the extent, or the variety of the landscapes which are exhibited. From the tower you soon arrive at the root house or hermitage, in which are the following lines from *Il Penseroso* of Milton.

“ And may at last my weary age,
 “ Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 “ The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 “ Where I may sit and rightly spell
 “ Of ev’ry star that heav’n doth shew,
 “ And ev’ry herb that sips the dew,
 “ Till old experience doth attain
 “ To something like prophetic strain;
 “ These pleasures melancholy give,
 “ And I with thee will choose to live.”

And on a seat a little below it, the following.

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
 “ Almighty! thine this universal frame,
 “ Thus wondrous fair! thyself how wondrous then,
 “ Unspeakable! who sit above these heavens,
 “ To us invisible, or dimly seen,
 “ In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 “ Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.”

Wind-

Winding the pleasurable way along, you then come to a seat inscribed to quiet and the muses. The walk on which it is placed is still and shady. Nothing breathes, saving echo to the tinkling rills. Here Pope was wont to pass his hours. It bears his name, and immediately conducts you to an urn inscribed to his memory. Beneath, however, and at the other side of the lawn, is a truly charming spot. A lovely ivy twines its tendrils round the body of an antient oak, the oldest of the place. The woods surround it, water in murmurs, wanders at its side, and carefully formed vistas present a happy disposition of pavilions. Here the poet could sit him down and think. Wildness predominates every where; but behind it another scene appears to the full as lovely; a rustic glen, in all the simplicity of nature, receives the bubbling of three lucid streams. These wandering through the dale, at length lose themselves for a while, but again bursting from the thicket, they form themselves in a cascade, and foam down a precipice, immediately in front of a building, dedicated to Mr. Pitt. This glen indeed has charms beyond description. All in all, Hagley has the advantage of every thing I have yet met with. It is possible it may be excelled; I doubt it; time will however shew.

LETTER

L E T T E R XV.

August 1778.

THE evening being far spent when we quitted Hagley, we resolved upon deferring our visit to the Leasowes until the next morning; and accordingly proceeding to Birmingham, we there slept, and early the next day set off for Shenstone's Walks, as they are there called, in a temper of mind more easily felt than can be described. Never did itinerants approach a spot with a greater degree of veneration, than we did this of that amiable bard. The first entrance strikes you with delight. It is almost at the bottom of a deep glen well planted with trees, and laved by a little stream which murmurs as it flows. The priory gate is the first admittance you receive. This, by a narrow walk, conducts you along the sides of a translucent wave, which is formed by a small fall of water from a rude eminence, until you come to a pond, which, it must be confessed, is rather too formal, both in its shape and termination. It possibly might be an improvement were the pond filled up, or, at least, were it in some manner altered, for the stream which feeds it naturally widens in its progress; so that, with a very little trouble, it might be continued in a winding form until it should lose itself in the opposite valley. Proceeding from this place, you pass by another stream, which, like the former, might be turned into

S

a better

a better shape. It leads you, however, to the wood-house, rustically formed, and presenting you with a prospect of a cascade in its back ground, which has the finest effect, I think, I ever saw. This cascade is not forced from an eminence in one large column; it foams in a continued declension from a great distance, and is broken here and there with a vast degree of artless simplicity. From hence you proceed to a statue, erected to Faunus, with these lines inscribed:

“ Come then, my friend, thy sylvan taste display;

“ Come, hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay.

“ Ah! rather come, and in these dells disown

“ The care of others’ strains, and tune thine own.”

Leaving this, you continue till you open a view of the priory, and thence proceed along the brow of a corn field, which yields you a prospect of Brierly castle, and an extensive fertile country, till you come to the top of the hill, where you have a fine view of Hagley, the Wrekin, and a highly picturesque and variegated country. The clump, however, in which the seat is placed, from whence you see this, is too formally disposed; and the sheet of seemingly stagnated water at the bottom, is far from being either elegant or pleasing. Passing from this along a meadow, in which is a resting place under a beech-tree, which commands a good prospect, you enter into the lover’s walk, which is nothing more than a path-way through a wood that is far from handsome. This walk leads you to a piece of water that has the same imperfections with those I have already mentioned, and then conducts you, in a winding form, to a long strait avenue, at the end of which is the temple of Pan. Here
descending,

descending, you soon come to a seat, inscribed to the late lord Lyttleton, which affords a pleasing view. The grounds swell about it well, and the murmuring of the water that falls in sight gives it a vast degree of natural perfection. And here you bid adieu to prospect; for suddenly descending into a glen, you arrive at Virgil's obelisk, surrounded with trees, and so delightfully situated with respect to a transparent stream, which runs rapidly beneath, that you cannot but fancy yourself in the abodes of the Sylvan deities. Near to Virgil's is the seat of his brother poet, Thomson, if possible, better placed than the former. The cascade here tumbles in artless majesty; the stream from it rushes impetuously along, and the obelisk, peering through the trees, gives it a solemnity and melancholy grandeur, which is exquisite to the imagination. Happily too, the Naiad is delicately placed at the bottom of the cascade, which is at some distance, and looks as if an inhabitant of the place, and that she was fearfully advancing to plunge into the water. Here, however, as in other parts, there is room for some improvement. The little bridge should be demolished that crosses the stream; no art should appear in the haunts of beauty and of love. Quitting this, we shortly came to the end of our progress.

In contemplating the whole of this spot, the favorite of the favorite of the Muses, we could not but lament that his means were too small to enable him to carry the improving bent of his genius into execution. Two hundred and fifty pounds a-year, to do all, was too little. Few can live upon that sum; much less maintain themselves and family, bring a place from barrenness to be generally admired, and at the same time keep up a noble independence in society.—Peace be to thy ashes, thou

gentlest of all human beings!—Thou didst this. Heaven ne'er smiled upon thee; but thou didst smile upon the wretched. The tear of pity was ready at their sufferings. What thou hadst, thou gavest.—Charity herself could not have yielded more.

The name that this place goes by throughout the country is Shenstone's Walks: talk to them of the Leafowes, and they do not understand you; their hearts, however, remember the goodness of him who gave them permission to amuse themselves in his little farm. Since the death of this good man, this place has fallen into many hands. It now belongs to a gentleman of the name of Horne, who has made some purchases around it which Shenstone's circumstances could not reach to, and who intends, as we were given to understand, to continue the improvements.

From the Leafowes we again returned toward Birmingham, and in our way stopped to ascend a whimsical tower which has been erected within about two miles of that town. The prospect from it is undoubtedly fine; but then it is so high, so slight, and the stairs so incapable of stopping one in case of a stumble, that, I own, I should not like to be an inhabitant of it in blustering weather.

Arrived again at Birmingham, we set to work, and paced it nearly from one end to the other. This place is really wonderful; it strikes one with enchantment. A few years ago it was but an inconsiderable dirty village; and now, although it sends no members to parliament, and is without a magistracy, it is one of the largest and most populous towns in the kingdom. Its
situation

situation in Warwickshire, and on the borders of Staffordshire, gives it considerable advantages. The houses are well-built; the streets are broad and well-paved; and the spirit of industry is so universally predominant, that not a person is seen, no not even children, without being employed in some kind of business or other. Messieurs Bolton and Fothergill carry on the greatest manufactory at this place. Their house and works are about two miles distant from the town: we went to see them. To attempt an account of the various articles which are made there, would be madness in the extreme: the progress of a single branch, may, in most cases, be conceived; but when a multiplicity of them is brought before you, it requires a quicker degree of comprehension, and a much greater ductility of brain, than I am possessed of, to bring away any thing more than a general idea; nor, indeed, do I suppose, that you would wish for more: buckles and buttons can be made without our interference. Before you leave Mr. Bolton's, however, if you ever go that way, be attentive to his garden; you will find it laid out with some degree of taste; he himself has the character of a polite man. The attention of his partner, Mr. Fothergill, we can answer for; being much indebted to his civility. In all events see the manufactory.

From this place we again returned to Birmingham, thence set off for Litchfield. In our way to this town, and at the distance of a very few miles from Birmingham, we were surprized with the sight of an elegant mansion, situate on the confines of Sutton Wood. On sending our compliments to know whether we might have permission to see it, we received the most polite answer, in the affirmative, from doctor B——y, the gentleman

unto

unto whom it belongs. We accordingly drove up to the door, and on our arrival found that gentleman in readiness to receive us. Nothing could exceed the civility with which he conducted us through every apartment of the house, nor the earnestness with which he pressed us to take some refreshment. In this respectable pillar of the church, indeed, we experienced hospitality in its genuine form; no study, no affectation, all the pure effusion of the good man's heart.

Hail! gentle courtesy; thou fairest born of sweet benevolence! How kindly dost thou cheer the weary traveller on his way! Thy dimpled smile dost beckon us as we journey it along! Thou scatterest roses to the shorn lamb, and warmest the heart that's chilled with sorrow!

Leaving this hospitable mansion, we proceeded on to Litchfield, a large and well-looking town in Staffordshire, 119 miles from London; and from thence to Burton, situate on the river Trent, and famous for its ale. Here, as at Birmingham, and, indeed, as in all the principal towns in these parts, we were perfectly astonished with the accounts we received of the benefits accruing from the navigable canals, which, at an immense expence, are carried so as to open communications with London, Bristol, Liverpool, and Hull. How such stupendous works could be accomplished in the short time they have been in hand, is almost inconceivable; but the spirit of industry will do any thing. The duke of Bridgwater gave the great example. By perseverance, he shewed them what was to be done; and by steadiness in their plans, they have fortunately succeeded in what their forefathers ventured not to think of.

Quitting

Quitting Burton, we next continued our route to Derby, the principal town in the county of that name. Derby is pleasantly situate on the river Derwent; it is a well-built town, and boasts of a perfection in many manufactures. The Cicerone we found to conduct us to the places worthy of our curiosity, was a brisk old man of 85 years of age. His remarks, in general, were shrewd, and always applicable to his subjects; simple, however, in the extreme. First of all, he would conduct us to an old house of a late lord Exeter, where the Pretender's son had taken up his residence in 1745, and where he remembered him; and then he insisted upon our seeing the spot where he had heard the proclamation of James Stuart, as king of England. In short, the garrulous old creature drove us to the necessity of entreating him to lead us to the silk, china, or some one manufactory or other. Lombe's manufactory for silk is erected on the banks of a rapid branch of the river I have already mentioned. It is famous for its machinery; and no less so for the manner in which that machinery was taken by stealth from Sardinia. The whole, however, I found conducted in the same manner with that at Overton, which I have already noticed, and differing in nothing but the number of the wheels employed in the same branches. From this we walked to the houses where marbles and petrefactions are wrought into ornamental figures, and thence would have continued to the china shops, but that our old Cicerone, stopping and looking at the sun, cried, "Come, come, gentlemen, if you have a mind to see lord Scarfsdale's, you must go directly; it is now noon, and travellers have no admittance but from ten till two."—Off to lord Scarfsdale's we accordingly set; nor were we at all displeased with our old friend for hurrying us in the manner he

r

did.

did. The approach to this palace, for palace it certainly is, if there is such a thing in England, is through an avenue of old lofty oaks, which leading you to a bridge, over which you cross, brings you immediately in front of the mansion. Here you first pause—The exact dimensions of the building I cannot pretend to remember; it is, however, sufficiently large to admit of every idea of grandeur and of magnificence. It is situated on a gently declining hill, with woods and lawns happily diversified, and a winding rivulet running in its front. On your first entrance into the house, you get into a most superb hall, the sides and ceilings of which are most beautifully ornamented, and the whole supported by four and twenty massive pillars of variegated alabaster finely fluted. Here, indeed, the senses become astonished. The alabaster pillars have a wonderful appearance; the other ornaments, likewise, carry their intrinsic proportion of elegance. In one word, the whole strikes you as if it were designed for a more than mortal residence; nor are the other rooms inferior to this. Of them, however, in their place.

In lord Scarfdale's bed-chamber, there is
A sleeping Venus, a celebrated cartoon, by Carlo Moratti.

In the music-room,
David's triumph, by Guercino.
Bacchus and Ariadne, by Guido.
Triumph of Bacchus, by Lucius Giordano.
An old man's head, by Rembrandt. And
Roman charity, by Signora Pozzi.

In the drawing-room, which has the most magnificent appearance of any apartment I have yet seen, the pillars and pediments to the doors and windows being of the most beautiful kind of alabaster, are

Christ with the woman, and the box of ointment, by Benedetto Lutti. And
A Cain and Abel, by the same master, most inimitable pictures.
Two pieces of Scripture history, by Bernardo Strowzi.
A holy family, by Raphael.
A morning, by Claude le Lorain.
A holy family, by Nicholas Bereteni.
A holy family, by Guido. And
Thiefs gaming, by Mich. Angelo Bamboccia.

In the library, which is a well proportioned room, and filled with a choice collection of books, are

Diogenes, by Lucco Giordano.
Daniel interpreting to Nebuchadnezzar his dream, by Rembrandt; a most highly finished picture, especially the drapery, though Daniel's hair, and the apparel in general, is preposterous.
Lot and his daughters, by Carlo Lotti.
An old man's head, by Salvato Roza.
The figure of Winter, by And. Sacchi. And
An old man's head, by Guercino.

In the state bed-chamber,
James II. when duke of York, and his duchess, by Vandyke.

T

In

In the dressing-room to the same,
 Charles I. by Vandyke. And
 The duke of Ormond, by Sir Peter Lely.

And in the wardrobe,
 Prince Henry, son to James I. by Cornelius Janson.

In the dining-room, which is ornamented with several utensils and slabs, in granite and Egyptian marble, are

Hawks and ducks, by Snyder. And
 Dead game, by the same master.
 Game and dogs, by Fyfe.
 Two pictures of Haram and Ishmael, by Cerri Ferri.
 Herodias and St. John, by Romanelli.
 Evening, by Claude le Lorain. And
 The ceiling, well executed, by some of the best masters.

The music saloon is as yet unfinished, but, from the little that has been done, it promises to be an elegant apartment. Altogether this house is really magnificent: the hand of taste is evident in every part of it (nor can it be otherwise, when known to be the work of Messieurs Adam); nor does any cost seem to have been spared in rendering it complete. Unfortunately, a gravel walk is carried round the park shaded by a thin and a too regularly planted shrubbery.

A small building, or a cottage, may admit of prettinesses in the display of grounds; a superb mansion should have nothing
 2 else

else but wood, lawn, and water to surround it. This criticism may appear unkind, after the satisfaction I have acknowledged to have received in reviewing the house; but to you I write in the openness of my heart. My lord Scarfdale's house I acknowledge elegant and beautiful; but his grounds, as they are indifferent, so I must lament that they are so.

Leaving this place, which no traveller in this country should omit visiting, we returned to Derby, and joined our little old man. Pleased at seeing us, and at the approbation we expressed, he merrily conducted us to the china-ware manufactory. In our way, however, we could not but remark the briskness with which he trod, and the degree of ease with which he kept pace with us. This led us to enquire in what manner he contrived to keep himself so hale and firm.—“ Ah! my young gentlemen,” said he, “ if you would but follow my course, I could almost “ promise you an equal success to that which I have met with. “ Three score and ten years have I regularly drank tea, and “ scarcely any thing else. Wine and spirituous liquors have had “ no charms for me; tea has been my constant beverage: Na- “ ture, from use, has preferred it to any other liquid, and I “ never forced her. Some people indeed say, tea is unwhole- “ some: it may be so, and it may be a poison; but this I know, “ and from experience I can pronounce it, that if it be a poison, “ it is a very slow one, for it takes a long time in killing me.” Here we could not refrain from laughter; the thought was wag- gishly turned, and the old man seemed to enjoy it as much as we did. Happy old creature! humble as thou wert, thy age war- ranted our veneration.—Peace be unto thee!—Here we parted.

A look of kind farewell was mutually interchanged. He wished us well; and we as fervently prayed that the sweetest comfort might still attend him in his journey. The same to you, my friend.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

August 1778.

ASHBURN, our next stage, is situated on the borders of Stafford and of Derbyshire. Here we halted for a night, and the next morning proceeded to Akover, a seat belonging to a gentleman of that name, where we had nothing else to see besides a few pictures; viz.

The Roman saints, by Titian.

Our Saviour bearing the cross, by the same master.

The unjust steward, by Rubens.

An old man's head and its companion, by the same master.

Three children, by an artist unknown. The carpet of which piece is fine. And

A holy family, by Raphael, that is exquisite indeed.

From Akover, quitting the pleasant road on which we had travelled to get to it, we proceeded to Ilam, a seat of Mr. Porte. On entering into this gentleman's grounds (for the house has nothing in it worthy of observation) you get into a deep glen, on either side well covered with trees, and with the river Manifold rolling with rapidity at the bottom. From hence, continuing your progress, you come to a rude seat in a rock, famous for being the spot where Congreve wrote his Old Batchelor. Thence descending by a number of steps, which affords

affords you a grand view of the opposite hill, you continue along the path-way, at the side of which are many trees growing from the interstices of the rocks, which as they increase in bulk they gradually extend. And from this spot you next get upon a flat in the bottom, where you are encircled by a range of beautiful and lofty wood, saving one end where the Thorp-Cloud, at the entrance of Dove Dale, peeps above the trees. Hence, continuing along the borders of a canal, you come to the spot where the rivers Hemps and Manifold issue from two apertures in a rock at the distance of 15 yards from each other. Even as the sources of such bodies of water, these springs would be worthy the observation of a traveller; but when you find that they are merely the continuance of the same rivers, which lose themselves in a different part of the country, the Hemps four miles distant and Manifold six, and five miles at least asunder from each other, the matter becomes a curiosity. Many people might be led to suppose, that by shewing themselves so very close to each other at Ilam, it was probable they joined in their subterranean passage; but this is put beyond a doubt by experiment. The gardener about this time last year, being a man of a more extensive way of thinking than generally falls to the lot of people of his class, threw somewhat above two gross of corks into the Manifold where it loses itself, and watching for the next two days unremittingly in his master's grounds, he at length found about two dozen of them issue from the chasm of the Manifold; the others being stopped in their progress, or probably ground to pieces by the sharpness of the rocks. And further to ascertain this, he told us, a similar trial had been made with the Hemps, and that it answered in the same manner. These experiments, therefore, prove to demonstration, that they continue
asunder

afunder during the whole course of their progress. At Ilam, however, they join their streams to that of the Dove, and there form a river.

From this place we proceeded to Dove Dale, so named from the river of that name running through it. The approach to this place along the side of Thorp-Cloud (Cloud, by the way, being the common name of all mountains in this country) is, though much admired, very unworthy of it in my opinion; the Cloud having neither height nor beauty to recommend it. On entering the Dale you walk along the banks of the river, which winds beautifully and is clear and transparent as a brook. The rocks too, on either side misshapen and grotesque in their appearance, with a profusion of wood scattered up and down, give a wild and romantic variety to the scene. Not far within the Dale your guide shews you the spot, where a clergyman of dignity and a young lady were thrown from a horse, and where he, poor man! was bruised in so horrid a degree that he died in two hours afterwards; while, to the great surprize of every one, neither the lady nor horse were in any-wise injured by the fall.

The Staffordshire side of the Dale, the pretty little river Dove dividing it from Derbyshire, is well clothed with trees, while the other side, which is totally bereft of wood, is so barren and rugged, that their dissimilarity is highly entertaining. A chasm to the right soon opens itself. From here you have a delightful view of the traversings of the river, and of an assemblage of rocks, which, almost buried within the trees, gives you an idea of a mouldering monastery. Hence the rocks still
continue;

continue; some stupendous and others so rent asunder, that they form the oddest appearances that can be conceived. Still proceeding on you come to a grand arch in a rock called Reynard's Hole, from whence you have a wild diversified scene before you, and passing through this you next ascend into Reynard's Hall and Reynard's Kitchen. How this arch was formed, and whether by art or nature, there does not seem to be any tradition: the chasms are certainly the effect of some convulsion. A speculative idea, indeed, might lead one to suppose that a quantity of water, being thrown up from the bowels of the earth, and forming themselves into one body after issuing from the caverns, might drive out the arch that I am speaking of: but this appears to me chimerical. The rock itself too, in which the arch is formed, is too slender to have withstood the force of such a body. Art has certainly had something to do with it — how or when I will not pretend to say; but it evidently has that appearance. Leaving this you still continue along the river for the distance of about two miles, and then return by the same path. Before I quit the Dale, however, I must not forget a cold fountain, which, issuing immediately into the river from a spring on the same level, renders it difficult sometimes to be found out. The water, however, is transparent and sweet, and resembles in a great measure, in its taste, that of Malvern.

From Dove Dale we returned to Ashbourn, where our entertainment at the Green Man was highly satisfactory; and thence, taking fresh horses, we proceeded on to Buxton, through a country as barren and desolate as one can well be conceived. Bounded in on every side with stone-fences, which at the best give but a wild appearance, and freed from every vestige of cultivation.

tivation. Strange! that such a waste of land should be in a country remarkable for the industry of its inhabitants. Churchill's satirical lines might well, indeed, be applied to it :

Far as the eye could reach no trees were seen,
Earth clad in russet scorn'd the lively green.

Buxton is a small inconsiderable town, surrounded on all sides by barren unpromising-looking hills. Of late years it has been rendered of some degree of consequence by its mineral springs, one of which is cold and the other hot; and, as chemical people say, possessing the efficacious qualities of both the Bath and Bristol waters. The resort of company to Buxton is considerable: for at three or four houses, which are entirely fitted up for the accommodation of strangers, they reckoned to us at least three hundred inside passengers. Here, as at Malvern, the lodgers in each house board together. This has certainly its inconveniences; but in so small a place necessity must give way to every other consideration.

About a mile from Buxton is the first wonder of the Peak, called Poole's Hole; of which Cotton says, speaking of the wonders:

" The first of these I met with in my way,
" Is a vast cave, which the old people say,
" One Poole, an out-law, made his residence;
" But why he did so, or for what offence,
" The beagles of the law should press so near,
" In spite of horrors self to earth him there,

U

" Is

- “ Is in our times a riddle, and in this
“ Tradition most unkindly silent is :
“ But whatfoe’er his crime, than such a cave,
“ A worse imprisonment he could not have.”

The hole at which you enter into this cavern is very small, and promises but little; however, after advancing a few paces, and creeping as close to the ground as you possibly can, you come to a chasm, where you are shewn Poole’s saddle and his turtle, both of them good incrustations. Passing along from here, you come to some other fine pieces of spar variously twisted round the rocks, called Poole’s Tripe and his Woolfack, both of which are most inimitably honeycombed in the finest kind of white petrification, whilst a spring of clear transparent water issues from one side, and an exact resemblance of an elephant, with his proboscis hanging, strikes you at the other. From here, throwing aside your manhood, you creep upon all-fours, and then ascending a most slippery path, open a prodigious dome 60 or 70 feet high, where you perceive an extraordinary large piece of spar pendent from the roof, called the Flitch of bacon; and, staring in the side, the exact resemblance of old Poole himself. Hence you come to the lion and the lady’s toilet; the former spreading itself upwards, and the latter hanging down in all the carelessness of ease and elegance. These, however, conduct you but to greater beauties; the dark lanthorn, as it is called, which more exactly resembles the figure of the Egyptian sphynx, a vast quantity of fine incrustation falling down in folds, and the roof sparkling with transparent pieces of petrification resembling icicles. Admiring this for some time, you next come to an apartment, at least 50 feet high, in which you have a small black figure

figure in spar, resembling a mouse, and a grand range of organs, as it were, immediately above it. And leaving this, you get to the queen of Scots pillar, so called by the unfortunate Mary when she visited this place, and most beautifully surrounded with curtains of fine incrustation, airily displayed in the Gothic taste. Here most people choose to stop; but we, urged by the spirit of curiosity, dared venture to the end. Cotton, indeed, throws a damp upon the mind when he speaks of this attempt; for, in his words,

“ Over the brook you’re now obliged to stride,
 “ And on the left hand by this pillar’s side,
 “ To seek new wonders, tho’ beyond this stone,
 “ Unless you safe return, you’ll meet with none,
 “ And that, indeed, will be a kind of one.”

}

On however we went; the place was certainly very steep and craggy, and so slippery, that had it not been for fast grasps, we should never have been able to have got ourselves to the top. Here we stopped some time in silent admiration. A candle judiciously placed, without our knowledge, at the very extremity, peeped like a star in a fine cloudy night, while another, as properly set at the bottom, whence we had ascended, had as singular and as awful an effect. Cotton speaking of this says,

“ Here, thro’ a hole, your kind conductors shew
 “ A candle, left on purpose at the brook,
 “ On which, with trembling horror whilst you look,
 “ You’ll fancy ’t, from that dreadful precipice,
 “ A spark ascending from the black abyss.”

Hence, still adventuring upwards, you pass by the lady's pillion and a curtain, both of them exceeding beautiful incrustations; and thence passing through the eye of St. Andrew's needle, and keeping his throne, or pavilion, to the right, which is a remarkable petrification, both from its size and resemblance, you pass over a heap of irregular rocks to a passage most emphatically and justly stiled, Break-back passage. Here, crawling again, you at length come to the apparent end of this extensive cavern (a small aperture making it probable that it still continues, although inaccessible) at the distance of 2007 feet. Trifling as a distance of this kind may seem, it is yet wonderfully fatiguing to clamber over; for in many places the poet's words are far from hyperbolic:

- " For, in several places among these, you meet
- " With nothing worth observing but your feet,
- " Which with great caution you must still dispose,
- " Left, by mischance, should you once footing lose,
- " Your own true story only serve to grace
- " The lying fables of the uncouth place."

Returning, therefore, with as much, or rather with a greater degree of caution than we had advanced, we at length got to the day-light; in our way having paid a visit to Poole's chamber and parlour, in the latter of which there is such a hollow and reverberating sound, that it is beyond a doubt there is some hideous cavern beneath.

Quitting Poole's Hole then, and returning to Buxton, we sent our carriage on before, and rode to the fourth wonder of the
Peak,

Peak, some of the others not being worthy of attention, called Elden's Hole. Here we indeed had matter for affright; a tremendous yawning gulph, bottomless as it is supposed, opens its wide mouth on the side of a hill. The noise of stones, or any other body thrown into it, gradually, and as at a distance, dies away. Nothing has ever been heard of, that has fallen into it; all is inscrutable to man. Trials upon trials have been made with respect to its depth, but all without effect. Cotton himself tried a line and plummet 2652 feet, but could not touch the ground; neither could he at that time hear the water. We, however, fancied the contrary; for two stones out of a prodigious number that we plunged into it, most certainly immersed themselves in that element; but what indeed brings it to a positive demonstration, was an account, given us by our guide, of a man who, within these few years, was let down 210 feet, and who declared, that, at the depth of about 240 feet more, there was water. In Cotton's time the lines were wet, which established the certainty of that element; but the abyfs was not then so exceedingly filled with it as it is at present.

Many stories are told of the accidents which have happened at this place; cattle frequently tumble into it. But nothing can be more dreadful than the acknowledgment of a villain, who, when dying, for the perpetration of some other horrid deed, confessed the having thrown an unfortunate traveller into it whom he had robbed, and who had entrusted himself to his guidance. Another instance, likewise, happened of a poor hind, who, eager for money, engaged for a sum to go to the bottom. His errand, however, was fruitless; vapour, or fright, disordered his senses. He was drawn to the top, and expired in madness in a few days.

Satisfied with the dreadful appearance of this place, we again mounted our horses, and climbing over the hill, descended on the other side into the high road, leading from Manchester to Sheffield, and passing by Mam-Torr, or the Shivered Mountain, (so called from its constantly crumbling on one side) we came to a most romantic turn at the foot of some stupendous hills, which seemed tottering o'er our heads. Here proceeding along, we perceived a small oval aperture in a rock, which our fancy leading us to conceive a cavern, up we mounted upon all-fours, rolling backwards at every effort as much almost as we had gained. By unwearied industry, however, we at length accomplished our task; but, to our great disappointment, found it to contain nothing but the reliques of some "fleeting inhabitants of the air." Downwards we therefore again proceeded in a truly retrograde motion, and at length got to the bottom, where we languidly mounted our carriage, that had by this time joined us, and continued on to a lead-mine, called the Staffordshire Speedwell.

On enquiring of the steward of the place how it was proper to see the process of this work, he told us that it had not yet begun; but that if we would follow him, he would conduct us to the spot where the preparations were making for it. We accordingly put ourselves under his guidance, and immediately perceived an opening on the declivity of the mountain, which, by 107 steps, almost perpendicular, brought us to a river, where a boat was ready, with a person in it, and some candles that he begged we would take charge of. Holding our candles, therefore, and entrusting ourselves to this second Charon, off pushed the boat, when, by sticks placed on either side in the rocks, at the distance of about 6 feet from each other, he shoved us along
for

for a considerable distance. Tremendous as this subterranean navigation was, the whole was exceedingly awful and sublime. The air rustled along in dreadful majesty; the place was dark, saving the lights of our tapers; all was quietness in the boat, and the imagination at work, fancied every thing that was grand. In this way, coasting it with a degree of pleasure that we had not in any of our excursions tasted, we were suddenly called off by a melodious noise, which, reverberating along the concavity of the roof, lost itself with us in the sweetest notes. On, however, we proceeded; the sound still continued, but its force became perceptibly stronger. At length we came to the spot whence it issued; and here indeed our wonder encreased. A little boy of about 10 or 12 years of age, placed in a niche where he had just room to move, and from whence he could not stir without being first relieved, was driving, with a bellows, a supply of fresh air to the further extremity of the river: in this place the little chanter was warbling forth his notes. Nature had blessed him with a charming voice, and, regardless of his situation, he worked and sung his eight long hours, the period allotted him for labor. Passing this inhabitant of these nether regions, we onward continued our way, and at length, having traversed between 16 and 1800 feet, came to the end, where we found three hale and cheerful men busied at their occupations.

On the other side of the hill, from whence we at first set out, a monstrous cavern continues itself, as it is said, for upwards of three miles. Running in the rocks of this are several veins of lead: the expence, however, was too great to work it in its natural state; the idea of a water conveyance, therefore, presented itself. This channel was accordingly contrived; and
here,

here, as in the canals, the world became indebted to the public spirit of the duke of Bridgewater. The whole of this passage excavated in the solid rock, being carried on with his assistance. The miners blow it up, and clear the space by contract. It has now been seven years in hand; but a little while more will probably end their labor; for, at the distance of two hundred yards, they expect to get into the cavern. At the place I am speaking of, they were upwards of 600 feet from the surface of the earth; the water, however, did not encrease upon them, but only sprang out just sufficient to feed the river. Seven feet high, six feet wide, and six feet forward, were worked by these people for five guineas.

It was not until we joined the miners, that we found the vast consequence of the air conveyed to them by the bellows which I have just mentioned. The atmosphere, as they proceed along in these subterraneous works, becomes dank and thick, and so pernicious, that without a constant rarefaction it would certainly destroy them; as I have said before, however, these people are exceedingly healthy, and full of good-humour. It was now time for us to return; we accordingly proceeded back in the manner we had come, and from thence to Castleton, a town situated immediately under the Peak of Derby, where we took some refreshment, and then walked to another wonder, called the Peak's Hole.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

August 1778.

THE approach to this cavern is grand and tremendous; a river issuing from the mouth runs to your left, and a range of rocks rearing their lofty heads to the skies surround you. One of these is measured two hundred and fifty-one feet. Being arrived at the entrance, which is forty-two feet high, and one hundred and twenty feet wide, the attention is caught with a most uncommon sight. Cottages scattered up and down in this dark abode, and a multitude of women and children spinning at their wheels; in every respect it carries the appearance of another world: nor does the prospect confine itself; for the merry creatures who are thus employed, extend themselves so far, as to form a perspective which the imagination quickly paints to have no end. The first thing you are shewn at your entrance by your rustic conductor, who is the naturalist and philosopher of the place, is the manner in which water congeals itself to spar. At first it is, says he, but a transparent drop; by the air it afterwards becomes a clay, and then gradually forms itself into the petrification. The next thing is the flitch of bacon, a large incrustation hanging on one side, which you quickly pass by, and then come to a small door, the prospect from which gives you the most stupendous view of a concave you can conceive. On, however, you go, stooping till

X

you

you get into the bell-house, and thence passing along, you are shewn a line about five feet from the path on which you tread, at which the water arrives, in the time of heavy rains. Hence stooping considerably, you come to the river, on which there is a boat, into which you get, and lying at full length to save your head from the impending rocks, you are thus ferried over, or rather carried up a winding stream, till landing, you fancy yourself arrived in the first apartment of the infernal deities. Nothing can be more stupendous than the appearance of this dreary abode. The length of it, as measured, is two hundred and seventy feet; the width two hundred and ten feet, and the height one hundred and twenty feet. Stopping here, that you may enjoy the gloomy horrors of the scene, a number of candles are dispersed around, which twinkling like stars, afford a most awful assemblage. The return of the boat, however, with other passengers immediately beneath, lying in the manner you did, and coming to a hole, scarcely large enough for a man to creep in at, is whimsical and amusing. Leaving this you come to another winding of the river, which you pass upon the shoulders of your guides, and thence arrive at Roger Raine's House, so called from the incessant drops of water which are falling in every part of it. From this place you continue to the chancel, where calmly proceeding on your way, you are suddenly aroused by a choir of men chaunting in a niche above you, and elevated above fifty-seven feet. No art could produce so wonderful an effect. The vaulted roof rent into a thousand shapes; the height of the cavern itself; the stillness of the scene, saving the gentle patterings of the water in the rainy cell; altogether, the uncommon admixture of the sublime and beautiful. Here then we stopped. The airs were slow and solemn, which were sung: every thing turned the
mind

mind to meditation. Nature appeared in awful majesty before us; in short we could not but fancy ourselves transported to some other world. From the chancel, however, you continue to the Devil's Cellar. Hence you proceed along a sandy hillock, descending one hundred and fifty feet, and at length come to the Half-way House, as it is called, where there is a fine transparent run of water, and where you are shewn how the rain and snow, penetrating through the earth, force themselves into the cavern, and in that manner occasion the swelling of the torrent of the river. Passing still on, you proceed through three most regularly formed arches along the borders of the river, whence you hear the tumbling of a cascade. And then crossing the river, you come to another range of equally as beautiful arches, which conducts you, with the river on your right, to the hanging rock, and to a petrified snake, in high preservation. Hence you come to the place where the current rolls rapidly along, and where the water distills in abundance down the sides. Here we perceived the mud which was left upon the rocks, when the cave was filled with water. Still continuing, and passing through another range of arches, and Tom of Lincoln, so called from its resemblance to a bell, we at length got to the extremity of this wonderful place, two thousand two hundred and fifty feet from the first entrance; and six hundred and twenty-one feet beneath the surface of the hill. This, however, is not supposed the end of the cavern; many people think it continues further, and experiments are accordingly making, by blowing away the rocks, seventeen yards in length of which are already finished, as we ascertained by wading over our knees in water. Should this be the case, the expectations

of the miners will be fulfilled, who suppose the Peak Hole to have a communication with the tremendous cavern I have already mentioned in a former letter. Time will shew; they are all sanguine in the idea, and moreover declare that the same river runs through them both. Before I quit this spot, however, I must not omit mentioning the dreadful effect of a blast, as they styled it, occasioned by a small chamber of powder being crammed into a rock, and in that situation set fire to. The explosion was wonderfully grand; heaven and earth seemed coming together. We all, however, kept our countenances, excepting one of our servants, who palpably fell to the ground with fright. This trial being over, we returned to the door at which we had entered, where our lights were taken from us, and where we were once more blessed with a peep of day, bursting in upon the cavern, and presenting to us objects in a much more sublime appearance than any we had hitherto experienced.

Tired not a little, as you will readily conceive, we anxiously desired to return to our inn; but no time was to be lost. We accordingly mounted to the summit of the Peak, and viewed the old castle, some parts of which are in good preservation: and here setting down to rest ourselves, first having given a glance at the cavern beneath, we were unexpectedly and most charmingly serenaded with a band of music from the opposite hill. Nothing surely could have been more happily timed; neither could there ever have been people more ready to be soothed than we were. The
day

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 165

day had been a day of labor; quiet was necessary. So that enjoying the welcome sounds, and admiring the serenity of the evening, we peacefully laid ourselves on the grass, and in that sweetest of all indulgencies banished the languor of fatigue.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

August 1778.

THE last place I parted with you from was Peake's Hole, and there you will naturally have concluded that our underground workings had been at an end. But, alas! my friend, fate had otherwise ordained it; the spirit of curiosity had warped our rational faculties; danger had become familiar to us, and we therefore determined upon a plan that wiser men would have shuddered at the idea of. This was no less than the exploring the three-mile cavern which I have already mentioned. Summoning therefore a posse-comitatus of all the miners of the place, we in brief told them our intention. Astonishment at first prevented them from answering us; none but two or three had ever ventured upon a trial; custom even had not reconciled the others to so hazardous an enterprize. A promise of reward, however, prevailed upon the whole, and they accordingly agreed to attend us in the morning. In the mean time a messenger being dispatched to Sheffield for torches, we began seriously to prepare for our descent; this was soon accomplished. A paper of memorandums was left in our escrutores, and a card, in case of an accident, telling who our friends were, and where they were to be found, was left upon our table in the inn. Thus guarding against the worst that could befall us, at least so far as it respected matters

matters which we might leave behind, we early the next morning, accompanied by a chosen set of our new guides, repaired to the top of the mountain, where the scissure opened itself about three feet in diameter. Provided by the miners with proper dresses, we then stripped ourselves of our own outward apparel, and putting on each a pair of canvas trowsers, a flannel jacket, and over that a canvas frock, with a handkerchief round our heads, and a miner's cap, we all proceeded one by one down this dread abyss, for the distance of about four hundred and twenty feet perpendicular. Imagination can scarcely form a descent more perilous than this was. The only steps to tread on, or things to hold by, were bits of oak stuck into the sides, inhabitants of that place since it was first discovered, and which, from want of use, it was natural to suppose might have either rotted or loosened themselves in the earth; moreover, a false step hurled one inevitably to destruction: fortunately all was firm, and we arrived at the bottom unhurt. From hence, ranging ourselves in order, with a large bundle of candles and torches, independent of the candles we each of us carried, we proceeded on with tolerable facility through two or three lofty and most beautifully enamelled caverns of spar. This we conceived an earnest of future delight, and the tablets were accordingly set at work; but, alas! how great was our mistake! Here our difficulties were to commence. Following the guide, who besides another who was with us, were the only two of the party who had ever penetrated before, we forced our way with infinite struggles, through a narrow space, between two rocks, and thence getting on our hands and knees, were, for the full distance of a mile, obliged to crawl without ever daring to lift up
our

our heads, the passage being too low. Filled with mud, dirt, and a multitude of bits of rocks, our progress was painful indeed: we still, however, hoped for something better. On we accordingly proceeded, till a dreadful noise, rumbling along the horrible crevices of the cave, gave us to understand that we were near a river: to this then we accordingly hurried. But description is inadequate to any thing like a representation of this scene. A vast ocean seemed roaring in upon us; in some places bursting with inconceivable impetuosity, and at others falling through dreadful chasms, naturally formed to give it vent: through this our journey was to continue. A cry of light, however, alarmed us: the confinement of the air, and the narrowness of our track, had extinguished all our torches; the candles too, all but one small end, were totally expended. We knew not what to do. In vain the miners halloo'd for the supply which was to have come behind; no answer was to be heard. Our fate seemed now inevitable; but we who were the principals, fortunately expressed no fear. In this extremity a gallant fellow, who yet was ignorant of the place, but from experience knew the danger we were in, suddenly disappeared, and after groping for a considerable time in the dismal horrors of the place, at length returned to us with a supply of candles, having discovered his companions unto whom they were given in charge, almost petrified with fear, and unable to continue after us from their apprehension. Reprieved in this manner from a death which seemed to await us, in its most horrid form, we onward proceeded with a fresh recruit of spirits; and plunging into the river above our waists, scarce tenable from the impetuosity of the torrent, we cautiously picked our steps, and, at length, after a
four-

four hours most unspeakable fatigue, arrived at about three hundred yards beyond the spot, where the subterranean passage we had the day before explored, was expected to find an entrance into this dreadful place.

Here then we were obliged to stop, a fall into a yawning gulph, in which I was providentially saved by a corner of a rock catching me by the knee, had hitherto given me an inconceivable degree of pain; but I had not spoke; it now became scarce bearable; out however I was to crawl, and that too upon this tortured limb. The retreat accordingly began; but no anguish could surpass the excess of torment I was in. Often did I wish to remain where I was; no succour or assistance could be given me: every man was painfully busied in the charge of his own safety. At length, having almost worn out the other knee, and torn both my sides and back by forcing myself in those positions, I was compelled to call out for help, as we happily came to the first opening where I could be raised. Languor and faintness from what I had suffered, had totally deprived me of my strength: I was accordingly seated on a rock, but in a few minutes, having collected myself as much as possible, I tottered through the rest of the cavern, helped where assistance could be given me, and in that manner got to the blessed sunshine of the day. All the rest, however, were tolerably well, excepting two of our guides, one of whom had received a violent contusion on his head from a rock; and another several bruises from a fall, in his climbing up the last aperture. Altogether, the depth we had descended was about one hundred and forty fathom or nine hundred and eighty feet, and the length about three miles, according to the miners calculation. Neither at this distance were

Y

we

we at the end; a passage still continued, but so filled with water, and so full of peril, that the miners themselves were averse to further trial. And here, my friend, I will take my leave of you for the present. The pains in my limbs are still excruciating, but a little time will set all to rights again; all I have to say is, that I never wish even the greatest enemy I have in the world to be so unpardonably led by curiosity as to tempt destruction, where, independent of the dangers of the place, the falling of a single stone might bury him in eternity for ever.

LETTER

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 178

LETTER XIX.

August 1778.

AT length, recruited from my fatigue, I am able to continue to you a narrative of our progress on terra firma. Leaving Castleton, and passing Maunsel Dale, and Haddon Castle, an old seat of the Rutland family, we came to Chatsworth, a place belonging to the duke of Devonshire. The approach to this house through his grace's park is pleasant, and the house itself, with the river Derwent running in front, and a fine hill covered with wood, spreading itself at the back and sides, is happily situated, and cuts a good appearance: it is filled, however, with old furniture, even with the beds and chairs which were in the apartments of the unfortunate Mary queen of Scots, when she resided there as a captive with the earl of Shrewsbury. Compassion for the fate of this unhappy fair one made us review this part of the mansion with a degree of veneration. The rest, however, was not above the common standard of mediocrity; although with a little trouble, I will not say as to the expence, it might soon be rendered not only convenient, but superb. The grounds about this house are naturally well adapted to the boldest beauties; and attention seems to have been paid to them in this respect. The old duke planted a considerable extent of ground, and his son is now employed in the same species of improvement.

The strait canal, basons, terrace, and dead walls must, however, certainly be destroyed; while they remain, grandeur of view can never be expected. The spouting horses, Naiads, and other little matters, must likewise be removed. Nature has done a vast deal; water is in plenty, and where the temple dedicated to that element is placed, a delightful distribution of it might be made. Unfortunately the present possessor came to the estate with such a load of incumbrances, that his means have hitherto prevented him from altering any thing materially. Time may obviate this, and Chatsworth may then rise to a modern degree of reputation, equal to that which it formerly possessed. Before I leave this place, I must not omit mentioning one good picture in the house,

A flight into Egypt, most exquisitely finished by Annibal Caraccio.

Continuing the route from Chatsworth towards the village of Matlock, you wind along a beautiful valley, highly romantic and picturesque. Either side bounded by hills and stupendous rocks, with cottages here and there interspersed, and a quantity of wood, sometimes irregularly scattered, and at others spreading in the closest foliage, while the river Derwent rolls itself pleasantly in the centre of the dale. In this beautiful spot is Matlock spa, celebrated for its medicinal qualities, and no less so for its rural situation. From the houses where you are lodged, immediately descending, you arrive at the margin of the river, closely embowered by the branches of the trees, irregularly planted in a shrubbery, and thence proceeding through a winding path, "for love and contemplation made," you pass by a cascade rolling

ing from the right, and then come to a water-work, erected for the purpose of draining a lead mine on the opposite shore, by which you are stopped from any further progress. Over the flimsy fabric of this machine, however, we trusted ourselves, the whole shaking at every step we took, and the river rapidly foaming beneath. Neither did our late disasters prevent us from another attempt into the bowels of the earth. Our way however was short, so that we quickly returned; and then again on the opposite side to Matlock continued up another shady walk, till we came to a flight of steps which led us to the top of the hill, where we had a fine prospect. The pleasant way of getting to this side, however, is by a barge which is constantly in readiness to ferry you across the river. Altogether, Matlock has assuredly the preference to most of the other water-drinking places, which are so astonishingly crowded in the summer.

Quitting Matlock, our next stage was Chesterfield, a large well-built town, and remarkable for a canal that is now making, and which, when finished, will run for upwards of forty-five miles. Sheffield in Yorkshire was our next place; but this was so abominably dirty, and poverty-stricken in its appearance, that after viewing its manufactories, which, by-the-bye, were infinitely inferior to those of Birmingham, we proceeded on our way to Doncaster; passing by Coningsborough castle, an old Roman pile, with many parts of it in good preservation, and admirably well situated. Doncaster is a neat and apparently a populous town: the houses in general are good, and the streets are well paved. In the cathedral, which is an old Gothic building, there is a monument of an earl of Doncaster, with this whimsical inscription:

I

Howe,

Howe, Howe, who is here?

I Robin, of Doncastere,

And Margaret, my feare.

That I spent, that I had.

That I gave, that I have.

That I left, that I lost,

A. D. 1597.

Quoad Robertus Byrks, who in this world did reign
Threescore yeares and seven, but liv'd not one.

Hitherto Yorkshire has appeared a well cultivated and fine country; but any thing, you may possibly say, will do after Derbyshire. But that is not the case; the harvest is however considerably later than in the more southern parts; about Bath and Bristol it was gathering in two months ago; here it is only reaping.

Before I quitted Castleton, I believe I forgot to tell you of an extraordinary old woman we met with, and who from her infancy had drank scarcely any other liquid than butter-milk. She was, when we saw her, ninety-eight; and till within ten years of that period, she said she had worked as hard as any girl in the town. What do you say to this, my friend? Will you tread in the steps of the old lady? Seriously speaking, these extraordinary means of prolonging our existence are certainly more than can be accounted for by the whole college of physicians. Cornaro tells you to avoid repletion, to eat proper quantities of bread, and to drink wine in a moderate degree. Cadogan again tells you to avoid bread, to eat raw meat, and to abstain from every

every kind of spirit. Fothergill orders you to refrain from butter. Falconer tells you it is necessary to keep the sinews and bones properly oiled, as it were, for their different vocations. Others again forbid tea. Our little Cicerone at Derby lived upon it. In short, say what we will, this same business of longevity is beyond our comprehension. Great wigs may dogmatize, for they are privileged so to do; but simple 'practice baffles all their nostrums.

“ Experience proves, where precept fails,

“ And sermons are less read than tales.”

PRIOR.

Leaving Doncaster, we next came to Ferry-bridge, thence to Tadcaster, and from Tadcaster to York. The extent of this town is very considerable; being an Archiepiscopal see, and always giving a title to one of the royal family, it has ever been peculiarly attended to. The streets are tolerably broad and well-built. The river Ouse runs thro' the centre of it, covered with vessels, some of them of two hundred and fifty tons burthen, which trade with different ports, but generally with that of London. Along the borders of this river, a public walk, well planted with trees, for the space of about a mile, has been carried for the amusement of the inhabitants. Notwithstanding the size and antiquity of York, there is certainly nothing in it that is worthy the observation of a traveller, excepting the cathedral or minster, as it is called, and the castle. The minster is Gothic, and very large; the extent 525 feet; the breadth 110 feet, and the height 99 feet. That which, however, renders it celebrated, is the nave, reckoned the largest in Europe, excepting St. Peter's at Rome, being four feet and an half wider than that
of

Saint Paul's, and eleven feet higher. The chapter-house too belonging to it is a monument of good taste and workmanship; it is sixty-three feet in diameter, of an octagonal form, arched, and without a single pillar in the centre to support it. The assembly-room, though much admired, is poor: the architecture exceedingly heavy, and the whole surrounded with a range of pillars shoving each other from their places. At the time it was erected, it was probably an elegant structure: it is now, however, much eclipsed, not only by the rooms in London, but by those of Bath, Southampton, and many other places not near so wealthy.

In rambling through this town, and attentively observing every thing that passed, we were struck with a bill at the entrance of a public house, denoting that a remarkable little woman was to be seen for six-pence. In we accordingly went, and on entering the parlour, seeing nothing but a servant, and a child seated on a high chair, at breakfast, we begged to see the dwarf that was mentioned in the advertisement. These words were scarce uttered, when down the creature jumped from the chair that we conceived a child, and after making us a curtsy, strutted about the room, with not a small degree of consequence. Astonished at this, we asked the attendant if that was not the dwarf? and on her replying in the affirmative, we began more narrowly to examine the size and features of this little prodigy; scarcely thirty-six inches high, and tolerably well proportioned as to limbs. This creature was now one or two and twenty years of age. Her face, however, was hideous; the nose and cheek-bones projected considerably; the mouth fell in, and the eyes, which were large, and of the ferret kind, seemed as if starting from
her

her head. Altogether the sight was unpleasant. Her weight, however, was no more than eighteen pounds; nor is this to be wondered at, when her whole length was but seven inches when she was born. The father and mother support themselves by shewing her. Nine other children are the produce of this pair, but all of them remarkably handsome and well sized.

Objects of this kind are generally deformed in some respect or other. One, however, that I saw abroad, was quite the contrary. This little creature was in height, not superior to the one I have just mentioned; but then his whole frame was so exquisitely formed, that he was in fact an elegant miniature of man; when I saw him he was past sixty years of age; his strength and appetite good, and his intellects quite clear, insomuch that he travelled seven hundred miles to settle a matter in dispute relative to a village which he possessed, and which he finally adjusted with some degree of difficulty: he was a priest.

One story, they say, generally brings forth another; take a few therefore out of the budget while it is open for you. In the year 1775, two objects were brought to me to look at, whose respective situations were remarkable indeed. The first was a man of about forty years of age, with body and head of a common size, but with fins for hands and arms, and with elephant's feet for thighs and legs, with which he could run most astonishingly fast; and the other was a child of about nine years of age, with the lower parts of another child hanging from his middle by a slender film, and in which he had as much sensation as in any part of his own frame. At first I could not believe this, but on trial, by pinching the feet, the legs, and thighs of the

Z

impending

impending form, I found that the child himself winced, and seemed conscious of pain. Happily for him, the limbs were much smaller than his own, not being larger than those of an infant of two or three years old : they would, however, it is probable, encrease in bulk as he did ; but it is to be hoped, without any greater inconvenience than he experienced at the time I am speaking of, and which was indeed nothing at all : nay, on the contrary, for his health was good, his spirits cheerful, and he eat and slept as if nothing were the matter. And as for the other object that I have mentioned, he was so full of fun, that he would skip about for an hour together, and was then, by his own confession, in the high road to matrimony. Adieu, my friend ; think of this.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

August 1778.

BENDING our course still northward from York, we proceeded through a pleasant country to Castle Howard, the seat of the earl of Carlisle. On the opening of the mansion it cuts a grand appearance : the road, however, is too strait and formally planted. At the entrance of the park, which is through an arched gateway lined and flanked with towers, you come to an eminence, and thence turn to an obelisk, on one side of which is this inscription :

“ If to perfection these plantations rise,
 “ If they agreeably my heirs surprize,
 “ This faithful pillar will their age declare,
 “ As long as time these characters shall spare.
 “ Here then, with kind remembrance, read his name,
 “ Who for posterity perform’d the same.

“ Charles the 3d earl of Carlisle,
 “ Of the family of the Howards,
 “ Erected a building whereon the old castle of
 “ Henderskelf stood, and call’d it Castle Howard.
 “ He likewise made the plantations in this park,
 “ And all the out-works, monuments, and other
 “ Plantations, belonging to the said seat.

“ He began these works

“ In the year 1702,

“ And set up this inscription

“ In the year 1731.”

And on the other side is a Latin inscription to John duke of Marlborough.

On the approach to the house, the first object that strikes is a dissimilarity in the wings: this, however, on enquiry is satisfactorily explained. The old lord, who built the body, had intended that the wings should be alike; but before they were finished he died. His successor then changed the plan; and although one of them was already covered in, he began upon a new design, and completed the other wing upon a different construction; so that they both stand staring at each other, as much as to say, What business have you here? Probably the present lord, if released from his incumbrances, may effect the alteration: if so, I hope it may be agreeably to the old scale, as the modern one is so exceedingly out of proportion that I am not clear if it is not as large or larger than the body. A palpable solecism surely in architecture. The hall is a grand and uncommon room; in it are full lengths in marble

Of Augustus Cæsar, and Aurelius, Ceres, Commodus, Scipio Africanus, Marc Anthony, and two females supposed to be wives of two Roman emperors.

Ascending the grand stair-case, which is heavy and ill-placed, like all others designed by Sir John Vanbrugh, and the sides disfigured with coarse paintings, you come to the little dressing-room; in which is,

Henry

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 181

Henry Percy, 9th earl of Northumberland. And
The prodigal son, by Spagnoletto.

In the yellow bed-chamber,
A fine collection of different views of Venice, by Can-
letto. And
George Monk, duke of Albemarle, by Sir Peter Lely.

In the saloon,
Busts of Marcus Aurelius, Cicero, Vitellius, in porphyry.
Otho, Commodus, one unknown, Antoninus Galba,
in porphyry. Faustina, Silenus, and Hercules. The
tables, Egyptian granite.

In a passage-room,
The dutchess of Albemarle, in the character of Cleo-
patra, the colours soft and glowing.

In the gallery,
Pope Gregory, by Titian. And
A gentleman studying music, by Dominico Fetti.

In a room and its anti-chamber,
Algernon Percy, 10th earl of Northumberland, by
Vandyke. And
A crucifixion in ivory, exquisitely fine, with some good
bronzes, antique.

In the breakfast-room,
James II. by Sir Peter Lely.

Jocelyn

Jocelyne Percy, 11th earl of Northumberland, when young, by Sir Peter Lely. And
A handsome Mosaic table.

In the dining-room,
Two paintings of cattle, by Rozalo de Tivoli.
A dog and cats, by Titian.
A green porphyry urn, antique. And
A horse and groom, by Stubbs.

In the saloon,
St. John, by Salvato Roza.
Pope Julian II. by Titian.
An Ecce Homo, by Vandyke.
A holy family, a copy from Raphael.
Hunting the stag, and still life, by Rubens and Snyder.
Busts of Apollo, Didius Julian, Enobarbus, Drusus Cæsar,
Pallas in touchstone, two Apis's, Commodus, Julia,
and Poppeia.

In the tapestry drawing-room,
Cardinal Howard, exquisitely fine, by Carlo Moratti.
Several antique bronzes. And the following busts,
Severus, Marcus Aurelius, Lucella, sister to Commodus,
and a Sylvan deity, Brutus and Cassius.
With some exceeding beautiful green porphyry — porphyry, and
granate tables.

In the blue dining-room,
An earl of Arundel, by Rubens.

The

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 183

The present lady Carlisle, by a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Three verd antique tables ; and the bustos of Jeta, Agrippina, and Minerva, in oriental alabaster.

In the state bed-chamber,
The tapestry elegant.

Two antique Sippolina tables, with two urns of oriental alabaster.

In the green drawing-room,
Two tables of bloody jasper.
A Venetian nobleman, by Rembrandt.
A nativity, by Annibal Caraccio.
John the Baptist's head in a charger, by Rubens.
Tancred and Ermina, by Guercino.
A holy family, and an angel appearing to our Saviour,
by Annibal Caraccio.
Abraham and Isaac, by Rembrandt. And
Charles I. taking leave of his son the duke of York,
by Vandyke.

The museum likewise is filled with antique bustos, urns, bronzes, sarcophagus's, tables, and many other articles curious and well worthy of observation. Besides which there is a gallery of 160 feet in length, as yet unfinished ; in which is a considerable collection of pictures, medals, spars, &c..

Anxious for establishing conveniencies for the dead as well as for the living, the provident old lord, whom we have just mentioned,

tioned, erected, in a conspicuous situation in the park, a mausoleum, with a chapel upon its top, consecrated by a right reverend father of the church. This repository of the dead has something awful and magnificent in its appearance. Here the young lords may retire, and muse with their progenitors; dwell upon those actions which rendered their forefathers worthy of their nobility; or if tired of life, and sick of imitation, pick out a niche, in which to rest the remnants of their mortality. The path to this building leads through the park, the whole is surrounded with massive pillars and covered with a dome of good workmanship. From the mausoleum you proceed to Diana's temple, and thence, continuing along a handsome terrace, come to the front of the house, which is elegant and superb, with a wild boar of fine sculpture, in one block of marble, and as large as life, in a walk immediately adjoining. In short, Castle Howard altogether is happily situated. Hitherto the present possessor has found it inconvenient to attempt improvements of any kind; it is now, however, said, that when the estate is freed of its incumbrance he means to effect some alterations, which will render it inferior to few places in the kingdom.

Leaving this place we next proceeded to Scarborough. Filled, like all other watering places at this season of the year, we found at first some difficulty in procuring a lodging. This, however, being at length acquired by the force of bribery, the time we staid glided pleasantly along. The waters, of which by-the-bye I do not think there were any great quantities drank, are in many cases reckoned salutary; the bathing, however, is the chief inducement for company to resort thither: that, together with the freshness of the sea breezes, the regular airings on the
beech,

beech, is, I may say, a marine atmosphere, and the cheerful evening recreations at the rooms are such powerful assistors, that few people go there valetudinary, who do not experience their good effects.

From Scarborough, which has nothing else worthy of attention, excepting the castle, which is situate upon a high point of land to the northward of the town, and must have been in former days of much consideration, we proceeded in an irregular route over the wolds of Yorkshire, which are as wild as can be conceived, to Driffild, and thence to Beverley. This town, in the east riding of Yorkshire, is 179 miles from London, and is remarkable both for the cleanliness of its streets and houses, and for its minster, which, though greatly inferior in size to many in the kingdom, is in point of beauty and symmetry, perhaps, superior to any that can be named. That which, however, renders it singularly curious is one of its sides, which having declined after it was built upwards of four feet, has since, by the ingenuity of a joiner, been set upright; the apertures occasioned thereby being filled with a quantity of molten lead, which gives the walls a degree of stability that they evidently wanted in the beginning.

Leaving Beverley, we next continued our route to Hull, a large and populous sea-port town in the same county. This place, situate conveniently on the German ocean, drives on a considerable trade with the Baltic, the United Provinces, and all the northern nations: for this purpose a Trinity-house has been established on the most laudable foundation. No town can boast of a greater appearance of industry than Hull; the whole mass of the inha-

A a

bitants

bitants is pervaded by some one principle of commerce or another. From Hull, passing through Ferrby, Cave, and Howdon, we next arrived at Thorne, the roads all the way being tolerably good, but very indifferently supplied with horses. Here nothing was to be seen; the town is situate on the confines of the marshes, which have nothing in them but what is dreary and unpleasant, saving the trunks of trees, the reliques of former ages; our sole refuge was in the church-yard: in that holy place we met with variety of amusement. Epitaphs innumerable, some good, others common; take the following, however, as a specimen:

“ In memory of a woman aged 36, and two children
“ who died in their infancy.

“ Only a few years in
“ A married state,
“ When I was changed
“ And left my mate;
“ Into a silent bed I am brought,
“ And am much better do not doubt;
“ Oh! my dear friend, don't weep for me,
“ I can't return to comfort thee.”

“ In this vain world there's many a crooked street,
“ Death's the market-place where all must meet;
“ If life was a merchandize that rich men could buy,
“ Rich men would for ever live, poor men would die.”

From

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 2187

From this place we next proceeded through Courick, Snaith Carlton, Cammelfworth, and Selby, crossed the Ouse in a ferry-boat; then to Escirk, Fulford, York, and Scarborough again, in the same manner as before.

A a 2

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

September 1778.

HAVING at length concluded the time we had allotted for our stay at Scarborough, we, with a fresh recruit of curiosity, began our progress to the North. Passing through Thornton and Pickering, two inconsiderable villages, we came to Helmsley, a fair-looking town, with the remains of an old castle in it, which is in tolerable good preservation; it is evidently, however, of no great antiquity, although much of it is fractured and fallen into ruin. Adjoining to Helmsley is Duncombe park, a seat belonging to Mr. Duncombe, and one that is well worthy the attention of a traveller. The approach to it is good; and the house itself, although the wings, like those of Castle Howard, are upon different constructions, is both commodious and convenient. Unfortunately, we arrived at it too late in the evening; we, however, had time to see every thing, though not to note them down. The paintings in general are good, as are the statues and bustos; a dog, however, in marble, wrought by either Phidias or Praxiteles, is, to connoisseurs, the finest and most valuable part of the collection. In a former letter, I think, I mentioned to you, with a great degree of eulogium, the terrace at Wardour castle; it certainly appeared to merit it; nor do I mean now to take from it that credit which, I think,

every

every body must allow it to possess; Mr. Duncombe's, however, has certainly many advantages. Lord Arundel's, it is true, is more extensive; Mr. Duncombe's I must confess, I think, has more beauties. Surrounding it is a deep vale covered with trees, and a river gliding between them, while a rich hanging wood on the other side gives a wildness, and at the same time a richness to the landscape, that is romantic in the extreme; strait hedges, however, are still in being at Duncombe park. Fashions, like prejudices, become too firm to be eradicated at once.

It being dark when we left Duncombe park, and having a cross-road to encounter, we had some reason to doubt of the success of our expedition to Thurst that night; nor were we much relieved from our apprehension, when the post-boys called out upon a heath that they had lost their way: patience, however, and resignation were still left us, and those we determined to exert. The servants were called to explore; but, alas! the servants were lost as well as their masters. No voice was to be heard; a pit possibly had received them, or they were wandering whither we could not tell. In this extremity, and laughing at the whimsical situation we were in, we were suddenly aroused by one of the French servants roaring out in broken English, at a great distance, for somebody to tell him the road. Prepared for merriment, nothing could exceed the ludicrous effect that this exclamation had upon our imaginations; we were almost suffocated with laughter: an answer was, however, given him; and he at length came up with his companion in his rear, who had by this time joined him, both blessing themselves for their escape, and badinaging each other with not a little pleasantry at the pretty figure they should have cut, had they been both
taken

taken up in the morning, and, upon examination, not have been able either to have replied to the place from whence they came, or whither they were going. With some difficulty after this we regained our road, and thence continuing, shook and jolted almost to pieces, we about eleven o'clock arrived safe at Thurst. From Thurst, by an exceeding good road, and through a fertile and well-cultivated country, we proceeded next day to Ripon, a place distant from London about 218 miles. This town is large, though not populous. The church, or minster, is large and respectable; remarkable, however, for nothing, saving the charnel-house; in which some miserable and grinning remnants of mortality are most piously and methodically arranged.

In the neighbourhood of Ripon, and at the distance of about three miles, stands Studley park, the seat of Mr. Aislaby. The approach to this spot through the park, which naturally swells with much elegance, and is well planted with trees, is highly agreeable and picturesque. The house itself seems large and commodious; the prospects from the lawn before it are exquisitely fine. On the one side, the town and minster of Ripon; on the other, Fountains's-abbey; while an obelisk, a pavilion, and a temple, shew themselves in different places in the front. Descending from the house by a gradual slope, you come to the garden, as it is called, although in reality it is a part of the same park through which you had already passed, somewhat indeed more carefully improved. Here you receive a shock at the formality of a large basin of water; nor are you much better pleased, on a little further progress, at the regular embankation of a pretty little rivulet; these, however, are both of them

them shortly to be altered. At the time they were made, they were fashionable; now they are reprobated, and therefore Mr. Aislabbie means to give them a more artless and rural aspect. The hanging wood that o'er shadows this river, is beautifully fine. Placing yourself near the figure of a dying gladiator, the prospect is really charming; the tower, a temple dedicated to piety, and a small rotunda, all happily dispersed in the wood, which here forms an amphitheatre. Proceeding on, you next open a fine old bridge with a river rushing through it, and the back ground so darkened with trees, as to give the idea of a cascade foaming through a cavern. At the foot of the bridge, which is venerably covered with ivy and other creepers, you next open a beautiful assemblage of new objects most elegantly diversified; the banquetting-house, cold-bath, rotunda, and a small pavilion, just peering above the trees. Crossing the bridge, you then come to the reservoir, which is an extensive sheet of water; and on the banks of which, but still in the wood, and at some distance from the water, are several elegant recesses. Turning to the left, you next get to the temple of piety, whence you have a pleasing view of the opposite shore, well swelled in lawn and planted. From the temple of piety you ascend the hanging wood, and, passing through a rustic arched way, come to the tower, where you have a prodigious fine assemblage of objects all around. From this spot you next continue to the right, at every step almost opening through artless vistas; Fountaine's-abbey, the banquetting-house, and the other beauties of the place; and, at the end of the walk, bringing How-hill in front, with its lofty brow, on which a building is erected, thickly covered with a variety of wood. Thence passing, you come to a seat where the reservoir shews itself immediately beneath.

beneath, with a beautiful hill on the other side covered with trees, jutting itself into its bosom, and binding it in a circular form. Leaving this, you next come to a spot where you open a view of the finest ruin that it is possible for imagination to conceive. On the left, a modest river gently glides along its side, tufted with oak and evergreen; on the right, rocks and woods romantically shew themselves in natural wildness; while in front, a fine lawn extends itself to where the abbey rears its awful head in all the pride and dignity of age. Here then, as you may suppose, we continued some time. At length descending, we proceeded along the borders of the reservoir and river, the abbey still appearing with additional beauty as we approached it, till coming to the mouldering arches of a bridge, which we crossed, we soon found ourselves at the entrance of this most beautiful ruin. Never until this moment did I conceive it possible for tottering walls to appear so lovely to the sight: unenthusiastically speaking, it fascinated us for the moment; nor am I now able to do justice to it in description. Extensive as you may suppose, and built in the most beautiful stile of Gothic architecture, the tower and all the walls are still remaining; the roof alone is gone to ruin. Entering the door, instead of a chancel, you find yourself in a grove: nature has sportively scattered through it an enchanting assemblage of shrubbery and trees. The sod too, through which they shoot, is exquisitely green; no depredation has been wantonly committed on it; Time, and age alone, have brought it to its present state; like the reverend remnants of a good old man, it has fallen in peace, and without a harsh convulsion. By an inscription over one of the portals it appears to have been finished in 1202. The length of the grand isle is 360 feet; the cloister garden

garden is quite entire; the chapter-room and library beautiful, and filled with trees; the refectory in high preservation; the cloisters in the same situation, as well as the dormitory; and the whole of it, in short, such as beggars every faculty of description. One thing, however, I must not omit, viz. The height and symmetry of some of the pillars that are still standing, and the oak, which growing out of a wall, and spreading its trunk for several feet horizontally, at length erects itself perpendicularly, and throws out a profusion of branches. Leaving this enchanting spot, you next return by the opposite banks of the river, and thence through an elegantly winding walk, till you come to a seat which yields a number of scenes that are highly picturesque and diversified; and thence to a handsome building, called the Banqueting-house, in which is an antique bronze of Venus de Medicis. From the banqueting-house you next descend to the cold-bath, and thence, through some delightful walks, to the gate at which you entered the garden, and which conducts you, by another road through the park, to the first entrance, where a long avenue, similar to that from Windsor park to the castle, and terminated by Ripon minster, leads you to the high road.

Not satisfied with this spot, which contains the united beauties of Stourton park, Hagley, and Tintern abbey, Mr. Aislaby has purchased another place within six miles of it, which possesses all the wildness of Matlock and the Leasowes; this is Hackfall. Never was there seen such an assemblage of wild and variegated nature. The vale itself, with a beautiful river running through it, is surrounded with woods, rocks, and cataracts: neither is it continued in one regular position; it varies most delightfully. At present it is without a house, although there

is a spot charmingly adapted for that purpose; and, indeed, it is possible it may be better without one: much pains have, however, been taken with the walks and terraces from one end to the other. Many little buildings have likewise been erected in it, together with some ruins which are admirably well placed. Altogether it is one of the most romantic, and, with a little more expence, might be made one of the most charming places in the kingdom.

From Hackfall we next proceeded to Marlham, a neat and improving town, and thence to Richmond. Here, I must confess, I was disappointed. Accounts had given me reason to suppose it possessed many advantages of situation; but the contrary I found to be the case. The country around it, it is true, is pleasant and well cultivated; but the town itself is nothing: neither is the castle, although it is large, and was erected about the time of our first William.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXII.

September 1778.

LEAVING Richmond, we next proceeded, through a rich and beautiful country, to within a few miles of Barnard, where we stopped to admire an elegant bridge, about eighty feet in span and forty feet in height, which is at that place thrown across the Tees. That river here runs with prodigious violence; bounded on either side with rocks, and declining considerably, it forms a grand and natural cascade for a vast distance. From this bridge we next continued our route to Barnard. This is but a poor town, neither is the castle, though it certainly was extensive and well placed upon the banks of the Tees, in any respect worthy of observation.

From the amazing rapidity of the Tees at the bridge I have just mentioned, judging that the celebrated fall of that river must have increased, both in velocity and quantity, from the late heavy rains, we lost no time, but hastily snatching a morsel of dinner, although it was late in the afternoon, we presently set off in hopes of seeing it that evening; but night overtook us on the way. The roads in many places were almost impassable; so that by the time we got to Middleton, a town distant about 10 miles from Barnard, we found it both too dreary and too dismal to attempt any further progress. At Middleton,

B b 2

therefore,

therefore, we halted, and the next morning early, having been serenaded about four o'clock with a gentleman's roaring for cold fowl and ale for his breakfast, we proceeded to the cataract, which in every respect answered our expectations. An immense column of water tumbling for a considerable distance over huge massive rocks, at length precipitates itself down a frightful precipice of about 60 feet perpendicular height; roaring in its fall, and throwing up such a quantity of spray, as to wash the rocks all round. Here again it takes a quiet course; but, after a little progress, another break again forms another fall as beautiful as the first, but in no comparison equal to it in sublimity. These views, however, cannot be taken together. Placing ourselves on a rock in the very center of the river, and at the spot where the grand cataract first begins its fall, we happily brought the whole of this first object immediately in sight. Strange as it may seem, the effect was much less beautiful at the bottom; there, indeed, it still appeared awful and tremendous: the summit, however, was the place to see it in perfection.

Bleak as the morning was, for the country all around was wild and desolate, and the air pinchingly cold, we continued in admiration of this sport of nature for some time, and at length returned well satisfied with our errand. On our return, however, our guide desired us to step on one side to observe a bridge that has been laid across the Tees at about a mile from the fall, and which is constructed literally to hang in chains. The way is this: two thick and substantial chains are thrown from the one shore to the other, and on these, in equilibrio, is placed a slight bridge of the breadth of about two feet. As may be supposed, this machine is rickety and unpleasant for a passenger:

it is, however, steadied as much as possible by side-chains, which are fastened to the rocks beneath ; still, however, it shakes and bends as it is trodden upon. Nor is it long since that a violent flood, taking away one of the chains, the whole of the fabric completely turned over ; fortunately without injury to either man or beast, none being upon it at that moment.

Returning again to Middleton, from whence, by-the-bye, no traveller should go but on horseback to the fall, we proceeded over a large tract of moor-land to Stainthorpe, a neat little town, and thence to Raby Castle. This building, however it may have been spoken of, is certainly not magnificent : it takes up, it is true, a vast extent of ground, and is kept in exceeding good repair ; but still it does not answer one's expectations. The park and other improvements are extensive ; but nothing further. It is altogether, as an old building, worth seeing, and the present possessor, lord Darlington, seems desirous of making it more so by the quantities of wood he has already and still means to plant around it.

From Raby Castle we next proceeded to Bishop Auckland, a large and populous town, where the bishop of Durham has an excellent park and palace, in which he generally resides ; and from thence to Durham. This town is charmingly situated on a hill whose skirts are washed by the windings of the Were, and over which there are three good bridges. The cathedral is a large edifice, though not so grand as might be expected in the bishoprick of Durham. The livings are considerable : some of the inhabitants, however, complain of being priest-ridden. No tenement, they say, however small, that does not pay something

thing to their reverencies. Improvements even are assented ; but, the whole being a kind of ecclesiastical government, they put up with it without open murmuring. Pious creatures !

The walks about Durham are rural and romantic : the banks of the Were afford ample space, and the good people have not been inattentive to their improvement. The bishop of Durham is a temporal prince, being earl of Sadberg, a small town near Stockton, which he holds by barony. He is sheriff, paramount of this county, and appoints his deputy, who makes up his audit to him without accounting to the exchequer. He is also a count palatine, lord of this city, and appoints all officers of justice and other inferior magistrates.

Leaving Durham, we next bent our course towards Newcastle, stopping in our way at Cocken, a seat belonging to Mr. Carr, delightfully situate on the Were, and abounding with a profusion of natural advantages, which have in general been neglected ; and at a little distance from it, at Ludlow-Castle, a large mansion belonging to lord Scarborough ; but containing nothing worthy of observation, excepting a good painting of Sir Thomas More. Near to Cocken is Finkley-Abbey, an old monastery, but in no-wise remarkable ; and in the center of the river a chalybeate spring, which in dry seasons is observed to issue from a rock with a reddish tinge. Chester-le-Street, our next stage, was in former days a considerable Roman station. From thence to Newcastle our road was a few miles.

Newcastle, situated on the banks of the Tyne, is a large and populous city. The town itself, though there are some
good

good buildings in it, is far from handsome. Conveniency has been attended to more than elegancy : a different spirit has now, however, taken place, and a few years more will perhaps see it otherwise. St. Nicholas's Church, the most celebrated, has no pretensions whatever to the praises which have been bestowed upon it the steeple is whimsical, and saying that you say every thing. The principal riches accruing to Newcastle are from its coal-works. Vast numbers of colliers are consequently employed, and these in their small voyages to London, and different parts of England, encountering every vicissitude of season and of weather, rear up a supply of mariners for our navy, who must be of the utmost importance to our national strength. North Shields, the Gravesend of Newcastle, absolutely abounds with them. At the distance of about 10 miles from Newcastle the Tyne disembogues itself into the German Ocean. The remains of the castle at this place shew it to have been a place of considerable strength : no part of the ruin is, however, in good preservation, excepting the eastern end of the aile of the church.

To have been at Newcastle, and men of curiosity too, without seeing a coal-pit, would have been a sin of the most unpardonable nature. To a pit, therefore, we accordingly repaired, and that, as good fortune would have it, to the largest in the county. Arrived at the spot where our expedition was to commence, we found a prodigious large fire-engine at work, draining the water from the pit ; and adjoining to it a circular hole, of a tolerable diameter, filled with smoak, and seemingly of depth sufficient to serve as a chimney to one of Pluto's principal apartments. To dress ourselves, however, was the first operation :

tion: that being done in the true fashion of the place, we next prepared for our descent down this suffocating hole. A piece of board of about one foot and a half long, and of about the breadth and thickness of three inches, was fastened at each end to a rope reeved through it. This sling, or horse, or shaft, or whatever you may please to call it, was, in short, the seat on which we were to repose ourselves till we got to the bottom: accordingly this sling, being hung upon a hook at the end of an iron chain, which was itself fastened to a rope, and each of us (for two went at a time) with a leg through it, and our arms twisted round the chain, we in that manner were turned off like malefactors at Tyburn, and gently lowered by the operation of six horses constantly employed for that purpose, till we found ourselves at the end of about five minutes safely landed on solid ground, and with a huge fire burning on one side to keep the air in proper temperature. All lodged in this manner in these nether regions, we began to explore the pit: not in the Derbyshire stile of crawling, but perfectly erect, and as little incommoded, saving black faces, as you would be in your drawing-room. The quantity of coal in these places is really wonderful. A good vein of it generally runs seven feet high, and in depth ad infinitum. They do not, however, cut all down: prodigious pillars are left between every apartment that is worked, to support the roof. The apartment itself is never above four yards wide, and the pillar is always 10 yards in breadth and 20 yards in depth. Seeing a dozen of these apartments you in fact see the whole; they are all worked upon the same principle. Their extent, as you may suppose, is great: they run into each other, and in time will probably undermine the greatest part of the country. That which surprized me the most were the horses I found

found living there, and many of which are worked (as we were told) for ten or fifteen years before they are rendered incapable of further service: all in good health too, and in excellent condition. Who would have thought to have met with a stud of blood-horses seven or eight hundred feet under ground? The miners, however, do not continue in the pits above twelve hours at a time.

Well satisfied with this far-from unpleasant trip, we began to ascend in the same manner we had gone down, two at a time; and in a short space the whole party found solid footing in the fields again. A whimsical fellow, however, and one who had an inclination for sport, knowing the moment I should begin my journey upwards, set out at the same instant downwards, and, meeting me half-way, accosted me in a pleasant strain with "How do you do, Sir?" Unable to discern any thing whatever, and knowing myself suspended, I could not conceive where the man could have placed himself. My footy protector in the sling, however, soon cleared the matter up, by telling me, it was a concerted scheme between the miners, and that his comrade had just come down to surprize me with the salutation.

The coal that is in such profusion dug from these pits is wound up in baskets, and these baskets again emptied into carts, which are placed upon cylindrical wheels; and in that manner with very little labour is carried along by sleepers to the warehouse or wharf, where it is again thrown into barges for exportation. Leaving Newcastle, we proceeded to Morpeth, and thence to Alnwick.

At the extremity of this town is Alnwick Castle, a building which at once unites all the magnificence and grandeur of the old taste with all the elegance of the modern improvement. It belongs to the duke of Northumberland, and is kept in the most beautiful order. The apartments are all happily fitted up; mostly in the Gothic taste: and the grounds for twenty miles together, to the infinite honor of the present possessor, are laid out in the best and most advantageous manner. It being somewhat late in the afternoon when we arrived here, his grace sent out his gentleman with his compliments, and a request that we would favour him with our company in the castle. We accordingly waited on him, and were most courteously entertained. Had we not been pinched for time we should have continued there that night: he pressed us earnestly to do so; but we declined it: neither did we stay with him to supper. But returning our acknowledgments for his politeness and hospitality, we continued our route to Belfort.

From Belfort the next day we travelled through a wild country to the river Tweed, over which we crossed by a strong stone bridge to Berwick; thence to Presb-inn, and from Presb-inn, by a pleasant winding road, round a capacious bay, to Boxbourne and Dunbar. From Dunbar we again continued our journey to Haddington, and from Haddington, through a highly cultivated and fertile country, with the Firth of Forth on our right, and a range of romantic hills in our front, to Leith and Edinburgh.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

September 1778.

EDINBURGH, the capital of North-Britain, is pleasantly situated on two hills, and is distinguished by the names of the Old and the New Town. Over the hollow, which separates the one from the other, a bridge has been thrown, at much expence, although the demolition of a few crazy houses on the side of the Old Town would not only have added beauty to the place, but would have served to have filled up that space which now only serves as a receptacle for filth and nastiness. The castle of Edinburgh is well situated, and in those days, when fire-arms were not used, was probably impregnable. Holyrood-house, or the abbey, as it is vulgarly called, is a large but inelegant building; famous, however, for having been the place of residence of the monarchs of Scotland. In the apartments, at present possessed by the duke of Hamilton, the furniture and hangings of the rooms are preserved in which the unhappy Mary lived, and in particular of that in which her favorite Rizzio was murdered. The room itself where he received the first wound, and where he clung round his royal mistress for protection, is astonishingly small: the dark stair-case, on which the conspirators planted themselves, leads into it. From hence he was dragged, and with innumerable stabs expired in an

adjoining chamber. The blood to this hour remains on the floor; nay, so deep has it penetrated, that the boards, although plained repeatedly, are still the recorders of that bloody deed. Dr. Robertson's account of it, in his elegant History of Scotland, is as followeth:

“ On the 9th of March 1566, Morton entered the court of
“ the palace with an hundred and fixty men, and without
“ noise, or meeting with any resistance, seized all the gates.
“ While the queen was at supper with the countess of Argyle,
“ Rizio, and a few domestics, the king suddenly entered the
“ apartment by a private passage. At his back was Ruthven
“ clad in complete armour, and with that ghastly and horrid
“ look which long sickness had given him: three or four of his
“ most trusty accomplices followed. Such an unusual appear-
“ ance alarmed those who were present. Rizio instantly ap-
“ prehended that he was the victim at whom the blow was
“ aimed; and, in the utmost consternation, retired behind the
“ queen, of whom he laid hold, hoping that the reverence
“ due to her person might prove some protection to him. The
“ conspirators had proceeded too far to be restrained by any
“ consideration of that kind: numbers of armed men rushed
“ into the chamber. Ruthven drew his dagger, and, with a
“ furious mien and voice, commanded Rizio to leave a place of
“ which he was unworthy, and which he had occupied too
“ long. Mary employed tears and entreaties, and threatenings,
“ to save her favorite; but, notwithstanding all these, he was
“ torn from her by violence; and, before he could be dragged
“ through the next apartment, the rage of his enemies put an
“ end to his life, piercing his body with fifty-six wounds.”

The

The university, which is an indifferent pile of building, was founded in 1582 by James VI. on the ruins of a Carthusian monastery, built at the sole expence of the citizens, who still pay the salaries of the professors, except a few who have been since added by government. Besides the principal and professor of divinity, there are professors of all the liberal arts and sciences; so that it is at present the most flourishing university in Scotland, and, with respect to the study of the different branches of science, equal, if not superior, to any in Europe. The lord provost and magistrates of Edinburgh are its perpetual chancellors, and by them all professors are nominated, except such as are paid by the government. The New Town of Edinburgh is indisputably constructed upon an elegant and convenient plan: the houses are large and well built; the streets broad, and the whole breathes an air of cleanliness and taste, that in vain one seeks for in the Old Town.

Leaving Edinburgh, we crossed the Firth of Forth at the Queen's Ferry, and thence proceeded along a good road to Kin-Ross, situate upon the pleasant banks of Lock Leaven. From Kin-Ross we next proceeded, through a delightful corn country most industriously cultivated, to the town of Perth, built on the borders of the river Tay; the approach to which is exquisitely neat and pleasant. From Perth, our next stage was Dundee; there we did not remain long, but crossed the country to pay a visit to an old and valuable acquaintance who lived at the distance of about fifteen miles.

Much as we had heard talk of Scots hospitality, we yet could not have conceived that it ever could be carried to the
extreme

extreme in which we found it to exist. Our first intent was merely to stay one night with our friend ; instead of which, the neighbouring gentlemen leaguings themselves against us, kept us, *vi et armis*, amongst them for a considerable number of days : no sooner had we been with one, than another threw in his claim ; and thus, loading us with a profusion of unmerited kindness, they baffled our firmest resolves, and compelled us to enjoy as much satisfaction and delight, as enlightened, well-bred, liberal society could possibly afford : and lest this should not be enough, four of the principal of the gentlemen insisted upon accompanying us through the highlands, and actually did so, as you will observe in the sequel.

The first place we visited was the castle of Glamis, distant from Dundee about eight miles. The appearance of this old mansion is much more singular and venerable than it is magnificent ; it is built in a hollow, with a multitude of turrets around the top. Here it was, as tradition makes it, that Macbeth murdered Duncan. Shakespeare makes the horror of the deed as terrible as words and imagination can paint it :

“ *Macbeth*. I’ve done the deed ; didst thou not hear a noise ?

“ *Lady*. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.

“ Did not you speak ?

“ *Macbeth*. When ?

“ *Lady*. Now.

“ *Macbeth*. As I descended ?

“ *Lady*. Aye.

“ *Macbeth*.

" *Macbeth.* Hark ! Who lies i' the second chamber ?

" *Lady.* Donalbain.

" *Macbeth.* This is a sorry fight— [Looks on his hands.

" *Lady.* A foolish thought to say—a sorry fight.

" *Macbeth.* There's one did laugh in his sleep ; and one
 " cried, murder. They waked each other, and I stood and
 " heard them ; but they did say their prayers, and address
 " them again to sleep.

" *Lady.* There are two lodged together.

" *Macbeth.* One cry'd, God bless us ! and, Amen the other,
 " As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
 " Listening their fear, I could not say Amen,
 " When they did say, God bless us !

" *Lady.* Consider it not so deeply.

" *Macbeth.* But wherefore could not I pronounce, Amen ?
 " I had most need of blushing, and Amen
 " Stuck in my throat.

" *Lady.* These deeds must not be thought
 " After these ways ; so it will make us mad.

" *Macbeth.* Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more !
 " Macbeth doth murder sleep ; the innocent sleep ;
 " Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
 " The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,
 " Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 " Chief nourisher in life's feast.

" *Lady.* What do you mean ?

" *Macbeth.*

“ *Macbeth*. Still it cry’d, Sleep no more to all the house,
 “ Glamis hath murder’d sleep; and, therefore, Cawdor shall
 “ sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!”

ACT II. SCENE III.

From Glamis, passing by the spot where the Picts made their last stand, a peninsula in the Tay, and by the celebrated hill of Birnam;

“ Macbeth shall never vanquish’d be, until
 “ Great Birnam-wood to Dunfanine’s high hill
 “ Shall come against him;”

on which, by-the-bye, there is not a single stick now growing. We proceeded to Dunkeld, a handsome village in the very center of the highlands, where the duke of Athol has a pleasant seat for the winter season. The situation of this place, surrounded on all sides by hills, many of them covered to the summit with oak growing luxuriant and wild, and with a variety of other trees, and washed by branches of the Tay and of the Braun, is highly picturesque and diversified; especially at the spot called the Hermitage, where the Braun, rushing down a precipice, foams through a glen, wildly confined by a wood of the most exquisite foliage, and at length joins itself to the Tay. From Dunkeld about two miles stands the grumbling brieck, or bridge. This is a romantic fall of water, which by its velocity has formed an arch in the center of a rock through which it passes, and over which, in former days, the highlanders, at the hazard of their lives, were obliged to pass. At present there is a bridge erected immediately above it, the perpendicular height of which, together with the noise of the fall, the impetuosity of

of the torrent, and the roaring of the Brawn for a considerable distance (that river forming an almost uninterrupted cataract) and the wildness of the hills about, are, taken altogether, such an assemblage of unusual beauties, that they cannot but afford a real delight and satisfaction to the mind.

Leaving Dunkeld we next proceeded to Taymouth, a pleasantly-situated seat of lord Breadalbaine in the valley of that name; on either side bounded by hills covered with wood, and in front by Loch-Tay, which extends itself for the distance of 16 miles. The pains which have already been taken with this place, crowded as it is with natural advantages, are evident; much more are still in agitation; so that in the end, it will probably be one of the finest places in the kingdom. The beauties of the Loch, the river Tay running out of it, and winding through his lordship's pleasure grounds, the romantic girting of the woods, and the roaring of a cataract from the summit of one of the highest of the hills, are beauties so surpassing most things that are to be met with, that Taymouth must inevitably stand high in the estimation of all true lovers of the sublime. From Taymouth about one mile lies the Hermitage; a deep dell on the southern side of the Loch, down which a huge stream rolls from a prodigious height in awful majesty, bursting o'er heaps of misshapen rocks, and sprinkling the oak, the beech, and fir, which profusely sprout around it.

Already I have told you of the attention we experienced on entering Scotland; here we had a fresh instance of it from a quarter we did not expect. Hearing of some gentlemen being arrived at Taymouth, lord Breadalbaine, who is now an elderly man,

D d

fent

sent his compliments by his park-keeper with a present of some game which he had sent him out on purpose to procure, and with an apology that the keeper's success had not been greater. This politeness we acknowledged as it deserved: the next day, however, a fresh supply of venison, moor-game, and fruit made its appearance; and shortly after it, a gentleman of consideration in the country, and one intimately acquainted with his lordship, paid us a visit, and went round the improvements as our conductor. This being done, we dined together; and on taking our leave in the evening, received an abundance of civility from Mr. ———, an unaffected apology for not being able to accompany us on the road and to entertain us at his own house, which was distant about 16 miles; but as that was out of his power, from the intervention of some unexpected business, he insisted upon a positive assurance, that in case of not being well accommodated at the inn, we would pass over to his seat, and take possession of it for any length of time we might think proper to favor it with our company. This kindness we thanked him for with all imaginable sincerity; the inns, however, were tolerably good, so that we were not compelled to trespass on his friendly intentions.

Disinterestedness is not, however, confined to the better sort; the poor even share it, and, according to their humble means, are as anxious to shew their hospitality and friendship, as those are of the amplest extent of fortune. Many highlanders would be offended at the offer of a reward; accept of their services, appear satisfied, and they are as furiously repaid for every thing they can do for you: nay, what is more surprizing, this extends itself to many of the lowest servants, one of whom, from lord Breadalbaine,

Breadalbaine, having been pressed to accept of an instance of our thanks for bringing us some fruit, flew out of the house with all the trepidation imaginable, resolutely declining the offer, and seemingly hurt that he should be supposed capable of accepting a pecuniary gratification.

From Taymouth we next continued along the northern side of the Loch, in our way passing by innumerable falls and cataracts which constantly feed it with supplies, and, thence crossing a river, arrived at Killin, at the western extremity of the lake. It being late in the evening when we left Taymouth, the night had far encroached upon us when we had got half way; the moon, however, shone with unusual resplendency; the air was perfectly calm and unruffled; the lake was transparent as a mirror; not a cloud obtruded on the sight: all wore, in short, the appearance of harmony and peace. In this manner, surrounded by the most charming and heart-felt objects of the creation, we serenely rode along; we suddenly, however, were aroused by a voice chanting forth a love-lorn song to the bright mistress of the night. Most of the company being in carriages, another gentleman and myself, with a whole troop of servants, stopped immediately before the place whence the sound proceeded: here we found a young damsel of about seventeen, two little boys reclining themselves on the grass beside her, and her harmless kine, charmed as it were with music, listening with earnestness behind. The sight was bewitching! innocence taught her not to be afraid; she continued her song, and seemed to be inspired the more she saw that we were pleased with her exertions: native goodness is wonderfully winning and attractive. We instantly accosted her in terms of kindness and affection; she answered in the same

tone. The labor of the evening at an end (she told us) she and her brothers had strayed to this spot; her cows had followed her: weariness had prompted them to repose; gratitude, however, was due, and that gratitude she was paying to the Author of her being. But indeed, says she, I will not tell you all; neither will I continue with my song, unless you oblige me in my desire, and drink a little milk; the only refreshment I have to offer. The request was too courteous to be evaded; the heart-strings melted at the touch. We instantly complied, and emptied the vessel which she presented to us. Now then, says she, I will begin again; my cows too will thank you for your goodness; we are constant friends; they love their mistress; nor will they murmur at contributing to her happiness. Thus saying, she turned to the one that was nearest to her, and placing herself at her side, began an air that rivetted us to the spot: the night was, however, stealing on a pace; her parents expected her home; she therefore arose and blest us. Our warmest wishes of affection flew in fervency after her; she soon was out of sight. All that we had, therefore, was silently to withdraw, and from our souls to deprecate comfort on the head of so harmless and so benevolent a being.

Arising from Killin the next morning, first having taken a retrospective view of Loch-Tay, we next crossed a river which empties itself into the Loch, and passing by the antient and venerable burying-place of the Macnabs, and through a wild and mountainous country, came to Taindrum, where we halted, and thence to Daulmally, in the shire of Glenorchy. Our visit here was chiefly intended to Mr. M—n, the minister of the place, a gentleman of erudition, and one from whom we
were

were given to understand we should receive convincing proofs of the antiquity of the celebrated poems of Ossian. With respect to the authenticity of those wonderful flights of genius we had no reason whatsoever to hesitate in our belief. Mr. Macpherson the translator, and one whom we were proud to list amongst our friends, had frequently told us they were indisputably the works of that bard; that for himself, he had no other merit than in the translation, and here and there in keeping up the unity of the piece, when a word or sentence was wanting. From Mr. M——n we had a corroborating testimony: his language was, “I believe those poems to be genuine; many of them from knowledge I am convinced to be so, nor have I the least doubt with respect to the others.” Neither did he confine himself to a mere ipse dixit, but in brief gave us an account of the manner in which Mr. Macpherson procured some of the manuscripts. Thus satisfied by this reverend personage, we took our leave, first having received from him in a present the following version of an Erse poem, the labor of himself, or of a friend.

C A T H L A V A.

“*Orran*. Thou fittest by thine one grey stone; Son of Arar,
 “thy harp lies silent by thy side, why dost thou not praise the
 “departed? Around thee they hover as clouds, about the place
 “of their rest; but no voice is heard but the whistling trees and
 “murmuring brook. Why so silent, Son of Arar, when the
 “sons of fame are around thee?

“*Son of Arar*. Thou knowest the fame of the departed Or-
 “ran; the deeds of other times teem on thy soul. Take thou
 “the

“ the harp, and let the bard of youth hear the song, that he may
“ pour its light on future times, lest their name be forgot on
“ their hills, when thy harp is hung in thy silent hall, and thy
“ voice of music cease, like the murmurs of the evening breeze
“ that die away in the silence of night.

“ *Orran*. My voice shall cease, and my harp, ere long, shall
“ be silent; but their fame shall not be forgotten. Thou mayest
“ listen to their praise, and leave it to the bards that come be-
“ hind thee.

“ On these hills lived Dumor of Spears, his daughter of
“ beauty moved graceful on his hills, and her harp was the joy
“ of his hall. Lava saw the maid and loved her. His arm was
“ strong in the wars of Dumor. He promised him the fair
“ Sulmina; but the maid refused his love, and gave her heart
“ to Ronnan. Ronnan, of the fair hair and mildest look,
“ whose dwelling stood by the stream of Struthorman. He
“ heard of Sulmina's grief, and sent his scout to bring her to his
“ hills. She went with the son of night, but Lava met them
“ on the lonely heath. An oak, and a thousand thongs con-
“ fine the scout; a dark-wombed ship receives the maid. Loud
“ were her cries as they bounded over the ridgy waves,—
“ Ronnan, relieve me; O Ronnan, relieve thy love!—But he
“ hears thee not, hapless maid; by the side of a stream he sits
“ thinking thou dost come.

“ What detains thee, Sulmina, so long? what keeps my love
“ from the place of her promise? I listen, but hear not the soft
“ tread of her foot; 'tis but the breeze rustling in the withered
“ leaf,

“ leaf. Long is the night without thee, my love. Why stand
 “ you still, ye stars of heaven? Have you forgot to run your
 “ course, or are you like me, waiting for your loves? But the
 “ night is long, why dost thou forget to rise, sun of the morn-
 “ ing? Why dost thou sleep so long in thy secret chambers?
 “ Ah, I know it, thou hast met with thy Sulmina, for I see
 “ her not in the heavens. You are together, fair lights, and
 “ the night seems short to you; but it is long, long to me, with-
 “ out my own beloved. Lift thy head, sun of the morning,
 “ and shine on Sulmina; lighten my love to the place of her
 “ promise.

“ The morning came at length, but brought not his beloved.
 “ He saw a cloud rise before him. It had the form of Sul-
 “ mina. He ran to grasp it, but a blast came and passed through
 “ its airy limbs. It vanished; Ronnan feared the sign, and went
 “ to the aged Senar.

“ Under the awful shade of his oak he stands, leaning on a
 “ staff; his head of age stoops to the ground, his grey locks
 “ hang down his breast, and his dim eyes are fixed on the earth;
 “ but his soul is mixed with the spirits of air, and his converse
 “ is with ghosts.

“ What see’st thou of my love,” said Ronnan, “ what see’st
 “ thou of Sulmina? I see,” said the aged, a youth tied to an oak.
 “ A vessel rides the wave; Sulmina pours her voice on the sea.
 “ Her cries are loud in mine ear. Sad is thy tale to me,” said
 Ronnan. “ Thou hast not heard it all,” said Senar.

“ Mourn-

" Mournful the chief retired; with his spear he struck
 " the boss of his shield. His youths heard the sound,
 " and we poured from all our hills to the stream of our chief.
 " We passed the night in silence, for great was the grief of
 " Ronnan. No harp was heard; no feast was spread; no oak
 " gave its glimmering light. But cold, drooping, and dark we
 " set, 'till day arose in the east. With morning we rushed to
 " the deep, and with night found our host on the shore of
 " Lava. Dark and cold was that night, Son of Arar, and un-
 " sheltered was the place of our rest in the land of strangers.
 " The obscured stars were seen at times thro' their parted clouds.
 " Some observed their colour of blood, and feared the sign;
 " frequent was the howling of ghosts, and many heard the spi-
 " rits of their fathers lamenting the approaching fall of their
 " children.

" Ronnan sat by a mossy stone, leaning on the shields of
 " his fathers. I sang at times the tales of old, and the deeds of
 " his father, when he fought on the coast of Ullin, with Com-
 " mar of many hills. Cease," said the chief, " thy song, till the
 " day shall light me to Lava, for my wrath against his race is
 " kindled at the mention of the wars of Ullin. It was there
 " his father pursued the deer of our hills, and fought my early
 " death, when I could not lift up the sword to defend me. One
 " of his men had pity on my youth, and saved me; but our
 " arms are still in his halls, for my father did not live to demand
 " them. The race of Lava has always been our foes. How
 " long shall we let them go unpunished? But what low and
 " broken voice is that from the heath? Dost thou not see that
 " aged warrior drawing near us? A little boy leads that hand
 " which was wont to hold the massy shield, and the spear now
 " formed

“ formed into a staff supports the other. Every little rill stops
 “ his pace, and the lowly heath causeth his feeble knees to
 “ stumble. Who art thou, aged wanderer of the night, and
 “ why so late on the lonely heath? Hast thou too lost the de-
 “ light of thy soul, or hast thou cause of grief like me?

“ *Old Man.* I thought I heard a voice. Thou knowest, my
 “ child, the voice of thy father; was it not he calling to me to
 “ follow him to the place of his repose?

“ *Youth.* No, my father's voice was sweet like thine own, and
 “ you know he would come to meet thee, and call me as he
 “ was wont, his little hero. No; I will lead you home again,
 “ for these are strangers, tho' they have arms like my father's.

“ *Old Man.* And dost thou see their arms? then they are sent
 “ by Lava to seek our lives. To mine they are welcome; but
 “ canst thou fly, my child? No, thou canst not; and if thou
 “ couldst, it were base. No, the place is good, my child; are
 “ we not at the tomb of thy father? let them open it, and we
 “ ourselves will lie in it.

“ *Ronnan.* Peace be to the aged!” said Ronnan, as he took him
 by the hand. “ We are not come from Lava, neither are we
 “ of his friends. But rest thou here, and tell the cause of thy
 “ grief, and our arms shall defend thee.

“ *Old Man.* And here I will rest; it is the clay-cold dwelling of
 “ my son, and I am come with his only child to mourn over it.
 “ How silent under this peaceful stone art thou now, my son, that

E e

“ wast

“ waft wont to roar thro’ the storm of battle ! Thy tongue of
“ music, how is it become mute, and thy arm of strength is stiff
“ and cold as the clods that lie beside it ! But one sun has run his
“ course, since thou didst rejoice like him in thy strength, and
“ gladden the eager eyes of thy father. Like him too, darkness,
“ thick darkness hath now obscured thy face. Yet his light shall
“ return, and he will again rejoice. But, when shall thy long, long
“ night be over ? When shall the slumberer of the tomb arise
“ from his dark and silent dwelling ? You weep, strangers, for
“ my son ; I know you are not come from Lava. Mourn then
“ with me his untimely fall, for he was brave, and, like your-
“ selves, he was kind and generous.

“ *Ronnan.* Mourn for him we do,” said Ronnan, “ but why
“ is he fallen so soon ; was it by the hand of gloomy Lava ?

“ *Old Man.* It was, and for no fault but friendship. But in
“ this my son was like his fathers. It was the mark of our
“ race, that we stood up tho’ alone to defend the friendless.
“ When I was strong in my arms of youth, as the tenant of
“ this tomb was late, I attended the father of Lava, when
“ he took the spoils from the halls of Struthorman. My
“ words were loud against him, for the herces were absent, and
“ there were none to oppose him. One child indeed there was,
“ who scarce could wield a little arrow like a spear ; yet, what
“ could he more ? he heaved it against the foe ; the blunt end
“ of the harmless weapon fell on the foot of Fuarar. The
“ gloomy chief turned his eye upon the child, and said : Here-
“ after this youth might raise a more dangerous spear against
“ us, let us carry him away, and leave him on that desert isle,
“ where

“ where we wait for the morning. We came to the isle, but
 “ my soul was grieved for the helpless boy; he admired the
 “ brightness of my arms, clung fast to my knee, smiled in my
 “ face, and called me father. My heart melted for his fate,
 “ and my secret tears fell on his yellow locks. I took him in
 “ my arms, tho’ night, and carried him thro’ the waves to his
 “ weeping mother. She gave me this spear, and called the name
 “ of her child *Ronnan; but since I have not heard of Stru-
 “ thorman, or of the young and lovely Ronnan, till Lava came
 “ from the wars of Dumor, and told the mournful maid that
 “ loved him, that he left her Ronnan wounded by the stream
 “ of his land. My son knew my friendship for Ronnan, and
 “ wished he were near to lift the spear of Struthorman in de-
 “ fence of the first that owned it. His words came to Lava’s
 “ ear, and his people gathered round my son at the feast, when
 “ his sword was hung in the hall, and his shield secured by him.
 “ This grave may tell the rest. Mark it, strangers, and when
 “ you pass, shed a tear above it, and tell it is the tomb of La-
 “ mor, and of his father, for I shall soon be laid in it; but if
 “ ye know the friends of Ronnan, carry my child to them that
 “ they may defend him, and give them this spear, for they
 “ shall know it.

“ The sigh burst from the heart of our chief; he fell on the
 “ neck of the aged, and told him he was Ronnan. Their
 “ mingled tears fell in a shower on the grave of Lamor, as they
 “ embraced each other in silent joy. But what noise is that, like

* Rothonnan, thro’ waves; alluding to the manner of his deliverance.

“ the fullen murmurs of a stream, when the storm is going to
“ burst on the hills? It is the foe with their numerous host,
“ their steel faintly glimmers to the dawn of the morning. Ron-
“ nan heard the song of battle, and the joy of his countenance
“ returned. He struck his shield, and his heroes at once ga-
“ thered behind him. As the spirit of night moves with the
“ collected blast of heaven in his course, when he prepares to
“ pour his force on the groves of Ardour, so Ronnan led; so
“ followed his heroes. The noise of battle spread on every side,
“ and the songs of war are heard. Ronnan espies the gloomy
“ Lava, and Lava sees the rage of Ronnan. Toward each
“ other they bend their course with thousands behind.

“ Thou hast seen two black rocks rolling from opposite hills
“ to meet in the valley below, a cloud of smoke rises behind
“ and follows the tract of each. Such was the onset of battle.
“ Swords clash, and shields resound. Heads and helmets fall;
“ blood runs in a thousand streams, and the spirits of fallen he-
“ roes ascend on its thin airy smoke. But who can tell the strife
“ of battle? Ronnan and Lava met. They strove like two
“ eagles of heaven when they contend for the prey on the brow
“ of Ardven. From side to side they bound and spring, and
“ pour death in streams from their steel. But see, Lava stoops on
“ his knee, his shield supports the half-fallen chief, and his arm
“ can scarce uplift the sword. Yield,” said Ronnan, “ thy sword,
“ and restore Sulmina; I seek not the death of my foes, when
“ their arm is weak. Yield, I must,” Lava replied, “ for my
“ blood is shed, and I feel my life departing. Sulmina must
“ be thine. She rests in her secret cave, near the blue course of
“ a stream behind that towering rock. But let her raise my
“ tomb

“ tomb in this plain, for she was the love of Lava the un-
 “ happy——He ceased; he sunk on his shield, and his people
 “ fled. Ronnan bade us spare them in their flight, as he swift
 “ ascended the rock to find the place of Sulmina. The blue
 “ stream he found, and the cave on its winding bank, but no
 “ Sulmina was there. Where art thou, O Sulmina! My love,
 “ it is thy Ronnan calls thee? He called, but only the rocks
 “ and echoing bank answered to his cries. At length the
 “ mournful howling of his dog was heard among the fallen
 “ foe. Thither he turned and found Sulmina. She had rushed
 “ to the battle to see her Ronnan, but a wandering arrow came
 “ and pierced her snowy breast; the sparkling light of her eye
 “ was dim, and the rose of her cheek was faded. Ronnan,
 “ pale like her own breathless corpse, fell on her neck, and
 “ vented in deep mourns his heart-felt anguish. Sulmina
 “ half opened her heavy eyes, but spoke not; she closed them
 “ again in peaceful silence, well pleased to see her Ronnan. He
 “ brought her over the waves in his ship, and here we raised
 “ her mournful tomb. Here too rests the youthful Ronnan,
 “ whose arm was once so strong. Mournful and sad his days
 “ were few on the hill. He did not long survive his beloved.
 “ Under that moss-clad stone he was laid, where grows the rust-
 “ ling grass, beside his Sulmina. Often when I set here to the
 “ glimmering light of the moon, I see their faint forms on its
 “ beams, and raise the song in praise of their deeds. Why art
 “ thou so silent, Son of Arar, when the children of fame are
 “ around thee?”

Thus you see a degree of sublimity runs through the productions of all these northern bards. Ossian is not supposed the author of this poem. Mr. M——n gives it to a later muse; one who flourished probably in the twelfth or thirteenth century. Before we left Daulmally, however, we paid our respects to the church-yard, in order to see some curious sculptured stones, brought from the island of Ilcomhill or Iona, “The sacred storehouse and guardian of the royal bones of Scotland,” as Shakespeare calls it. But the whole was mystery to us. Rudely engraved, the characters were in general hieroglyphical: some indeed were Celtic, but too much defaced for even adepts in that language to understand. But a little pebble brought from the same place, and given to me by the minister, was a gift of inestimable value: this stone in every respect similar to a cat’s eye, was in the opinion of the Highlanders of wonderful efficacy, not only in this, but in the life to come. For as it here was to work as a charm against all evil, so was it in the silent tomb to keep me free of witchcraft, a power worse than purgatory itself. Guarded then, in this manner, though not so invulnerably as the Grecian hero, off we set for Loch-Awe, along whose beautiful banks (the sun then setting in all its glory) with its little islets and high surrounding hills, reflecting their charming images in its purple tinted wave, we delighted took our way. Here we did not continue long; turning to the left, we struck off for Inverary; in our route fortunately experiencing an instance of that curiosity for which the Highlanders are as much celebrated, as for their kindness and civility.

A poor

A poor fellow driving along his cart, upon a steep bank, and having a news-paper in his hand, probably "as old as the hills," never once adverting to us, who were passing by, nor to the situation he was in himself, greedily kept poring over the paper until cart and all, gradually declining, at length lodged their contents at the bottom of the steep. Neither could this accident divert him from his purpose; for no sooner was he replaced in his former position, than he fell to again, and as eagerly attended to the subject of his contemplation, as if his very existence depended upon it.

Inverary, the next place we came to, is situated on Loch-Fine, or rather on an arm of the sea, within sixty miles of the Western Ocean, and is the county-town of that name. Adjoining to it stands the park and castle of the duke of Argyle; the former extensive, well stocked with deer, and surrounded for thirty miles with a wall; and the latter, though very large, both heavy and inelegant. Altogether, however, the situation is uncommonly grand and magnificent. Heretofore the loch was remarkable for the great quantity of herrings which were annually caught in it, sometimes not less than eight hundred boats being reckoned at a time on that service. Now, however, the fisherman's "Occupation is gone:" the herrings have all deserted; nor has there been a single boat-load taken for some years past.

Deluged with rain almost the whole year round, his grace of Argyle is obliged to strew his meadows with tarpaulins to dry his hay; and in harvest time to range his sheaves of corn upon pegs, in granaries erected on purpose, and there to let them ripen with

with air, instead of sun-shine. Another thing remarkable at Inverary is a prodigious elm-tree, between the two principal branches of which, that spring out immediately from the trunk or body, a sucker hath found its way of a considerable diameter and length so as to run into both, and at this time to be of that equal dimension at either end, as to put it almost out of the power of any one to determine from which it originally proceeded. This, however, is not so singular, for in a garden belonging to the lord president of the sessions near Edinburgh, two distinct trees are joined by a branch in a similar manner.

From Inverary, passing through a country as wild as ever nature formed; rocks piled on rocks, and mountains nodding to a fall, and yet scattered to their tops with fleecy tribes, we at length came to Tarbet, situate on the eastern extremity of Loch-Lomond. Before we came to this, however, and on descending a craggy hill, we observed a curious seat, most charitably hewn in the rock; the inscription on it running thus:

Rest and be thankful.
Made in 1748,
And repaired
By the 23d Regiment
In 1768.

Loch-Lomond, the largest in Scotland, and consequently in Great Britain, is beautiful beyond description. From Tarbet, proceeding along its banks, nothing can be more charming and picturesque. This very celebrated and extensive lake contains 17800 acres of fresh water; its depth being from 20 and 40 fathoms,

thoms, to 120 fathoms. The south end is 22 feet above the level of the sea, and is five miles distant from the river Clyde, into which the large river Leven, which comes out of the lake, discharges itself. The islands here and there interspersed are exceedingly beautiful and magnificent; in number about thirty, and produce a vast variety of trees and shrubs, particularly very large elms and crabs, with different kinds of grain. Many animals and birds are likewise found, such as deer, eagles, hawks, &c. And in the lake are surprizing quantities of fish of different kinds, salmon in particular. It is thirty miles in length, and nine miles at its greatest breadth. The following, however, from an itinerary poet, describes these things better than I can do.

“ Stranger, if o’er this pane of glass perchance
 “ Thy roving eye should cast a casual glance;
 “ If taste for grandeur and the dread sublime
 “ Prompt thee Ben Lomond’s fearful height to climb,
 “ Here give attention;—nor with scorn refuse
 “ The friendly rhymings of a tavern muse:
 “ For thee that muse this rude inscription plann’d,
 “ Prompted for thee her humble poet’s hand.
 “ Heed thou the poet; he thy steps shall lead
 “ Safe o’er yon tow’ring hill’s aspiring head;
 “ Attentive then, to this informing lay,
 “ Read how he dictates as he points the way:
 “ Trust not at first, a quick, advent’rous pace;
 “ Six miles its top, points gradual from the base,
 “ Up the high rise, with panting haste I pass’d,
 “ And gain’d the long laborious steep at last.

F f

“ More

“ More prudent thou, when once you pass the deep,
 “ With measur’d pace, and slow, ascend the lengthen’d steep;
 “ Oft stay thy steps, oft taste the cordial drop,
 “ And rest, oh ! rest, long rest upon the top :
 “ Here hail the breezes, nor with toilsome haste,
 “ Down the rough slope, thy precious vigor waste,
 “ So shall thy wand’ring sight at once survey
 “ Vales, lakes, woods, mountains, islands, rocks, and sea ;
 “ Huge hills, that heap’d in crowded order stand,
 “ Stretch’d o’er the northern and the western land,
 “ Vast lumpy groups, when Bin, who often throws
 “ His loftier summit in a veil of clouds,
 “ High o’er the rest displays superior state,
 “ In proud pre-eminence, sublimely great,
 “ One side all awful to the gazing eye,
 “ Presents a steep three hundred fathoms high,
 “ The scene tremendous, shocks the startled sense,
 “ With all the pomp of dread magnificence.
 “ All these, and more, shalt thou transported see,
 “ And own a faithful monitor in me.”

At the north-east extremity of the loch, and nearly at the foot of Bin Lomond, which, by-the bye, is one of the highest mountains in the Highlands, stands Robroy’s Prison ; so called from a rock at the bottom of a tremendous hill, on which the Macgreggors in former times used to drop those of their clan, who were guilty of capital offences, and where the culprits, either perished from want of food, or from the lake, in which from despair they plunged themselves. And at the south-east

end

end of it is the spot where the Macgreggors and Colquhuns fought, in which the latter were almost totally destroyed, and which is also rendered dreadfully remarkable by the following event: Thirty-six young men of the college of Dumbarton, and of the best families in Scotland, planted themselves on the hill to observe the combat: apprehensive for their safety, the Macgreggors, or rather their chief, went to the young students, and fearful of their suffering from their curiosity, put them into a barn under the care of a person of his own clan, with orders, it is said, to treat them with the utmost tenderness and care: but this wretch, however instigated, or for whatever purpose, inhumanly butchered the whole party; calling them out one by one, and stabbing them with his dirk or poniard. To wipe off this bloody stain from the clan, the miscreant was punished by the Macgreggors themselves with death. But this was not sufficient: the circumstances appeared so black, that they were to a man proscribed, their estates confiscated, and the name blotted out of the records of the kingdom. They have since, however, been restored to their name by act of parliament, and released from any further persecution by the same authority.

Scattered on either side of this beautiful lake are several seats belonging to noblemen and gentlemen of the country, especially one, the property of the duke of Montrose, not far distant from the Grampian Hills; and on the islands likewise, so exquisitely clad in the sweetest foliage of nature, are still the ivy-mantled remains of former superstition. About midway, on the margin, stands a neat and pretty village; here we embarked in a boat, and

fending our horses and carriages round, rowed to the southernmost end of the loch, where we disembarked, and proceeded on towards Dunbarton, passing by a monumental pillar, inscribed to the memory of Smollet, on the banks of the Leven, whose beauty he celebrates in the following stanzas :

“ On Leven’s banks, while free to rove,
 “ And tune the rural pipe to love,
 “ I envied not the happiest swain
 “ That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
 “ Pure stream ! in whose transparent wave
 “ My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
 “ No torrents stain thy limpid source,
 “ No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 “ That sweetly warbles o’er its bed,
 “ With white, round, polish’d pebbles spread ;
 “ While lightly pois’d, the scaly brood
 “ In myriads cleave thy chrystal flood ;
 “ The springing trout in speckled pride,
 “ The salmon, monarch of the tide,
 “ The ruthless pike, intent on war,
 “ The silver eel, and mottled par,
 “ Devolving from thy parent lake,
 “ A charming maze, thy waters make,
 “ By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
 “ And hedges flower’d with eglantine.
 “ Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
 “ May numerous flocks and herds be seen,

- “ And lasses chanting o’er the pail,
- “ And shepherds piping in the dale;
- “ And antient faith that knows no guile,
- “ And industry imbrowned with toil,
- “ And hearts resolv’d, and hands prepar’d
- “ The blessings they enjoy to guard.”

Nothing is remarkable at Dunbarton, excepting the castle, situate on the Clyde, upon a lofty and singular heap of rocks, and affording an extensive and variegated prospect. From Dunbarton, ranging through a highly-cultivated country, rendered more charming by its contrast with the Highlands, which we had just parted with, we continued on to the city of Glasgow. This town, however it may be classed with respect to Edinburgh the metropolis, is certainly superior to it: the situation is better, the houses are more elegantly built, and the streets are as broad and as clean as almost any in Great Britain. The university too is a fairer looking building than that of Edinburgh; nor has it been less famous for the great men whom it has produced.

A few miles from Glasgow stands the celebrated iron foundry called Carron. This place indeed is wonderful to a stranger. How far the powers of mechanism can go in the great style, is here tremendously displayed: hell itself seems open to your view; nor do the bellows afford a less horrid noise than the yelling of all the infernal deities put together. But I will not aim at a description: from sight and hearing alone it can be understood.

From

From hence we continued to Edinburgh, where we rested ourselves, and reflected with no small degree of gratitude and satisfaction on the pleasures we had received during our Highland journey.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXIV.

October 1778.

QUITTING our fellow-travellers we left Edinburgh, and proceeded on through Kelso, a neat and pretty town, situate on the Tweed ; and thence, through a rich corn country, part of it, however, mountainous and barren, to Carlisle, leaving Leatherby, a seat of lord Graham's, on the left. The castle of Carlisle is old and ruinous : it was taken by the rebels in 1745, but afterwards retaken by the duke of Cumberland. The cathedral is spacious, but inelegant, and built of a red free-stone, which gives it an indifferent appearance.

From Carlisle we next proceeded to Penrith, the eminence above which affords one of the richest prospects in the kingdom. The church of Penrith is a handsome new building, well galleried, and ornamented in the modern stile. The pillars supporting the gallery are remarkable, being formed of one single stone each, ten feet four inches high. In the church-yard is a remarkable monument, apparently of great antiquity. Two pillars are placed in a direction east and west, distant from each other fifteen feet ; at each side of the tomb two stones are fixed, with an edge upwards, of a semicircular form : these side-stones at present do not shew any marks of the sculptor, though some have conjectured they represented boars. The pillars are
of

of one piece, formed like the antient spears, and about ten feet in height; the shafts are round for about seven feet, above which they run into a square, and appear to have terminated in a point; where the square point commences, there are the remains of a narrow belt of ornamental frize-work. Antiquaries have differed much with respect to this curious monument. The most natural conjecture is, that some British warrior has been interred there, the custom of placing pillars at the head and foot of sepulchres, according to some historians, being of ancient date. Bishop Lyttleton says, it is undoubtedly a sepulchral monument; but whether British, Roman, Saxon, or Danish he knows not. About thirteen yards distant from this grave is another monument. It is six feet high, fourteen inches broad at the bottom, contracting to ten inches upwards, and the circle of the cross eighteen inches in diameter. What relation or connection this pillar has with the other is not determined; although it is significantly called the Giant's Thumb, as the other is his Place of Rest. Learned people say, it is undoubtedly an antient cross, whose base is sunk into the earth. For my part I cannot see the propriety of this conjecture; on the contrary it seems as if destined for an instrument of punishment, a kind of pillory or stocks, where the arms could be run through, or what Hudibras would call "the Bilboes." Whatever it was it is now no matter: it heretofore has afforded an ample field for speculation; and if the world does not alter greatly for the better, it certainly will continue so to do until the end of the chapter. Just without the town stands the castle: doubts have arisen about this likewise. It is very old that's certain: what further it has in its favor I will not pretend to determine.

About

About half a mile from Penrith stands Arthur's Round Table. This is said to be of great antiquity; but there is no tradition when, by whom, or for what purpose it was made: it is cut in a little plain near the river, of an exact circular figure, save to the eastern and western sides an approach is left to the common level of the plain. The trench by which it is formed, is near ten paces wide; the soil which has been thrown up on the outward side, making a kind of theatre. The whole circle within the ditch is one hundred and sixty paces. Some antiquarians have supposed it was a place where criminals were exposed, others that it was an intrenchment or fortified camp, and others a tilting-ground; whichsoever of the accounts is right I know not. Suffice it that it would serve for either.

About half a mile distant from this again stands Maybrough: a place evidently of druidical worship. It is situate on the flat surface of an inconsiderable hill; one large stone immediately in the center, eleven feet high, and near its middle twenty-two feet in circumference. Around this plain an uncemented wall is continued in an exact circle. Formerly the whole of this place was covered with oak, and other trees of considerable bulk: they are now totally destroyed, saving some few saplings which are scattered up and down.

Leaving this place we proceeded to Lowther-hall, a seat belonging to the baronet of that name. Lowther-hall, however, is not worth seeing. The grounds are entirely unimproved; the house is indifferent, and the roads in so wretched a condition, that a carriage stands a chance of being shattered at every foot it is moved. The manufactory, however, of carpeting at this place, patronized immediately by Sir James himself, and founded for

the relief of between twenty and thirty orphans, whom he constantly maintains, is well worthy of attention, and does honor to his humanity. The style of work is in imitation of the Gobelins tapestry. The colours are fine and glowing, and were it more generally encouraged it might possibly in time arrive at an equal degree of perfection. None of this manufacture is sold at Lowther-hall, where it is made. The overseer, however, told us, that he had the permission of Sir James to execute any commission which might be given him. Quitting this we again returned to Penrith, and thence proceeding along the beautiful windings of the Emont, which flows through the vale of that name, and passing by the hill Dunmorlet, covered to its very summit with oak and ever-greens, we at length arrived at the lake of Uls, commonly called Uls-water. This lake, surrounded entirely by hills, saving the margins, which are well cultivated, and in many places planted with wood, is nine miles long, and about one mile over at its greatest width. The different views, which the serpentine curvatures of the lake afford, are highly picturesque, especially towards its extremity. About the center of the lake, a small piece of land juts wildly out, on which Mr. Robinson has erected a house, from whence he has a delightful and most romantic prospect.

From Uls-water we proceeded towards Kefwick, and within about two miles of the town came to a druidical place of worship. This monument is placed on a plain formed on the summit of a hill; it is composed of stones of various forms, natural and unhewn; they seem to have been collected from the surface, but from what lands it is hard to conjecture, most of them being a species of granite. The stones are fifty in number, set in a form

not exactly circular, the diameter being thirty paces from east to west, and thirty-two from north to south ; at the eastern end a small inclosure is formed within the circle by ten stones, making an oblong square, in conjunction with the stones of that side of the circle, seven paces in length and three in width within. Mr. Pennant, speaking of this monument, says “ That which
 “ distinguishes it from all other druidical remains of the like na-
 “ ture is the rectangular recess on the east side of the area, that
 “ place probably having been allotted for the druids, the priests
 “ of the place, a sort of holy of holies, where they met, se-
 “ parated from the vulgar, to perform their rites, divinations,
 “ and all such other matters as came within their secret jurif-
 “ diction.”

From this monument we immediately opened the fertile and celebrated vale of Keswick, girt in by hills, and enriched by the highest cultivation. The town is situate on the confines of the lake.

Derwentwater, as it is called, has long been esteemed the most beautiful of any in this part of England, and for its size it probably is deserving the eulogium. To labour at its description is, however, needless. Many pens have already been employed on that subject: mine, therefore, shall confine itself to a transcript, which, making allowances for the exuberance of fancy, will exhibit a plain and not exaggerated picture. The poet's name I forget.

“ To Nature's pride,
 “ Sweet Keswick's vale, the Muse will guide ;

“ The Muse who trod th’ enchanted ground,
“ Who sail’d the wond’rous lake around ;
“ With you will haste once more to hail
“ The beauteous brook of Borrodale.
“ From savage parent, gentle stream,
“ Be thou the Muse’s favorite theme ;
“ O soft, insinuating glide,
“ Silent along the meadow’s side ;
“ Smooth o’er the sandy bottom pass,
“ Resplendent all through fluid glass,
“ Unless upon thy yielding breast,
“ Their heads the painted lilies rest,
“ To where, in deep capacious bed,
“ The widely liquid lake is spread.
“ Let other streams rejoice to roar
“ Down the rough rocks of dread Lodore ;
“ Rush, raving on with boist’rous sweep,
“ And foaming rend the frightened deep.
“ Thy gentle genius shrinks away,
“ From such a rude unequal fray ;
“ Thro’ thy own native dale, where rise
“ Tremendous rocks amid the skies,
“ Thy waves with patience slowly wind,
“ Till they the smoothest channel find ;
“ Soften the horrors of the scene,
“ And, through confusion, flow serene ;
“ Horrors like these at first alarm,
“ But soon with savage grandeur charm,
“ And raise to noblest thoughts your mind ;
“ Thus by thy fall, Lodore, reclin’d

“ The ’

" The cragged cliff, impending wood,
 " Where shadows mix, o'er half the flood,
 " The gloomy clouds with solemn sail,
 " Scarce lifted by the languid gale
 " O'er the capp'd hill and darken'd vale ;
 " The rav'ning kite and bird of Jove,
 " Which round the aerial ocean move,
 " And, floating on the billowy sky,
 " With full expanded pinions fly,
 " There flutt'ring on their bleating prey,
 " Thence with death-dooming eye survey ;
 " Channels by rocky torrents torn,
 " Rocks to the lake in thunder borne :
 " Or such as o'er our heads appear,
 " Suspended in the mid career,
 " To start again at his command,
 " Who rules fire, water, air, and land ;
 " I view with wonder and delight,
 " A pleasing, though an awful sight,
 " For seen with them, the verdant isles
 " Soften with more delicious smiles ;
 " More tempting twine their opening bowers,
 " More lively flow the purple flowers,
 " More smoothly slopes the border gay,
 " In fairer circle bends the bay,
 " And last to fix our wand'ring eyes,
 " Thy roofs, oh, Keswick ! brighter rise,
 " The lake and lofty hills between,
 " Where giant Skiddow shuts the scene.

}

" Supreme

- “ Supreme of mountains, Skiddow, hail !
“ To whom all Britain sinks a vale !
“ Lo ! his imperial brow I see,
“ From foul usurping vapours free !
“ 'Twere glorious now, &c.”

The length of the lake is not four miles ; its circumference about ten : altogether it affords a profusion of wild and romantic scenery. Mr. Pennant says, Loch Lomond in Scotland, and Loch Lene (or Killearney) in Ireland, are powerful rivals to the lake in question ; and that were a native of either of these kingdoms to demand his opinion of their respective beauties, he would answer as Melvil did queen Elizabeth, “ that she was the fairest person in England, and his mistress the fairest in Scotland.” This is a compliment, however, that I will not subscribe to, neither will I to Mr. Cumberland’s decision, that Uls-water is superior to them all. Probably the weather was unfavourable, when these gentlemen visited those places they condemn : this is frequently the case ; men are apt to be led away by first impressions. A considerable distance of time, likewise, between the sight of two places gives the last which is seen a vast advantage over the former. Within a few days, however, I saw both the Uls, Derwentwater, and Loch Lomond, and that too on the clearest days and with the finest weather ; and thus qualified I cannot refrain from pronouncing, that Loch Lomond was in every respect superior to any thing I had ever seen. Nay farther, that Loch Tay, Loch Awe, and even Loch Leven in Scotland, had advantages which neither the Uls nor Derwentwater possessed. Pretty well
this,

this, you'll say, for one who was not born on the northern side of the Tweed.

Within a few miles of Kefwick, at a place called Barrowdale, a vein has been discovered of black lead, or what is in that country called Wadd. The shaft is now covered with water, so that we could not see it; we, however, got a piece of the mineral. Dr. Campbell, in his Political Survey of Great Britain, speaks of it in the following manner: "Black lead is what some have supposed, with very little reason, to be the Molybdena or Galena of Pliny; others stile it Plumbage. Our judicious Camden, in whose days it was a new thing, would not venture to give it a Latin name, but calls it a metallic earth, or hard stony shining substance, which, whether it was the Pingitis or Melanteria of Dioscorides, or an Ochre burnt to blackness in the earth, and so unknown to the antients, he left others to enquire. Dr. Merret, from the use to which it was first applied, named it Ingrica Fabrilis. The learned Boyle is of opinion, that it has not any thing metallic in its nature. It is, indeed, a very singular substance. The sole mine, in which it is found, is in Barrowdale, and those who are best acquainted with it stile it, a black pinguid shining earth, which they suppose to be impregnated with lead and antimony. The working it without any preparation makes it more valuable than the ore of any metal found in this island."

Adieu.

L E T T E R

LETTER XXV.

October 1778.

THE road from Keswick to Ambleside is the most enchanting and picturesque that can be conceived; woods, lawns, and fields girt in by hills, mark it in all its progress. The lake of Thirlmere first presents itself, and then the lake of Grasmere, the valley of which is thus described by Mr. Gray: “The
“bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad basin,
“discover, in the midst, Grasmere water; its margin is hollowed into small bays with eminences, some of rock, some
“of soft turf, that half conceal and vary the figure of the little
“lake they command. From the shore, a low promontory
“pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village with a parish church rising in the midst of it, hanging
“inclosures, corn fields, and meadows, green as emerald, with
“their trees, and hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from
“the edge of the water; and just opposite to you is a large farmhouse, at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn embosomed in
“old wood, which climb half way up the mountains sides,
“and discover above, a broken line of craggs that crown the
“scene. Not a single red tile, nor glaring gentleman’s house,
“or garden wall, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy
“poverty, in its neatest, and most becoming attire.”

Leaving

Leaving this we proceeded on, by Rydall water, to the lake of Windermere. This is an extensive piece of water interspersed with islands; the lands on either side well cultivated, and the whole exhibiting a choice assemblage of the richest and most variegated beauties. Over against Bowness stands a circular mansion, built on one of these isles: the taste is singular; but I do not conceive it otherwise than disadvantageous to the prospect altogether, particularly as the gardens are walled-in, and most formally displayed. At this place we took our leave of the lakes, and continuing our journey over the Moors, came to Kendal. This is the largest town in Westmoreland, and consists of good streets excellently well paved; it is distant 256 miles from London. The ruins of a castle on the other side of the river are scarce worth seeing; antiquaries differ as to the time and by whom it was erected. From Kendal we next proceeded to Burton on the borders of Lancashire, and from Burton to Lancaster, the chief city of that county.

Lancaster is a large and populous town, well-built, clean, and abounding in good houses. The castle is a remarkable piece of antiquity; it is very old, but still in high preservation, and its situation commanding. Leaving Lancaster we next proceeded to Preston, a considerable and well-inhabited town, and thence to Liverpool. This town, next to London, has the greatest appearance of wealth and industry of any in the kingdom; every street is crowded with people, the docks and river are filled with shipping, the quays are piled up with goods, and the merchants and traders carry the ostensible marks of riches in their looks; altogether, however, the town is not to be compared with Lancaster.

H h

From

From Liverpool we next proceeded, through Prescot and Warrington, to Northwich, a considerable town in Cheshire. In the neighbourhood of Northwich salt has been made from springs for many years; it has not, however, been until lately that pits of the rock-salt have been discovered, and that they have been worked to an advantage. On going to one of these pits, we found the same ceremony observed as at all the break-neck places we had visited. Miners jackets and caps were immediately substituted in lieu of our own dresses, and thus accoutred, into a bucket we were placed one after another, and in that manner lowered down about 200 feet. Accustomed to much greater depths, this, you may be assured, was but a trifle to us in the matter of descending. It is true, that, by the distribution of lights, we could easily discern our landing-place below from our first off-set in case of an accident; but this was nothing; draw-well like, as one bucket went down another came up; one crammed with man, the other filled with brine: this, however, had its good consequences; for as salt is an acknowledged preservative of animal consistency, and as the ascending bucket gently sprinkled a little of its contents upon the creatures who were lowering in the nether one, this same fluid served as a specific against the vapours of the place. Armed then in this manner, we all got to the bottom; but our surprize is scarcely to be conceived. In former excursions, room had scarcely been allotted to us for other purposes than merely to crawl upon our knees as brutes; here another scene was exhibited. Conceive to yourself an extensive area of solid rock, level as if it had been worked by the nicest hand of masonry; the roof in the same manner rising to a dome with a cupola in

the centre, and the whole supported by the most regular colonades, five-and-forty feet in height, eighteen feet in thickness, and distant from each other about four-and-twenty feet; this too all of rock-salt, and glittering with transparency. Credit me when I tell you, that of all subterranean curiosities in this island this is probably the best worth seeing. Were I in a romantic humour, truth would support me in almost any thing I could say of it; but I am tired to death with description—it is a most laborious business. Seize, therefore, upon the Arabian Nights Entertainments, and pick out the dazzling palace of some Genii, and there transport yourself in imagination: this will give you some idea of it; inadequate perhaps, but sufficient in some degree to answer the impression I am desirous you should receive. The quantity of this rock beneath, the miners are not able to ascertain; dangers irremediable would attend the trial. It has been made, but with a melancholy consequence: the water gushed in, and with such irresistible impetuosity, that it filled the cavern, and destroyed every creature who was in it at the moment.

Leaving Northwich, we again turned towards the North, passing through Altrington, and thence to Worsley, where we had the satisfaction of embarking on the duke of Bridgwater's canal. Extensive as this cut undoubtedly is, it is still rendered more worthy of admiration from its being effected by the exertions of a single individual, and that too at an age (his Grace being no more than one-and-twenty when he began it) when gaiety and dissipation are in general the superseders of every other consideration. The windings of this artificial river, in its sub-

terranean navigation, are measured at about eight miles; many parts through the simple excavations in the rocks, others arched with masonry and brick-work. The coal-pits to which these lead are at present worked to much advantage; in time they promise to the duke a re-imbursment of the sums he has heretofore expended. Upon the whole, this is a wonderful and stupendous work, deserving of praise, and highly worthy of admiration.

From Worsley we next proceeded to Manchester. This town, in Lancashire, stands near the conflux of the rivers Irk and Irwell, three miles from the Mersey, and is 182 miles from London. The buildings, manufactures, and trade of this place surpass all others in the county. The fustian manufactory, called Manchester Cottons, for which it has been famous for upwards of 150 years, has likewise been much improved by several inventions of dying and printing.

From Manchester we next continued, through Rochdale and Halifax, to Bradford, and thence to Leeds. This is an ancient and populous town, situate on the banks of the river Aire, and has long been famous for its woollen manufacture; the selling of which, on a market-day in the cloth-hall, is singularly curious and worthy of observation. Within two or three miles of Leeds stand the venerable ruins of Kirkstall abbey, built by Henry de Lacy anno 1147, and dedicated to the Virgin. The Monks were of the Cistercian Order, an order exempt from the general payment of all tithes, because their foundations were to be in such places as had not been tilled before, as woods or other waste grounds. By the ruins it appears to have been a
stately

stately fabric, and, excepting Fountaine's abbey, is, I think, inferior to none we have hitherto met with.

Leaving Leeds we proceeded, through Wakefield and Barnsley, to Wentworth castle, a most charmingly situated place, belonging to the earl of Strafford, and thence to Wentworth house, the usual residence of the marquis of Rockingham, which, though large and of a fair appearance, has nothing above the common stile to recommend it to consideration. The pictures in it are some of them good, particularly

Several horses, by Stubbs. And

An original (as is supposed) of our immortal Shakespeare, the master unknown.

From hence we continued, through Rotherham and Workfop, to Workfop manor, a prodigious pile of building unfinished, belonging to the duke of Norfolk, and thence to Welbeck, a seat of the duke of Portland. Here we found an appearance of every thing which was comfortable; the house itself not large, but convenient, and furnished with modesty, much more for utility than ornament. The following pictures are in it, finished in an exquisite manner, and in high preservation:

Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

Lord Strafford, a Madona, and some family pieces, by Vandyke. As also

An original of Mary Queen of Scots, while under confinement.

From

From Welbeck we continued to Mansfield, once famous for an ancient custom of the manor, that the heirs were declared of age on the day on which they were born, thence to lord Byron's in Sherwood forest, a miserable place, and thence to Nottingham. This town stands on the Lind near its influx into the Trent, 124 miles from London. The castle, supposed to have been built by William the Conqueror, is a ruinous old building, erected on a vast acclivity. Here Charles I. set up his standard in 1642. In divers parts in and about the town are large, commodious apartments cut in the solid rock, many of which afford the best kind of cellaring for the ale, for which Nottingham is so famous. From Nottingham, continuing our journey, we next proceeded to Loughborough and Leicester, situated on the Roman military way, called the Fosse, and thence, through a fine pasture country to Harborough, Oulden, Newport, and Wooburn. At this place the duke of Bedford has an extensive park with a large, commodious house in it; nothing, however, singularly grand or magnificent. The pictures are in general indifferent, excepting

A head of Rembrandt, by himself.

Joseph interpreting the butler's dream.

A horse at the manger.

A landscape, by Claude le Lorraine. And

A full length of Lewis XVI. presented to the late duke when ambassador extraordinary at the court of France in 1763;

and from hence, without any further remark, we made the best of our way to London.

Adieu,

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. 247

Adieu, therefore, my friend. The patience with which you have hitherto borne, the roughest possibly of all rough attempts at delineation, demands my warmest acknowledgments.—Thank you for your kindness.

Farewell.

F I N I S

PRINTED for T. BECKET.

1. **A**N ANALYSIS of the Political History of INDIA; in which is considered the *present Situation* of the East, and the Connection of its several Powers with the EMPIRE of GREAT BRITAIN, Quarto, Price 6s. Boards.
2. THOUGHTS ON MARTIAL LAW; and on the Proceedings of General Courts Martial, Quarto, 2s. 6d.
3. ANTICIPATION, ninth Edition, 1s. 6d.
4. The PROJECT, a Poem, dedicated to Dean Tucker, fourth Edition, 1s.
5. The WREATH of FASHION, a Poem, fourth Edition, 1s.
6. La CASSETTE VERTE de M. de SARTINE, 2s.
7. The same, in English, fourth Edition, 1s. 6d.
8. HISTOIRE d'un Pou FRANÇOIS, ou l'ESPION d'une Nouvelle Espece, tant en France qu'en Angleterre, 3s.
9. The same, in English, 3s. This Pamphlet displays great Invention, Wit, Humour, Pleasantry, and Ridicule.
10. The POSTHUMOUS WORKS of the late Reverend and learned IAAC WATTS, D. D. 2 Vol. 10s. bound.
11. POEMS by THOMAS WARTON, third Edition, corrected, with Additions, 3s.
12. ENQUIRY into the ORIGIN of the GOUT, by Dr. SCOTT, 3s.
13. A LETTER to Lieut. Gen. BURGOYNE, on his Letter to his CONSTITUENTS, 1s.
14. An ENQUIRY how far the RESTRICTIONS laid upon the Trade of IRELAND, by British Acts of Parliament, are a Benefit or Disadvantage to the British Dominions in general, and to ENGLAND in particular; for whose separate Advantage they were intended; By Sir JAMES CALDWELL, Bart. Count of Milan, in the Holy Roman Empire, 1s. 6d.
15. The TIMES, a Comedy, by Mrs. GRIFFITHS, 1s. 6d.





